IN THE SERVICE OF THE NATION

THE American

MAGAZINE • 25 CENTS • 30 CENTS IN CANADA

JANUARY

VICTORY AND 1943

Where we stand today and our hopes for the next year—by

FRANK KNOX · DONALD M. NELSON · ROBERT P. PATTERSON · J. EDGAR HOOVER · GENERAL HENRY H. ARNOLD · ADM[illegible]UL V. McNUTT · GENERAL LEWIS B. HERSHEY · CL[illegible] and others

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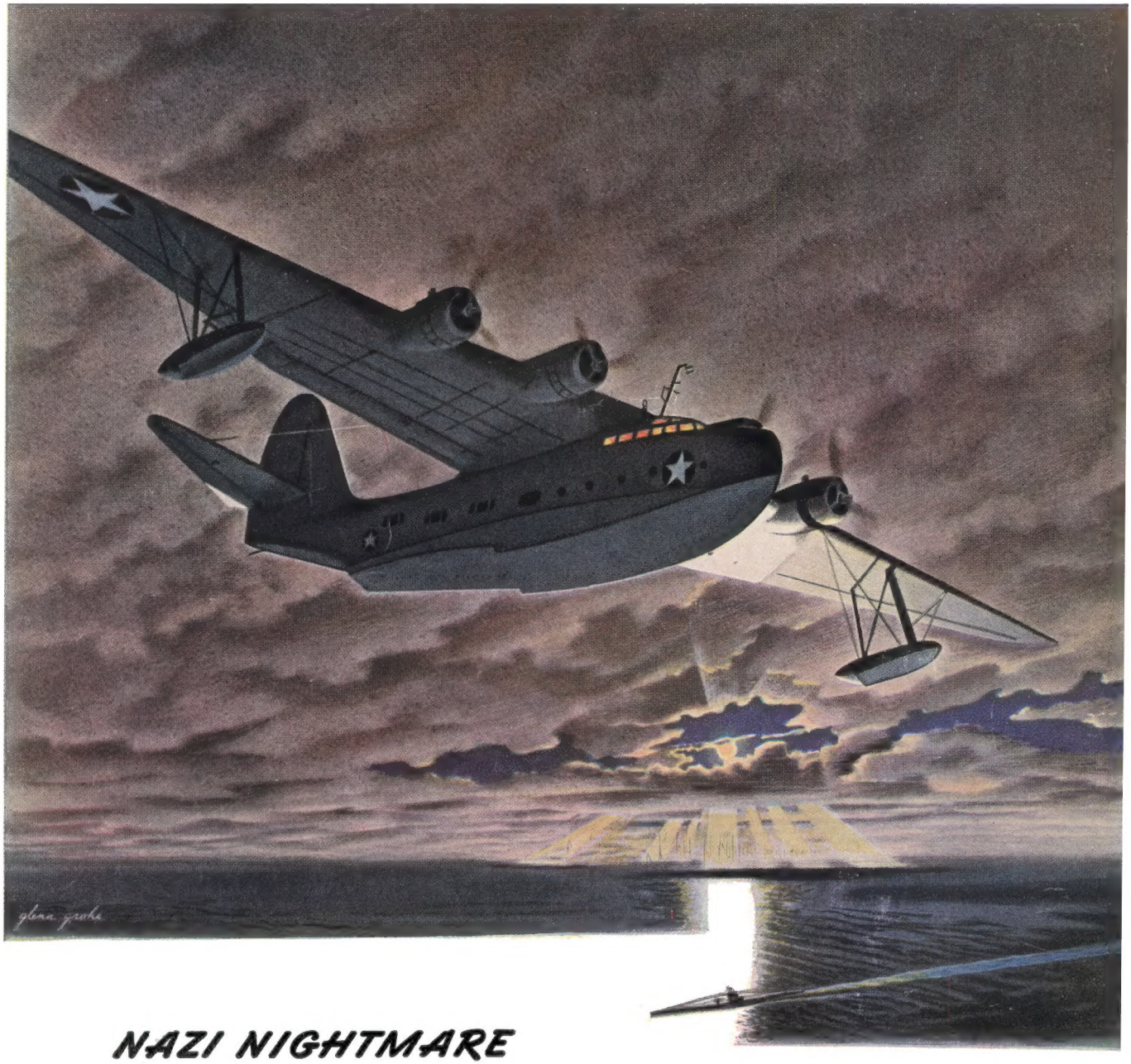


NAZI NIGHTMARE

AGAINST the moon, a mist-shrouded phantom is flicking across the Irish sea.

Faster and blacker than the hounds of hell it goes . . . higher, more ominous than the Flying Dutchman of yore—it's a nightmare, a Nazi nightmare coming true.

For these wings—stretching across the sky—are tipped with the stars of the U. S. Navy. And that big black belly is fat with freight. Cargo picked up in Canada a few hours ago for delivery tomorrow in Gibraltar . . . or Cairo . . . or Murmansk.

This is *Convoy 1943*—a never-ending bridge of torpedo-proof ships across the ceiling of the world.

The building of Vought-Sikorsky cargo-carrying boats is one of the many Nash-Kelvinator war jobs. Along with 2,000 H.P., supercharged, high-altitude engines to give our naval aviators their highest-flying, fastest fighter—the *Corsair*.

. . . Along with Hamilton Standard propellers for United Nations bombers—to turn those Axis nightmares into nights of fearful reality.

Let this be an example, Hitler, of how all America is back of its fighting forces—men who yesterday made refrigerators and automobiles are now working on more deadly, precise instruments of destruction than a Nazi mind ever conceived of. And we are *all* in this fight to win—buying War Bonds . . . bringing in the scrap for victory.

So sleep while you can in Berchtesgaden . . . or Berlin . . . take your rest in Tokio. *The awakening is coming!* The might of America is on wing.

• • •

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

NASH KELVINATOR

PRATT & WHITNEY HIGH-ALTITUDE ENGINES

VOUGHT-SIKORSKY FLYING BOATS

HAMILTON STANDARD PROPELLERS

When a COLD comes at you . . . at 100 miles an hour

—gargle LISTERINE Quick!

It May Spare You a Deep-seated Cold or a Nasty Sore Throat

Listerine Antiseptic immediately starts to kill the threatening germs which left the other fellow's nose and throat to set up housekeeping in yours.

The more of these germs Listerine Antiseptic destroys or keeps under control, the less chance there is of a "mass invasion" of the tissue, followed by the discomfort of a cold and sore throat.

In tests with Listerine Antiseptic, germs on mouth and throat surfaces were reduced as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine gargle—up to 80% one hour after.

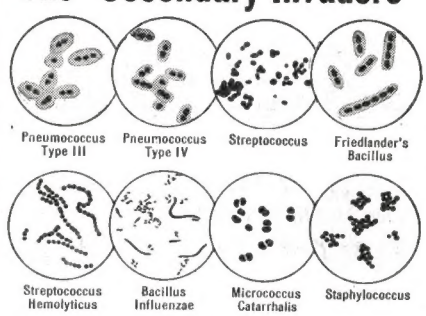
We believe this explains Listerine's astonishing clinical test record in combatting colds. These tests, made over a period of 11 years, consistently showed:

Regular twice a day Listerine Antiseptic users had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than those who did not use it.

Don't you think, in view of these facts, that Listerine Antiseptic, used systematically, is a worthwhile precaution against colds as well as an emergency treatment when a cold is coming on?

If you've been in contact with those with colds—if you've been in a draft—if your feet have been wet and cold—and you feel under par with a cold coming on, never omit the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

The "Secondary Invaders"



Above are some types of "secondary invaders", millions of which may exist on the mouth and throat surfaces. They may cause no harm until body resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate the troublesome aspects of the infection you call a cold. You can see how important it is to attack them before they can get the upper hand.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE REDUCED GERMS

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR
Published in this space every month
The greatest star of the screen!

We wish you a Merry Christmas and A Happy 1943.

★ ★ ★ ★

And add a particular wish to all those in the armed forces.

★ ★ ★ ★

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films are flown to our warriors in Iceland, Ireland, Great Britain, Australia, Hawaii and New Caledonia.

★ ★ ★ ★

At the moment, as Santa shouts "On, Donder and Blitzen", there are two films of opposite type tucked in his bag. There's the melodious music box of hits "For Me And My Gal".

Judy Garland, the all-talent girl, (*the boys with Judy are George Murphy and Gene Kelly*) fulfills every promise of her precocious entertaining art.

★ ★ ★ ★

The other film is "Random Harvest" starring Ronald Colman and Greer Garson.

★ ★

Those of you who wish to be reassured about "Random Harvest" should read "When the Parades Are Over" by Rex Stout on Page 7 of this magazine.

★ ★ ★ ★

Two pictures in production at MGM dealing with the one burning topic of today are recommended especially.

★ ★ ★ ★

One is the talked-about "Journey for Margaret". The other is the will-be-talked-about "Cargo Of Innocents".

★ ★ ★ ★

Both are from novels and both were condensed for the Reader's Digest.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Journey For Margaret" is a William L. White story of a refugee child who found a refuge at last.

★ ★ ★ ★

It presents little "Margaret" O'Brien in one of the greatest of all performances. Robert Young and Laraine Day admirably foster the child.

★ ★ ★ ★

Three strong men star in "Cargo Of Innocents".

★ ★ ★

They are Robert Taylor, Charles Laughton and Brian Donlevy. But more about this anon.

★ ★ ★

It is a lionhearted picture.

★ ★ ★

Naturally. —*Leo*

VOL. CXXXV. NO. 1

THE American MAGAZINE ★ JANUARY ★ 1943

SUMNER BLOSSOM, Editor — **ARTHUR H. MOTLEY,** Publisher
Hubert Kelley, Managing Editor — **Albert Lefcourte,** Art Director
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IN THE SERVICE OF THE NATION

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Subject: Dorothy Vogley. See page 24

The characters in all short stories, novelettes, and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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"Kay, you're a Whiz with a Traction Splint—

But your smile needs 'First Aid' too!"

"You baffle me, Kay Hunt. You know your first-aid book from cover to cover. But you haven't learned to care for your own smile. Here you go ignoring 'pink tooth brush.' No wonder your evenings are lonely—men don't 'fall' for a dingy smile!"

"Your victim is right, Miss Hunt! Bright, sparkling smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums. And today's foods just don't give gums the exercise they need. Even grade school children nowadays have regular drills in gum massage."

"Here's a sound suggestion: Massage your gums each time you brush your teeth. Massage helps give them the stimulation they need for health." (Note: *Recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.*)

"Do I feel sheepish—having to be *told* about 'pink tooth brush.' Well, it wasn't too late for Ipana and massage. I'm using it daily for the benefit of my smile. Already, my teeth seem brighter—my gums firmer. My new smile is on the way!"

And sure enough, one evening after duty...

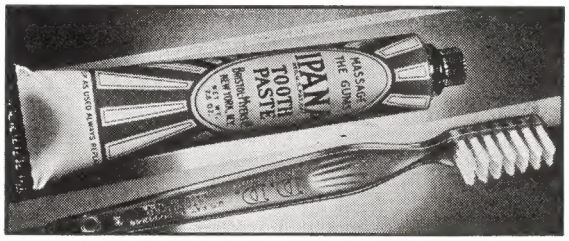
(*Kay to herself as hearts go AWOL*) "Did Ipana Tooth Paste help *me* to be a hit! I can thank this new-found smile of mine for winning me a military escort and a naval convoy. My first-aiding friends and my dentist have enlisted my eternal gratitude. And as for Ipana and massage—I'm using it as regularly as reveille from this day on!"

Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

WHEN you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* He may simply say your gums are lazy—grown weak and sensitive because today's soft foods have robbed them of the exercise they need. And like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. You'll notice an invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—that indicates circulation is speeding up within the gums—helping to make them firmer, stronger.

Start now to make Ipana and massage a daily habit to help you to healthier gums, brighter teeth, a more inviting smile!



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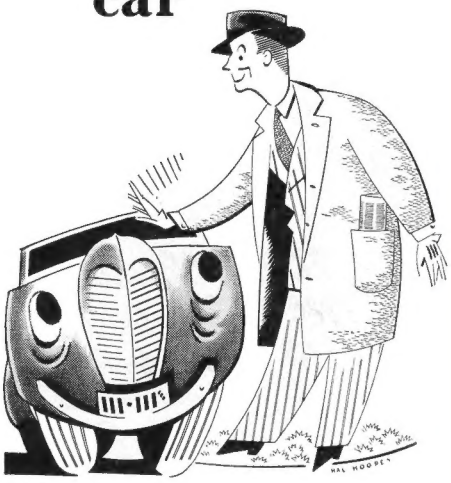
IPANA TOOTH PASTE

"Good old car... Nice old car"



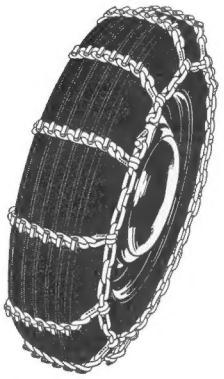
And don't call it a jalopy. It's a decent self-respecting American family car—with a long life ahead of it, we hope.

We're taking good care of it. We're driving it carefully. Not that we're sentimental—we're just smart.

What with gas on coupons and tires on priority, we all want Weed Tire Chains this winter to prevent waste of both gas and rubber.

So what is the best buy in Tire Chains? It's the Weed American Bar-Reinforced Tire Chains whose special features give more than double the mileage. That saves a lot of steel, too. Next in popularity is the Weed Regular, standard of value for 39 years.

If you have used Weed Chains let your service station recondition them. This may be the winter when you'll need chains most.



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

★

HITLER

Dear Sirs:

Having sat at the same press conferences in the Wilhelmstrasse with Frederick Oechsner, I was very interested to read his views on *Why Hitler Thinks He'll Win* (*December*, *p.* 46). The time for wishful thinking is over. Hitler still *does* think that he will win, and the sooner we face this fact, the better.

Wishful thinking never won a prize fight. It won't win this fight.

The only thing that will win it is to prove to Hitler that we have a still greater faith in victory, that our soldiers can take orders and punishment even better than the Wehrmacht, that our civilians can pull in their belts when necessary a notch farther than the German people, that our generals can out-Rommel the Nazi chiefs in North Africa, our admirals out-maneuver the U-boat commanders, and our union members out-produce the millions of slavish nonstrikers in Robert Ley's German Labor Front.

One reason why Hitler still thinks he can win this war is that he has been informed by his agents that the American people are soft. We can prove that he has another think coming, if we will only face the facts, such as those presented in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE by Frederick Oechsner.

ERNEST R. POPE

Washington, D. C.

TROUPER

Dear Sir:

Having worked with Rita Hayworth on practically every picture she has made, I read with unusual interest your grand story about her, *Sweetheart of the A. E. F.*, (*December*, *p.* 42). I was with her on her latest picture at Columbia, *You Were Never Lovelier*, as the wardrobe department representative.

In one dance number with Fred Astaire, Rita wore slippers with laces that crossed around her ankles. One day, after several hours of dancing before the cameras, she came to her dressing-room exhausted. Not only that, but the laces had cut into her flesh until she was bleeding.

I told her that Mr. Astaire wouldn't hear of her continuing if he knew about it, but she made me promise I would tell no one, because she knew that if she didn't keep on schedule, it would cost the studio a great deal of money in lost time.

By the time the picture neared completion, the dance routines had caused her to lose considerable weight. We had to refit her gowns. You could tell she was terribly tired, although she never said anything, and her disposition was as even as ever. Right after the picture finished, she went on a month's bond-selling tour through Texas—in the heat of the summer!

HELENE HENLEY

Hollywood, Calif.

MASTERPIECE

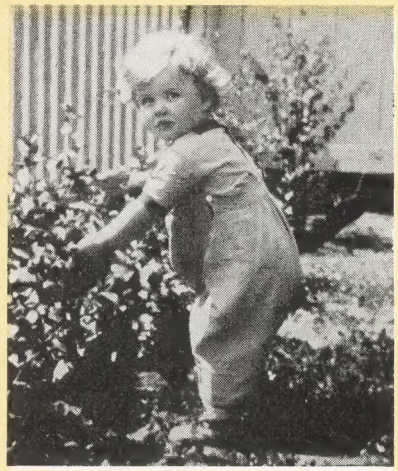
Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading Robert T. Souter's *At Ease Kid* (*November*, *p.* 36). I think this Vignette should take a place with the masterpieces of literature. I admit the reading of it left me in tears.

CHARLOTTE SCHEIHING

Homewood, Ill.

BROKEN NOSE



Anne Baxter

Dear Sir:

In view of your sketch on my daughter, Anne Baxter (*November*, *p.* 97), I thought you might be interested in seeing a picture of her taken shortly after the accident in which she broke her nose. In this photo she has not only a broken nose but a "broken heart" as well. Anne had been told not to pick the flowers in our new garden, but we often found evidence the temptation had been too great. Her alibi was that she was "just patting the flowers." The picture shows how we found her one day preparing to "borrow a bouquet."

CATHERINE W. BAXTER

New York, N. Y.

JAPANESE WIFE

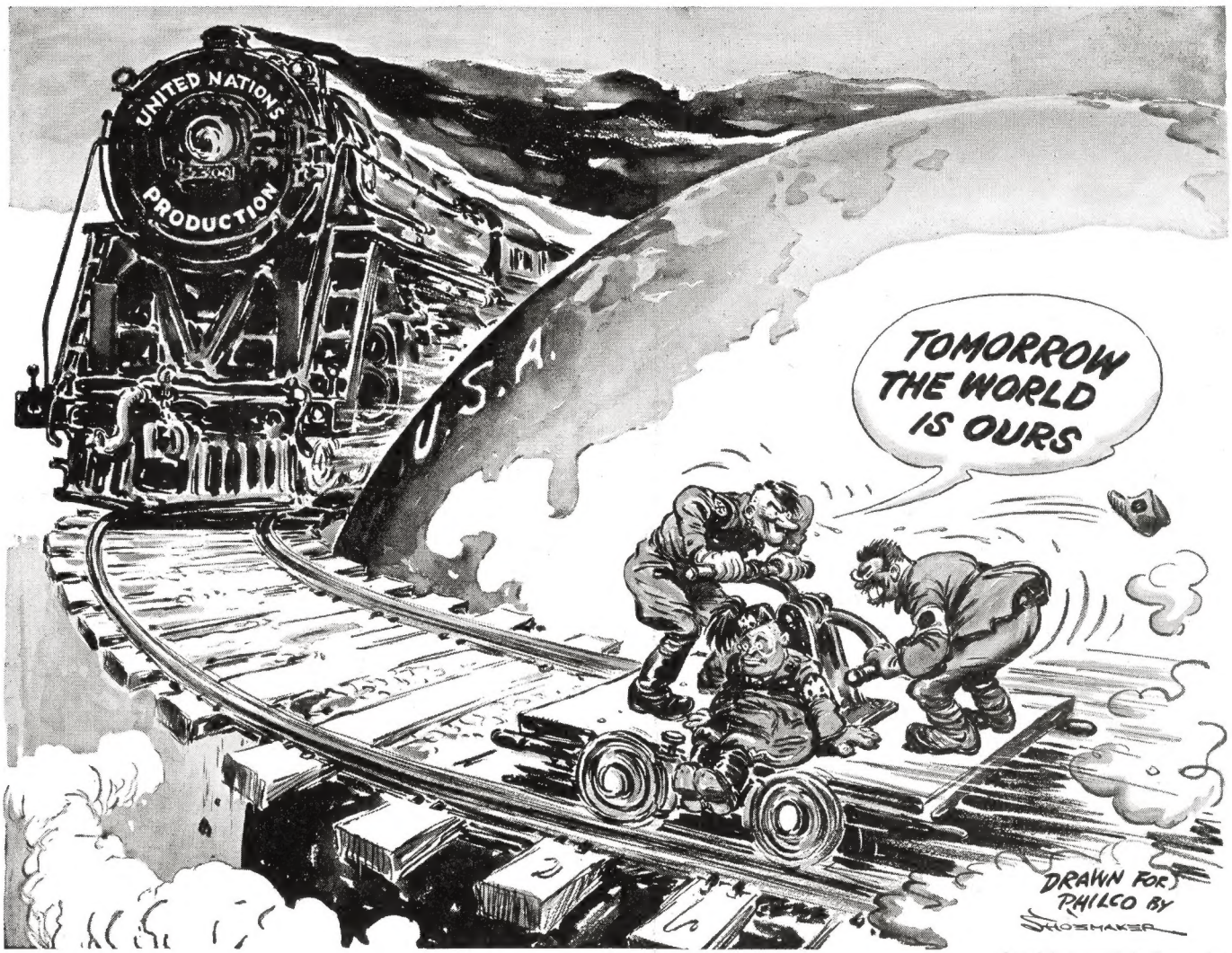
Dear Sir:

Raymond Cromley's story, *My Japanese Wife* (*December*, *p.* 28), touched something close to me, something about which I feel rather deeply.

Cromley and I worked on the American-owned *Japan Advertiser* in Tokyo for two and a half years, until it was sold to Japanese interests in October, 1940. He carried on for *The Wall Street Journal* after that, and I remained as Reuters' correspondent and NBC's Tokyo commentator. We saw little of each other from then until some weeks after our imprisonment following the Pearl Harbor treachery. It was a momentous discovery to find that Cromley occupied the cell directly opposite mine, on the tier below.

(*Continued on page* 8)

Sez You!



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This cartoon by Shoemaker is another in the series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists to interpret the spirit of Philco's soldiers of production. It is being posted on bulletin boards of the Philco factories as a symbol to the men and women of Philco of the purpose and significance of their work in the united effort for Victory.

THE Army-Navy "E" flags that fly above the Philco plants at Philadelphia, Trenton and Sandusky are citations of *Excellence* in the production of war equipment from our fighting forces to the men and women of Philco. They are symbols of the vital partnership between our soldiers of the front and our soldiers of production.

More than that, they are *battle flags* for America at home, symbols of the devotion and sacrifice beyond the line of duty which are the price of Victory. For that is the spirit in which industrial America, as the War Department citation reads, is "accomplishing today what yesterday seemed impossible."

The Philco laboratories, machines and assembly lines are producing communications equipment, radios for tanks and airplanes, artillery fuzes and shells, electric storage batteries for the Army, Navy and War Production plants. They are doing their share to the end that America's might may strike the decisive blow for Victory. And that mankind may enjoy in freedom the more abundant life which will arise from the scientific miracles born of war.

★ ★ ★

Free Limited Offer . . . While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing by Shoemaker will be furnished gladly upon request. Simply address Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Penna., and ask for Cartoon Number 26B.

PHILCO CORPORATION

America is conserving its resources for Victory. As you save on sugar, rubber, gasoline and all products of peace-time consumption, remember too to preserve the use of the things you own. Through its national service organizations, Philco offers, at reasonable and uniform charges, the means of prolonging the life of Philco products.

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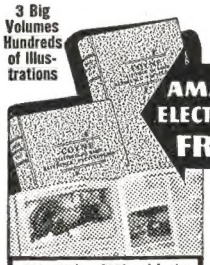

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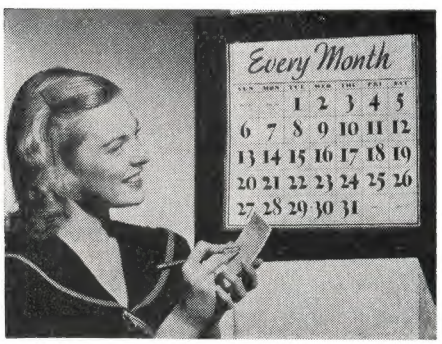

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WHEN THE PARADES ARE OVER

by **REX STOUT**

I HAVE just been privileged to see a motion picture—a *great* motion picture—which tells the story of a man and a woman and the love they found when "the war drum throbbed no longer and the battle flags were furled". It's called "Random Harvest".

Don't stay away from "Random Harvest" because it's about the last war. It's about every war, including the biggest and toughest of all which we are fighting now. Men will come back from this war, too, with their nerve-ends horribly bruised, and girls will restore them to sanity and strength.

Not many of the men will be as handsome as Ronald Colman, and not many of the girls as lovely and desirable as Greer Garson; and few of them indeed will unfold a tale of suspense, mounting excitement, dramatic episodes and heart-warming climax as "Random Harvest" does. But each of those romances to come will have its own moments, precious and unforgettable, like no other before or after. This one, on the screen, from James Hilton's story, is in a way a composite picture of all of them—the man and the girl in the jungle of a post-war world, and their finding the road to lead them on to the new world of love and work and peace.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer may well be proud to bring Greer Garson back to the audiences which acclaimed her in "Mrs. Miniver" in a role equally brilliant and equally unforgettable. Ronald Colman, Susan Peters—in fact, all the players in the exceptional cast—combine to make "Random Harvest" a tremendously rewarding experience for all who see it.

Praise such as this from Rex Stout prompts Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to term "Random Harvest", starring Ronald Colman and Greer Garson, the Hall of Fame Picture. James Hilton's best-selling novel has been brilliantly transferred to the screen by Director Mervyn LeRoy, Producer Sidney Franklin (who gave you "Mrs. Miniver") and Screenplay Writers Claudine West, George Froeschel and Arthur Wimperis. A word of praise must be given, too, to supporting players Philip Dorn, Susan Peters, Henry Travers, Reginald Owen and Bramwell Fletcher.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(*Continued from page 4*)

By pushing a toothpick through the wire screen (when the guards were busy elsewhere) I could open the peephole in my cell door and observe much of Cromley's comings and goings. Whatever happened to him was likely to happen to me also.

Three of us, Cromley, Max Hill of the *Associated Press*, and I, were let out at the same time. Cromley's wife, Masuyo, was waiting at the gate for Ray.

She came to see Ray at the internment camp as often as the authorities would let her see him. On the last "visiting day" at camp before we sailed, I also had a visitor. Because other rooms were filled, my loyal Japanese friend and I were put in the same small room with Ray and his wife, who had brought along little Don, their son. My friend and I tried to distract Detective Omuro, who showed no inclination to leave, so Ray and Masuyo might have as little surveillance as possible during their last meeting. How well we succeeded is doubtful.

Two days later, Detective Omuro brought little Don to the camp, and we all (16 Americans and some Japanese detectives) boarded a bus to leave. Cromley and the child were seated across from me. As we moved down the road just outside the camp, I sighted Masuyo at the roadside. Seated where he was, Ray could not see her, nor could she see him and Don. The sight of her was so agonizingly pitiful that I thought it better not to call Ray's attention to her.

But someone called out, "Hey, Ray! Isn't that your wife?"

Ray craned his long neck and saw her, standing in the bus's wake of dust and smoke, desolate and alone. That cannot be a heart-warming picture to carry around in one's memory. But it gives Ray something to fight for.

RICHARD A. TENELLY

Arlington, Va.

Dear Sir:

Thank you for the interesting and tragic story, *My Japanese Wife*. This is one of the many sad things happening since Pearl Harbor.

Long before this war, an American friend of mine in California made every effort to bring his Japanese fiancée to America. Our State Department gave full co-operation, but the Japanese government would not let her come, though she was living in occupied China.

We must all realize what will happen to individual freedom if we ever become a victim of a totalitarian government which shapes all to fit its conquering scheme. Congratulations to Mr. Raymond Cromley for his splendid spirit!

YOUNGHILL KANG

Department of English
New York University
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Ever since I returned from Japan I have been increasingly conscious of the extraordinarily privileged position of American women. We cannot expect the Japanese women—who have no independence either of thought or of action—to be aware of international affairs from any point of view except the Japanese point of view. That is all they ever hear. But in America we are in the rare position of being able to have definite information about the world, and some informed understanding of the complex factors that drive peoples to ruthless aggression.

I thank you for publishing Mr. Cromley's article on his Japanese wife. It was a fine contribution to such understanding.

HELEN MEARS

Towanda, Pa.

Mrs. Ickes at work

7,500 CHICKENS

Dear Sir:

"Mrs. Harold Ickes works seven hours a day, six days a week, tending 7,500 chickens."—(*November, p.* 86.)

As the owner of a small and undistinguished flock of New Hampshire Reds I hereby state that if one person mixes wet mash for 7,500 fowls, feeds them, and gathers and candles the eggs, there is not sufficient time "between farm chores" to oversee children, supervise house servants and outside workers, and polish off the social duties of a Cabinet officer's wife. There just aren't that many hours in a day!

EDITH D. MOSES

Windrush, Bluffton, S. C.

It would, of course, be impossible for anyone to tend 7,500 chickens without assistance. But Mrs. Ickes does do a large part of the dirty work herself (see above).

—THE EDITOR

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ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO:

The Editor,
The American Magazine,
250 Park Ave., New York, N.Y.

SOME DAY a drink will be put in your hand, and you'll take a sip ... and pause in your talk while you take another, thoughtfully. And then you'll ask a question and the answer will be "That? ... *That's Old Charter!*" And *you* will have made a friend for life ... *For when we started with whiskey this noble by nature, then waited seven years while Time made it mellow and ripe ... we were bound to wind up, as we have in Old Charter, with a whiskey that would get asked about ... and remembered!*

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MAGAZINES

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Soldiers of Good Will

By CLARENCE WOODBURY

WITH the arrival of our second wartime Christmas, much emphasis is being placed upon a quality that is strangely alien to the spirit of the holiday season.

The emphasis is upon toughness. We are in a tough war, and we will have to be tough to win it. Many people are even asking: Are we tough enough?

I don't find that question disturbing. We Americans have always been tough. And if you don't think we're still tough, look at our leaders.

In the last few years I have talked to many prominent Americans. They come from all classes. But they are all tough.

Yet I am much more impressed by their generosity of spirit. Our toughest men are still men of good will. In this simple fact, I believe, lies much of the hope of the world today.

Not long ago I talked with William M. Jeffers, wartime rubber czar. Son of an Irish immigrant, he went to work 52 years ago as an office boy for the Union Pacific Railroad. Round by round, he fought his way to the presidency. He had to be tough to push his head above 40,000 other employees of the Union Pacific.

But when he talked to me about average Americans in general, his voice turned husky. "I've never forgotten," he said, "that the balance of power in this country eats its meals in the kitchen. Common people are the best people—they're my kind of people."

Bill Jeffers can tell a committee of senators to go to blazes as quickly as any man, but he's got lots of that softness I'm speaking about—that typically American sympathy for others. . . .

★

EVERYBODY knows that Henry J. Kaiser has plenty of guts. When I first met him, the news in the papers was bad—the Nazis had just grabbed more Russian territory—and I said something about its being rather sickening.

"It's not sickening to me!" Kaiser boomed. "It makes me feel like getting a gun! That's what the old-timers did, when the Indians attacked. They got a gun."

And that's exactly what he was doing that morning—getting a gun. While we talked he was interrupted constantly by long-distance calls from Washington, the Middle West, the Far West. All over the map of America, this tough super-builder was making the sinews of war.

Before I left, however, I caught a glimpse of another side of Henry Kaiser. We were talking about conditions in the occupied countries of Europe. For a moment his characteristic buoyancy left him.

"It's horrible for all the little people everywhere," he said slowly. "After this war is over it will be our business to build a new world for them."

Then the phone rang again. . . .

★

CORDELL HULL is one of the nation's most scholarly gentlemen. But I never realized how tough he was until I spent half an hour in the State Department with him one afternoon and heard him say, off the record, what he thought of the aggressor nations and their bandit leaders. The hot wrath of his words made me think of a Biblical prophet.

Then, gazing reflectively through one of the windows of his office, the Secretary spoke softly of his youth in Tennessee. "The surest road to abundance and amity for all," he said, "is the road to market—and to neighborliness."

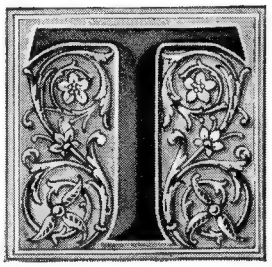
Cordell Hull is tough, I discovered, but, like other national leaders, his toughness is tempered by a fine generosity of feeling not only toward his fellow Americans but toward the common people of all lands. . . .

★

WE HAVE no caste system in this country. We have no Junkers, no Samurai who are born to rule. Our leaders have always risen through their own efforts. They make their mark because they are tough. But they don't lose their kinship with those who are less fortunate than themselves. To me this seems most important, because, in a democracy, leadership reflects in sharpened focus a portrait of all the people.

As General Smuts, premier of South Africa, said recently, this war is a struggle between the principles of Nietzsche and those of the Man of Galilee. It will profit us nothing if we gain the whole world and lose our own soul.

As Christmas passes and we get on with the business of killing, we should remember that. We must be more than tough. After the war, there will be a peace to win. While we are hard as nails, we must cherish that other quality which our toughest men have always possessed. We must stay soft, too. . . . The Man who drove the money-changers from the temple is called the Prince of Peace.



HERE was a dream···that men could one day speak the thoughts of their own choosing.—There was a hope ···that men could one day stroll through streets at evening, unafraid.—There was a prayer···that each could speak to his own God—in his own church.—That dream, that hope, that prayer became ··· America!—Great strength, youthful heart, vast enterprise, hard work made it so.—Now that same America is the dream···the hope···the prayer of the world.—Our freedom—its dream. Our strength—its hope.—Our swift race against time—its prayer!—We must not fail the world now. We must not fail to share our freedom with it—afterwards. ···*Keep Singing, Keep Working, and Fight for America!*

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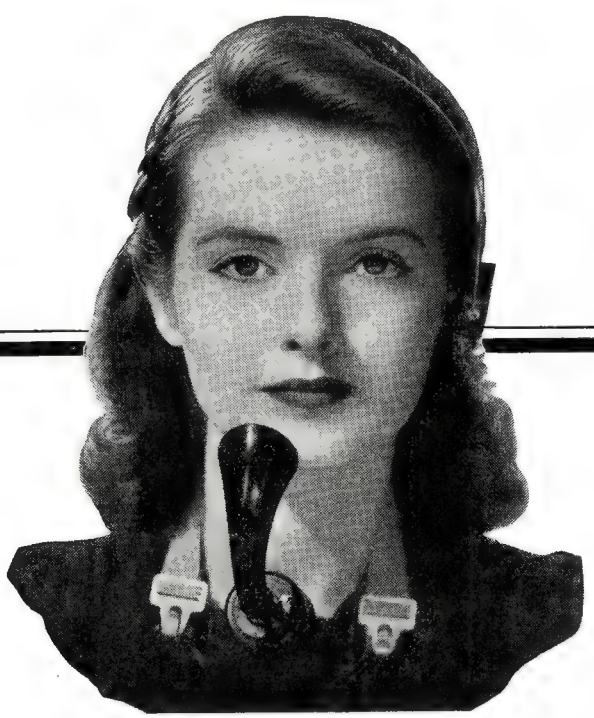
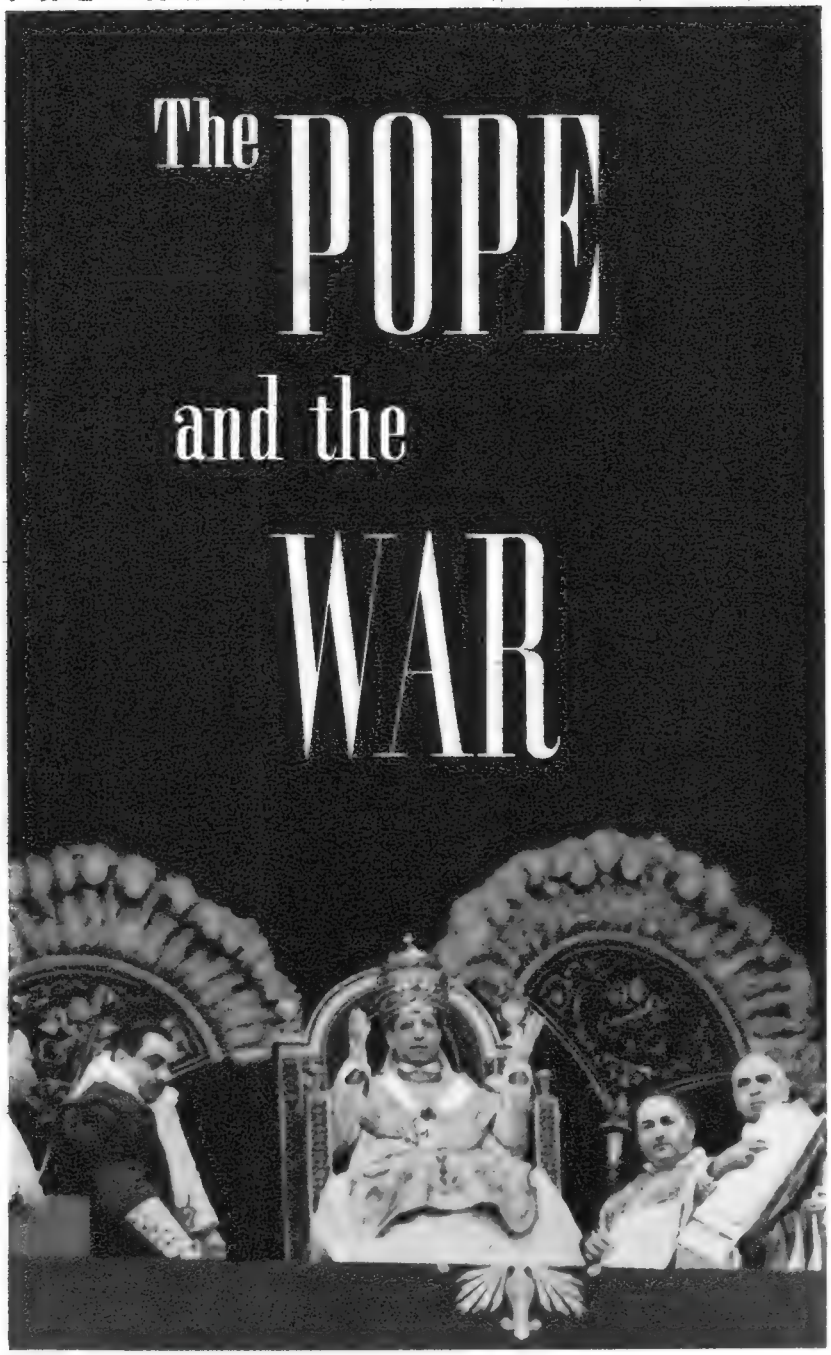


The POPE and the WAR



EUROPEAN

Without planes, tanks, guns, or battleships, Pope Pius XII defends the spiritual rights of more than 330,000,000 of the earth's people. He is under tremendous pressure by warring nations. His every word is misconstrued. Yet today he stands unscathed . . . the most misunderstood man in the world

by Eleanor Packard

THE Pope is the most misunderstood man in the world today. The position of the Pope and the Vatican in regard to the present war has frequently been misconstrued not only by Americans but by the peoples of nearly all the belligerent nations. Yet the principle which guides Pius XII and his Catholic hierarchy is simple in the extreme: In their opinion it is the duty of the Church to concern itself only with spiritual and ecclesiastical matters and not to interfere with temporal and political affairs.

Sometimes this line between the spiritual and the political is very fine, indeed, and full of niceties, but the record shows that this is the principle by which the learned Fathers of the Church test every possible action or pronouncement before they make it.

As second in command of the Rome bureau of the United Press, an American news agency, for nearly three years, it was part of my work to study and follow the present Pope's war policy as it developed. I was still in Italy when Mussolini declared war on the United States, and I was interned five months as an enemy alien before I was permitted to return home, along with the members of the United States Embassy in Rome, aboard the diplomatic exchange ship, Drottningholm. From the time Pius XII was elected Pope until I left Italy, I found that he never deviated from the principle that things of the spirit were his only legitimate concern.

He constantly showed great courage and force of character in resisting the unrelenting pressure of the Axis dictators to throw the weight of his enormous influence on their side. But, while avoiding political snares, he has yet shown his determination not to cede one iota of his rights as head of the Church. This stand has made the job of being Pope one of the biggest and certainly the toughest held by any man in the world today.

For the tiny Vatican state, whose territory covers only thirteen acres, has no tanks, planes, battleships, and guns to defend it. It must depend on moral force alone.

The struggle of the totalitarian states to get control of the spiritual power of the Catholic Church and use it as a weapon to their own advantage began before World War II started. I had been working in Rome less than two weeks when Pius XI, who had been in delicate health for some time, died early in the morning of February 10, 1939.

Being a non-Catholic and never having worked in Rome before, I naïvely supposed that the election of a new Pope by the Sacred (*Continued on page 76*)

FIRST OF THREE PARTS

Beginning . . . the exciting story of those charming Blakes—Arab and Andy—who actually interrupted their honeymoon to become involved in antique furniture and a deadly and dangerous plot. It all begins with the purchase of a phony—very phony—Chippendale chair

by Richard Powell

I grabbed a flashlight and sneaked around to the barn

DON'T CATCH ME

"P'liceman, p'liceman, don't catch me;
Catch that man behind the tree.
He stole money, I stole none;
Put him in the lockup just for fun."
—BOYHOOD JINGLE

MY IDEA of a really big night is to climb into a pair of slippers, get exactly three drops of bitters into an old-fashioned, and stretch out comfortably in front of logs glowing in a fireplace. When Arabella and I were married last month, and moved into an eighteenth-century farmhouse near Valley Forge, I looked forward to lazy evenings in front of our fireplace, watching embers turn from gold to red to purple.

I should have known better. I should have known that whenever Arab curls up in front of a fire, it's likely to turn into a four-alarmer.

Take this business of the Chippendale chair, for example. People buy fake Chippendales every day, and go home and live peacefully ever after. But when I let Arab talk me into buying that fake Chippendale, we bought ourselves the right to play catch with dynamite.

Of course, I had suspected, the first time I saw Arab, that marrying her would be like setting up housekeeping between the points of a spark gap. She was playing left wing on the all-Philadelphia field hockey eleven, against Boston, I think. She looked tiny and fragile out there on the Cricket Club field in the middle of all that pedigreed brawn. Like a child playing gaily around trucks on a busy street.

Woody Carnwath, who had dragged me to the game, said earnestly, "She's like a flower, isn't she?"

I watched her take the ball toward the Boston goal. She flitted here and there like an elf, golden hair streaming in the wind, and her stick playing xylophone tunes on near-by shins. I watched her give the hip to the Boston center half.

"Like a flower," I said. "Only, she hasn't got a stem. She's got a fuse." . . .

I met Arab that night, and we were married a month later. That was fast work, and most of it seemed to be Arab's. Ten lazy years of playing with an antique furniture business had slowed my impulses down to a crawl. Probably I wouldn't have let Arab rush me, even at that, if it hadn't been for the war. I had just sent in an application to get back a reserve commission I used to have in Field Artillery. There might not be time to wait and think about marriage.

I don't really know why Arab picked me over Woody, who has money and

good looks. I don't have much of either. My hair looks like a dried-out hummock of grass, and my body seems as long and loose as a deck chair. Even my draft board has a 1-B opinion of me, so far. I think Arab decided I was a lost cause that ought to be saved.

I warned Arab that she would find the antique business dull. She's been used to excitement—intercity hockey, runner-up in the North American women's small-bore skeet shoot, a couple of blues at the Devon Horse Show on her own jumper, and all that.

"How dull?" she asked.

"Nothing," I said, "ever happens in the antique business. Except maybe an expert dislocates his jaw pouting at another expert."

"Maybe we can stir up something."

"In the antique business," I said, "there isn't anything to stir up except tea."

"At least we can stir you up, Andy. You act middle-aged. You've been rusting. Don't you think so, honestly?"

I nodded, cautiously. She had something there. It really wouldn't hurt a vegetable kind of a guy, like me, to be stirred up. I guess I thought the process would merely involve being gently transplanted. I didn't realize it would mean being yanked up and forced to turn my roots into legs.

After our official wedding trip we invested most of our A-card gasoline ration in a trip through the Pennsylvania-Dutch country, trying to buy a few good pieces for the shop. We picked up a dower chest painted with tulip designs; it dated back to Johann Rank, although it wasn't one of his signed chests. One of the Plain People let me talk him out of his roundabout chair, built to fit in corners, for $107. We got a pair of steeple-topped andirons, and the creepers which stand inside the andirons to hold short pieces of wood.

On the return trip we were about five miles from home, near Chester Springs, when I spotted something on the porch of an old farmhouse just off the road. I jammed on the brakes of our station wagon. "Look at those legs!" I said.

Arab peered at the farmhouse porch, and frowned slightly. "Mine are just as nice as hers," she snapped.

I said, "Huh?" and looked again, and saw a girl in the chair. Maybe I should have noticed her first, because it isn't usual to see a girl with long, tanned legs, wearing shorts, lounging on the porch of an unrestored Chester County farmhouse. On the other hand, it also isn't usual to see a mahogany Chippendale chair, intended for use in an eighteenth-

Arab brought out a shotgun. I sighed. . . . She'd probably kill the guy

century drawing-room, on such a porch.

"I was talking about the chair," I told Arab. "What stopped me was seeing those cabriole front legs."

"I never remember what cabriole means," Arab said.

"Bowed," I said patiently. "Typical of the Chippendale style. Do you mind going up to take a look at it?"

"You go," Arab said. "I'm tired and bedraggled and in no condition to stand up beside any farmer girl out of a fashion magazine."

I grinned, and went up the flagstone walk to the porch. The girl in the chair was really a collector's item. Her hair had the deep sheen of Duncan Phyfe's $1,000-a-log Cuban mahogany. Her eyes were a smoky brown, and you could have hung a hat on her eyelashes.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but I happened to see that chair of yours. I'm interested in antiques."

SHE dropped her movie magazine. "You know about antiques?" she murmured. "I'm ever so glad. We've been thinking for years that we ought to ask somebody about this chair."

"May I look at it?"

"Oh, please do."

She watched breathlessly while I ran a hand over the finish, studied the plain carving of the splat, and upended it to examine the joints and the stretchers between the legs.

"It's been in the family for—oh—ages," she said, "and of course we wouldn't think of selling it unless it turned out it was really too valuable to keep. We think it came over from England in the Revolution, with Lord Howe."

I grinned. "Sister," I said, "if this chair came to America with Lord Howe, you arrived with Leif the Lucky. You're five times as old as this chair."

She said haughtily, "You needn't think you can buy it cheaply by pretending it isn't good."

"It's good, all right. It's one of the best jobs of faking I ever saw."

"I think," she said, "I shall have to awsk you to leave."

"Okay. But I could give you a tip."

"What do you mean?"

"I bet you aren't getting a decent commission. Hold out for it."

She sat down on the steps, stretched out her handsome legs, and shucked off her act like a stocking with a runner. "You interest me, big boy," she said. "How did you know all this is a phony setup?"

I jerked a thumb at the chair. "Sucker bait," I said. "A chair like this doesn't belong on a porch. And you don't belong in a tumble-down farmhouse. What are you, between floor shows?"

"Hostess. I drink tea highballs to keep the customers happy. At the Colony. It's closed for redecoration. Do you know, the drip who owns this haystack only pays me fifteen a week and room and board? That's bad, huh?"

"For the act you put on, robbery. Who is your boss?"

Bare shoulders twitched, impatiently. "Play nice, will you?" she said. "It's over a month till the Colony opens, and I like to eat."

"How's business?"

"Last week I sold something they call a lowboy off this porch for twelve hundred and fifty bucks. I'd have felt like a heel, getting that much for a fake, but the old dame who bought it figured she was cheating me. How did you know this chair is a phony? I wouldn't know a Chippendale from a Pekingese, myself."

I tried to explain to her about the gloss which furniture acquires over the years. In colonial days, most cabinetmakers merely oiled the bare wood, or maybe varnished it lightly and gave it a coat of wax. They let age and use bring out the gloss. Nobody can duplicate that patina with sandpaper, shellac, and an aging treatment. Convincing fakes have to be pieced together from old bits of furniture, so that the original patina is undisturbed. Most of this chair was antique, but hadn't started life as a chair. Maybe the legs had come from a broken-down settee.

The girl said, "Isn't there any A-is-for-Apple, B-is-for-Boy way of explaining this to an amateur?"

"Sorry. There's one flaw in this chair an amateur might figure out. See this stretcher connecting the two front legs?"

"Um-hum."

"Lots of people have a habit of hooking their heels over the front stretcher of a chair. In a real antique, the stretcher would show signs of wear. This hasn't a mark."

"You sound like a dick. You aren't from the Hall, downtown, are you?"

"I'm a dealer. Andrew Blake, Antiques. Chestnut Street, Philadelphia."

She reached up a hand. "Hiya, Andy. I'm Hazel Wynne. Now that everything's on the up-and-up, I don't guess you want to buy this cherished heirloom of a proud but impoverished family, huh?"

"The only thing this chair is good for," I said, "is to sit down on."

"There's some more junk in the barn, but it's locked up and the boss is away. Look, Andy; this antique racket is all double talk to me. Is it the kind of racket they throw people in jail for?"

"Not what you're doing," I said. "You're just helping amateur collectors think they're cheating you out of something."

"I don't mean me. There's a—well, I guess he's a guy I'm going to marry, mixed up in this. Duke's a nice kid but he doesn't know the score. Maybe I should get him out of this racket, huh?"

"Might be a good idea."

"He's waiting on his draft board. He's nuts to get in. But he's been hanging on here for the money. He says he wants to leave me fixed okay when he gets called."

"Get him out if you can."

"Thanks." She stood up, started to say good-by, and then said, "Wait a second. There's one other thing you might like to see."

"It'd be a waste of time."

"I GOT a special reason I want you to see it." She went into the house and brought out another chair. "They didn't tell me to sell this chair, but they didn't tell me *not* to sell it. The boss and another guy were talking about this chair last night like it was important. Is it worth something?"

I looked at it, and curiosity came out on me like a rash. "What's your special reason for wanting me to see it?"

"I'd like to get back at that guy for just paying me fifteen a week. If you want this chair, take it for anything you want to pay. Five bucks, maybe. That'll burn him up. And he can't say I did it on purpose, because he didn't leave any orders about this one."

The chair was something to give a dealer bad dreams. It was a copy of a really fine Chippendale. It had cabriole legs ornamented with acanthus leaves, claw-and-ball feet, and an elaborately carved back and splat. William Savery might have done the original for some wealthy Philadelphia family of Revolutionary days. The original might now be worth $20,000; in fact, back in the high

NEXT MONTH

★

A brilliant story of mystery and adventure in occupied France in which Jakes, the Brooklyn sergeant, on a perilous mission for British Intelligence, discovers that the beautiful Norman girl he loved might have killed him if she could . . .

THE COMMANDO AND THE SPOTTED COW

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

An American Short Novel

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MORTIMER WILSON

I grinned. "Sister," I said, "you're five times as old as this chair"

old days of '29 a Chippendale armchair of this type sold for $33,000 at an auction in Philadelphia.

But the weird thing about this chair was that there was no attempt to imitate fine patina, no attempt to smooth off the carving. It couldn't pass as an antique even with an amateur, and nobody would buy it just as a chair. It was as if someone reproduced the Mona Lisa hastily in crayon.

"This thing," I said, "would frighten my customers into collecting stamps. Sorry."

"Well, I'll get back at the boss some other way."

I WENT back to our station wagon. Arab looked at me reproachfully. "Remember me?" she asked. "I'm Mrs. Andrew Blake."

"The name is familiar," I said. "Aren't we related by marriage?"

"At the moment, distantly related. Why do husbands always look so horribly animated when they're talking to other women?"

I grinned, and gave Arab a complete account of what had happened. "It's funny about that second chair," I concluded. "I'm sure I've seen the original. But I can't think where. And there ought to be some reason for a weird copy like that one."

Arab said indignantly, "You mean to say you didn't (*Continued on page* 123)

One of the great adventures of the war . . . An American seaman's own account of the wild, courageous dash through "bomb alley," hot spot of the Mediterranean, where an Allied convoy runs a flaming gantlet . . . How the men of the cargo ships brave Axis bombers, submarines, and torpedo boats to convoy vital supplies to Britain's "island aircraft carrier"

CONVOY TO MALTA

BY CHIEF ELECTRICIAN *Edwin J. Randall*
AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE

WE SAIL from Scotland about 9 P. M. Fourteen of us chunky cargo ships, escorted by what looks like the whole damned British navy—battleships, cruisers, aircraft carriers, destroyers.

Nobody knows where we're heading, except, naturally, the skippers. But there are plenty of signs it's no pleasure cruise. Each hold is an arsenal, jammed with every kind of munitions you can think of, plus some you probably never heard of. And the hatches are mountained with bags of coal. They serve a double purpose: to cushion the impact of bombs, and to provide heat and power for the people who live wherever we're going.

A knot of us starts debating our destination. "Dakar," says somebody. "A second front," says another, pointing to the warships all around us. Others argue for Alexandria, East Africa, and Madagascar, and some of them put cash on the line to back up their theories. But a couple of days out, I put an end to the guessing. The skipper calls me up on the bridge and points to an electric winch that's out of order.

"How long will it take you to fix it?" he asks.

"Couple of hours."

"Okay," he says. "We may need it loading or unloading when we get to Malta."

Malta!

I can't say I'm exactly delighted. Neither are the boys when I pass the word along. The Mediterranean is no picnic grounds these days.

We sail south several hundred miles off the French coast. Everything is quiet, except when one of the warships drops an ash can at the subs smelling around us. But nobody pays any attention to those explosions. They're routine in a convoy.

Our ship is 10,000 gross tons, and practically a porcupine with all the guns we're mounting fore, aft, and midships. The only other American-manned ship in the convoy is 12,000 tons. All the rest are British jobs, between 10,000 and 12,000 tons. Probably the most important of all of us is the tanker Ohio, American-built but British-manned. She's carrying thousands of gallons of oil.

I can't go into details, but what we've all got aboard is plenty important to Malta. Later, I learn that a letter from Churchill and A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, was read to all the skippers just before we sailed. "This convoy," it said, in part, "must go through *at all costs*."

The italics are mine. I think I've got a right to them.

MONDAY—We've been out seven days. Just after midnight we hit Gibraltar. Through my porthole I can see the dark bulks of our ships, in perfect geometric alignment. We're all blacked out, but around us are dozens of fishing boats, all lit up like Christmas trees. "Little devils," I mutter to myself. "Every blamed one of them has a radio aboard. If Jerry didn't know we were coming, he will—in a couple of minutes."

The Rock itself is a black mountain, but the Spanish mainland is dancing with lights. I wonder how many Nazi agents have their glasses riveted on us, counting, making notes, coding messages . . .

But just the same I get six hours' sleep.

After breakfast, the captain's orders are read to us: "We're on the spot now. Anything can happen. Good luck."

For the first time in nearly 27 years at sea, I notice men going about their jobs—oiling, chipping rust, serving meals—in their life belts. Even in the steamy galley, the cook wears his continuously.

"Man alive," I say, "I'd think you'd roast."

"Yes, sir," he replies, "but I'd rather roast than drown."

At noon I overhear a couple of seamen telling a youngster a lurid tale of being torpedoed in the Caribbean. But it doesn't faze the kid a bit. "Listen," he says; "I got on this boat by a gangplank, and that's the way I'm getting off." I admire his spirit, and hope the Nazis won't make a liar out of him.

As we plow farther into the Mediterranean, conversation grows stilted and absent-minded. A guy cracks a joke or pulls a gag, and it's a minute or so before anybody laughs. We're all on edge, waiting for the show to start.

My gun watch is over at 11 P. M. In my cabin, I pack a zipper bag with whisky, woolen socks, half a dozen personal letters, and some lace handkerchiefs I bought in Scotland for somebody back home. Then I lie down, with my clothes on and shoelaces loosened, and try to get some sleep.

TUESDAY—It starts at 9 A.M. A burst of fire away up ahead in the convoy. I'm talking with Harry Lawrence, my assistant electrician. It's his first trip to sea, but he's as cool as Columbus. "Maybe," I say, "they're just trying out their guns." "Maybe," Harry replies dryly. But pretty soon we learn they were firing at a "rekky"—enemy reconnaissance plane. We're in "bomb alley" now, the hot spot of the Mediterranean, within easy reach of land-based German and Italian planes. A couple (*Continued on page* 80)

SARRA, INC.

The author . . . "You see ships sinking and men dying, and you can't do a damned thing about it"

Mrs. Barclay had feared Christmas, with her only son a soldier and away somewhere in a world at war. But her fear became almost panic when the strange girl stood before her and said, "He loves me."... One of America's most distinguished authors tells an unforgettably touching story

GIFT OF LAUGHTER

by Pearl S. Buck

IT WAS the dawn of Christmas Day, the day Mrs. Barclay had been dreading. She woke and saw her room, its familiar lines dim in the early morning. She shut her eyes quickly and lay in her bed, quite motionless. It was here, the day she had been trying not to think about. That was the way with Christmas—it could not be put off. It was inevitable and sure.

For Mrs. Barclay was afraid of Christmas. She had first realized this when she went shopping for Ranny's Christmas box, which, she had been told at the Red Cross headquarters, should be mailed not a minute later than the first of November in order to reach wherever Ranny was. She did not know where he was, but she had the name of his regiment, and somebody at the Red Cross had found out for her in general—enough, at least, so she could send his Christmas box in time.

That day she went shopping she had been able to keep hidden the fact she was afraid of Christmas by telling all the pleasant salesgirls that she was buying things for her son—"My only son," she said with quiet pride, "who is at the front somewhere."

What made this war so much harder than the last one was that in this war there were so many fronts. The last time, when Ranny's father had been away at the front, it had meant, of course somewhere in Europe, and she had been to Europe so many times in her girlhood that she had been able to follow Ranald easily on the map she kept on the library wall. When he fell in the Argonne—well, at least she knew where he was. But this war . . . why, Ranny might be in China! The thought of his being in places which she had never seen dimmed her fine gray eyes often. What if he fell as his father did, and she could not even get to his grave?

The pretty salesgirl, seeing that dimming, had smiled encouragingly. "What's the color of his eyes?" she asked.

"I was with him when he bought your Christmas present. Nothing seemed good enough for you"

Mrs. Barclay's face cleared. "Blue," she said; "the bluest eyes you ever saw."

"Then this is the sweater for him," the girl said, and added, "I always did like a blue-eyed man."

"So did I," Mrs. Barclay said. "His father had blue eyes, too."

Of course, she was very busy getting the package off. There were no such things as Christmas seals and wrappings in the stores yet, but she had found a box of things left over from last year. The things really looked lovely when she had them all tied up. And she had bought candies and nuts in tins, guaranteed to keep in the hottest climates—if Ranny was in a hot climate! There was a fruitcake, too. The size of the package finally had worried her a good deal. Suppose they said it was too big—no, they would not even tell her; they would, perhaps, just not send it. The idea terrified her, and hastily she divided all the things and made three packages.

By this time she had everyone in the house helping her—old Henry, the butler, and Anne, his wife, and Dicken, the chauffeur. Dicken was young enough for the draft and would be gone before Christmas.

"I shall send you a box, too, Dicken," she had told him.

He had touched his cap. "Thank you, madame."

When he went away she put up the cars until Ranny came home. It was the least an old lady could do these days, to save gasoline and rubber.

When the chauffeur went, two weeks before Christmas, she had said to him, "Mind you remember your job is here waiting for you, Dicken."

He touched his cap again and said, "Thank you, madame."

Her heart ached a little. He looked young and simple. It had occurred to her then that she did not know anything at all about him. "Are you married, Dicken?" she inquired.

"No, madame," he said, flushing suddenly and deeply.

"Have you parents?" she asked gently.

"Yes, madame," he said again.

Silence had (*Continued on page* 128)

WASTE GOES ON

ACME NEWS

Tens of thousands of needless men and women "workers" in Washington alone are loafing the clock around, says Senator Byrd, while you and your family must go all out to meet the manpower shortage. . . . A report to the nation by the leader of the fight against government war waste

by Harry F. Byrd

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM VIRGINIA

The author is Chairman of the Joint Committee on Reduction of Nonessential Federal Expenditures.

WHILE the United States Government is crying for more manpower for the war effort and planning eventually to draft millions of men, women, and high-school students for essential labor, the Government itself is giving the most shocking exhibition of wanton waste of manpower that has ever been seen in this nation.

The President declares we must "stop the wastage of labor in all nonessential activities." But the Government, carrying on its determination to spend and spend and spend, and tax and tax and tax, is making no visible effort to stop the wastage of labor and salaries.

Within ten miles of the White House are tens of thousands of men and women who are contributing nothing to any essential activity—except further to increase the national debt. Many of the government economic theorists, unfortunately for the taxpayers, believe that is essential. In government jobs all over the United States many thousands, under government sponsorship, are wasting

Typical Washington job holders call it a day

their time and the taxpayer's money.

Additional manpower is being wasted in state, county, and city administration. Maj. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, National Selective Service Director, says more than 5,000,000 persons are employed by federal, state, and local governments. "That," says General Hershey, "is too many."

In addition, we still have, too, in this hour of desperate need for manpower, 375,000 workers on the WPA.

Basing the estimate upon statements from the workers, themselves, it is not too much to say that if one third of the federal employees were dismissed, the war effort would proceed at a faster pace. Some observers estimate that of the nearly 300,000 government employees in Washington, fully one third are loafing or working on nonessential jobs. In most instances this is not their fault, but the fault of the bureau heads and the system. Columnist Frank Kent goes farther. "If personnel were reduced 70 per cent," he wrote recently, "efficiency would be increased 100 per cent."

The waste of money on nonessential bureaus has been a national scandal, and apparently a national policy, for years. The Joint Committee of which I am chairman had a large part in cutting $1,313,983,208 out of nonessential appropriations for 1943, but with the Government planning to spend $80,000,000,000 a year, that's a drop in the bucket. The Committee continues to fight the waste of money, but now an even more serious condition confronts America—the deliberate waste of manpower. I say it is deliberate because every government clerk knows what is going on, every bureau chief believes that almost nobody in the Government wants economy, Washington newspapers constantly print protesting letters from patriotic workers; congressmen receive them by the hundreds. I cannot believe that the members of the Cabinet haven't heard about it.

I have before me a letter from "A Group of Federal Employees—Loyal Americans, but disgusted and bored." It is one out of a crowded file, all telling the same story. They write: "This is a crime in time of peace, but a greater crime in time of war. Is there anything we lower-bracket people can do, other than write you of conditions that exist? Through no fault of our own, this 'sitting idle' has been forced upon us. There are too many officials who like to boast that they have 50 people under their supervision instead of the necessary 8 or 10, or 5 secretaries instead of the necessary one.

"Like ourselves, thousands of people sincerely believe the entire Government would function better if the federal agencies dropped thousands of their employees—officials as well as the lower-paid people—and eliminated entirely some of the nondefense, nonessential agencies.

"We voice the opinion of thousands of federal employees who are loyal, true Americans willing to make sacrifices, with an earnest desire to do something toward winning the war. We in the 'sit idle' class ask to be released, yet the agencies refuse to release us because we are 'indispensable'!!! How much longer must we sit at our desks all day, watching the clock, while other people in our own country and abroad are suffering?"

A WASHINGTON newspaper printed this complaint: "I am a parasite. I draw $1,620 a year. We're a great army, we parasites, and almost unanimously we don't like it. But someone must like it, for we are retained in our easy, effortless, and valueless positions despite the fact that the nation is supposed to be mobilized for war. Resigning is useless. My job would be immediately filled by another parasite. What is the reason? Gross inefficiency and rank stupidity of persons in supervisory positions."

Another government employee writes: "200 of us are doing 'war work,' but 50 capable people could easily do our work. Many of us pass away eight hours a day reading and writing letters. If manpower is short, is this the way to win the war?"

Interview any government clerk on Pennsylvania Avenue and the chances are 50 to 1 that he will tell you his department is tremendously overmanned. The bureaucrats not only overman divisions engaged in war work; they also have more employees than they need in bureaus which even in peacetime were rated by many as nonessential. While clerks and stenographers chorus, "How the heck can we work when there's no work to do?" the Civil Service Commission continues to recruit men and women from all over America. They're scraping bottom now and are bringing in hundreds totally inefficient, even after weeks of training. But these bunglers hold their jobs. Nobody seems to be too incompetent to work for the government.

CROPS rotted this year because of a scarcity of labor, but many government employees spent half their days reading books and magazines. Munitions factories beg for women workers while government stenographers sit at their desks doing crossword puzzles. Stores and offices fill the want-ad columns with pleas for help as hordes of men and women draw salaries for performing tasks that in no way whatsoever aid the war effort. The Department of the Interior, for instance, still has strong men roaming the country chasing eagles and putting bands on their legs, to find out how far they fly.

America cheers when money is properly spent for munitions. It promptly O. K.'s our policy of liberal pay for our soldiers, sailors, and marines. But it is likely to cry "Treason!" when its Government, with taxation, breaks the backs of hard-working men and women and uses some of the money to support many government employees in idleness; when its Government hoards manpower when, for the lack of it, farmers cannot produce enough food, the factories and yards cannot deliver enough ships and planes and tanks and guns and ammunition to bring victory quickly.

The Government is demanding a total war effort from everybody but its own employees. But the disgust of honest Americans in government jobs is rising. Many of these (*Continued on page* 136)

Dorothy Vogley works in a Canton, Ohio, war plant, gets up and showers at 3:30 P. M. Loves "sleeping late"

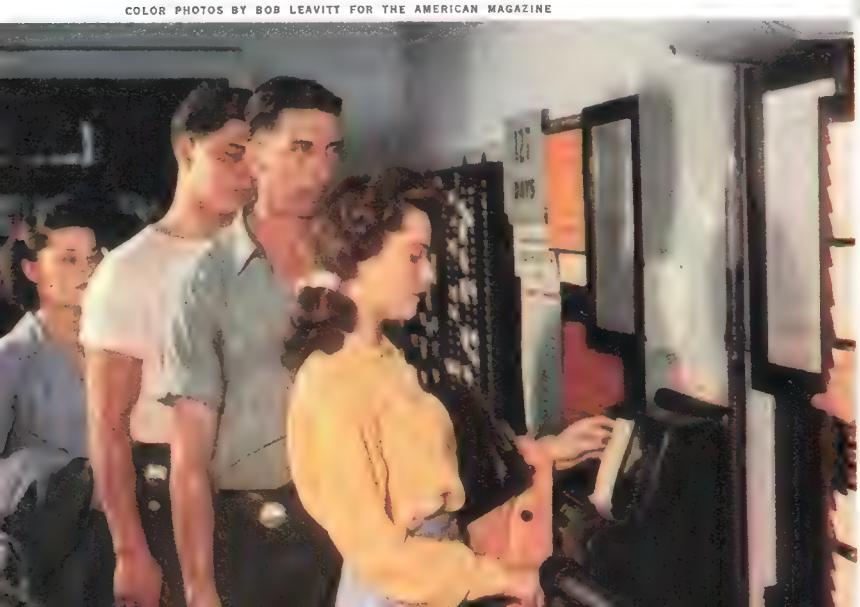
After breakfast, her heaviest meal, and shopping or a movie, Dorothy streetcars (at right) to the plant

GIRL ON THE MIDNIGHT SHIFT

THOUSANDS of American girls are traveling the same road as 21-year-old Dorothy Vogley, our Cover Girl this month. No longer do they live at home waiting for a nice young man. Instead they've gone on their own to help win the war. Dorothy operates a testing machine at the Timken Roller Bearing Co. in Canton, Ohio. She works the "graveyard shift," from 10:30 P. M. to 6:30 A. M. Her family lives in Vogley's Corners, a tiny community named for her father, 8 miles outside Canton. After high school, Dorothy worked in her father's roadside restaurant.

When war came to Vogley's Corners, Dorothy's brother, Charles, enlisted as an Air Corps cadet. Last spring she went into Canton, learned what it was like to earn $28.50 a week, work shoulder to shoulder with men, and manage her own life. At first, the strange hours put her at odds with the world, but now she believes working in war industry has made her a new, more self-reliant person. She has more to spend on clothes and cosmetics than ever before, has more dates and more friends.

COLOR PHOTOS BY BOB LEAVITT FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



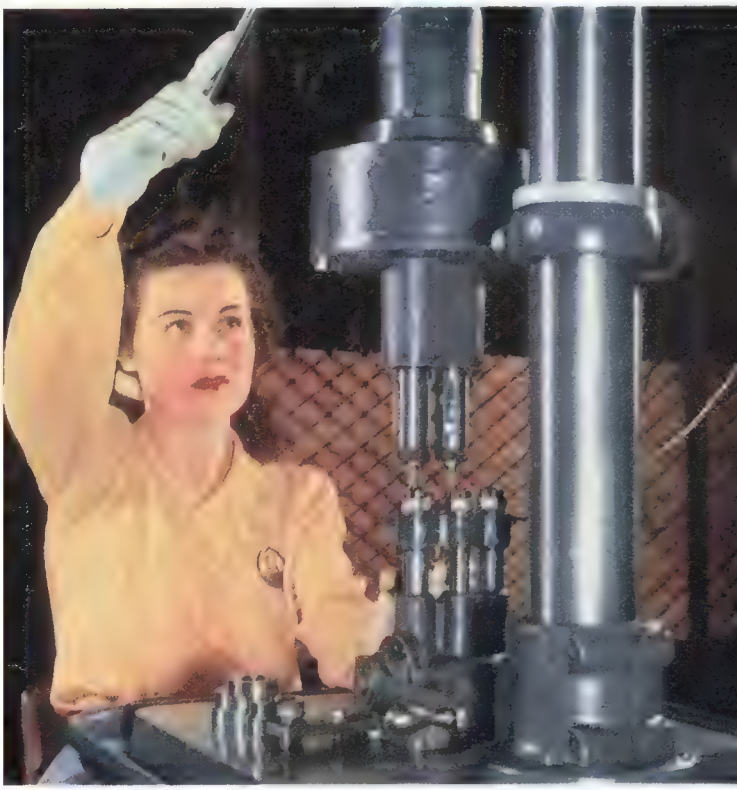
Around the clock with Dorothy Vogley, small-town girl who finds an exciting new life as a skilled worker in a war plant

She punches the time clock at 10:28 P. M. To date, she has never been late or absent from work

At a steel-testing machine, Dorothy (at rear) checks about 4,000 roller-bearing cones a day

Dorothy and fellow workers scrub up for a 2:30 A. M. lunch. Meeting dozens of new friends, she is losing her shyness

Her lunch at the company cafeteria usually includes a ham sandwich, potato salad, apple pie, and coffee



She is assigned to a drill press for the last lap, from 3:00 to 6:30 A. M. Sometimes it's a struggle to stay awake

The stag line eyes Dorothy as she leaves work. But she swears it doesn't faze her one bit

Off from Friday morning to Sunday night, she hikes in the country with James Wynkoop, fellow worker

It's 8 o'clock in the morning, time for little girls on the graveyard shift to get a little shut-eye

On the anniversary of Pearl Harbor, our war leaders, through THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, *report to the nation on . . .*

KNOX

NELSON

PATTERSON

HOOVER

by

FRANK KNOX

DONALD M. NELSON

ROBERT P. PATTERSON

J. EDGAR HOOVER

LIEUTENANT GENERAL HENRY H. ARNOLD

ADMIRAL ERNEST J. KING

PAUL V. McNUTT

BRIGADIER GENERAL LEWIS B. HERSHEY

CLAUDE R. WICKARD

JAMES M. LANDIS

HAROLD L. ICKES

REAR ADMIRAL EMORY S. LAND (RET.)

JOSEPH B. EASTMAN

WILLIAM M. JEFFERS

LORD HALIFAX

★NAVY—By Frank Knox
Secretary of the Navy

FOR one year, since the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, we have seen the spectacle of our nation—130 million strong—rising to the challenge and fighting back.

It has been an immense and thrilling spectacle. In our cities, factory smoke billows across the sun by day, and great furnaces glare in the night. Countrysides once deserted are peopled by the complements of vast camps. Fast and fearsome machines roar over dusty roads and through crackling woods. Rural quiet is shattered by the fire of rifle and field gun. Our long coast lines have awakened with the movement of men, the clatter of dry docks, the restless throb of merchant and war ships, the human noises of embarkation.

All of this is profoundly gratifying, but it is not the proper measure of our progress in the war. We can take full stock of ourselves only in relation to time

VICTORY AND 1943

and to the positions of our allies and enemies. Our enemies beat us to the draw and have moved fast and far. To date our allies have borne the brunt of their assault. It is only because they have held that this nation is now able to muster its total strength. We can afford to waste no time in doing so; we must apply this strength and fulfill our obligations to our allies by striking the enemy wherever we can hunt him down.

In actual combat, our record is superb. Where our men have fought, they have fought as well as men can. They always will.

But for them to be 100 per cent effective, we must make a 100 per cent effort here at home. We have made mistakes—in the Navy, the Army, the Government, and in the business of production. We will probably make even more, and, whenever we do, our armed forces will suffer and victory will be that much farther from them. This we must face and this we must correct.

I am confident that we will do this, and that we will win the war. My confidence is based on two things: First, our titanic achievements—in spite of mistakes—during our first year at war; and, second, the spirit which I sense rising throughout this nation. Enormous events have forced upon our people, like those of many other nations, the choice between slavery and freedom.

We have come to see that this fight is the big one, the finale, and we, like others, have had to stand up and be counted. This is an issue that takes our measure as a people, and on it we have taken our stand.

On the fronts and here at home, we know why we are fighting, and this understanding is what will give us the strength to overcome our mistakes and overcome the enemy.

Today, one year after Pearl Harbor, we are fighting back. We shall win as long as we are determined that our guns, now roaring and flashing across the world, can be silenced only by the dawn of a peace that spells liberty for all men.

★ PRODUCTION—By Donald M. Nelson Chairman, War Production Board

ONE year has passed since Pearl Harbor. Two and one-half years have passed since the President started what we used to call the National Defense program. What have we done in that time?

The best way to picture it is to start with a little exercise of the imagination. Imagine a city of 500,000 people—a normal settled, established American city, properly laid out with homes, shops, office buildings, factories, and the public utilities and services necessary to take care of all of its needs.

Now suppose that it should suddenly become necessary to increase the size of that city from its original 500,000 to approximately 12,000,000—from the size of Minneapolis, say, to the size of New York and Chicago *combined*. Suppose, further, that it was necessary to do all of this in rather less than three years' time.

The size and complexity of such a job staggers the imagination. The sheer

physical task of providing the new houses, the new public buildings, the new stores and shops and office buildings and factories, the new transportation system and the public utility layout, seems to add up to a bigger job than the most energetic, wealthy, and resourceful people could possibly handle. But if the thing did get done—if the new city of 12,000,000 should be successfully brought into being in less than three years, complete with all the necessary buildings and services—you would say that a most stupendous job had been accomplished.

Now, that job is fairly comparable, not to the over-all job that has been done on America's rearmament, but to the expansion of our airplane production program alone. In other words, what we have done in regard to airplanes alone in the last two and one-half years is just about the equivalent—in money, effort, materials, and general all-round complexity—to this imaginary task of expanding a city of 500,000 to a city of 12,000,000.

And the airplane program is, of course, only a part of our over-all war production effort.

I have gone into that much detail to try to show as graphically as I can how really tremendous is the job which this nation has been doing. We never tried anything like it before; no one else on earth ever tried to do so much in so short a time; little more than a year ago you could hardly have found anyone in America who would have thought that the job could have been done at all.

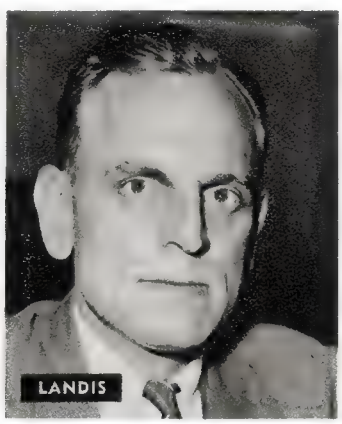
Look at it in another way. During this first year of the war, this country has produced military goods and military construction worth substantially more than $45,000,000,000. That is more money than the entire national debt of pre-Pearl-Harbor days; it is just about the equivalent of all the goods, of all kinds, produced during a depression year like 1932.

On military construction alone—camps, war factories, docks, shipyards, fortifications, and the like—we have already spent or contracted to spend approximately $26,000,000,000, which is more than the cost to us of the whole first World War.

But we have only started. During the coming year we should turn out military goods worth $80,000,000,000 or $85,000,000,000—about twice as much as our total production for the first year, and roughly the equivalent of the total national income in the best year we ever had, the boom year of 1929. That means, remember, that in 1943 we shall produce, in war goods alone, as much as the entire country produced of everything—farm produce, automobiles, steel, everything—in the busiest and most productive year of our whole history.

That measures the job. It may help to explain why the drain on all of our resources is so great—why we have materials shortages, manpower shortages, rationing of various kinds of goods, the complete stoppage of many kinds of manufacturing, and so on.

What has been done to date is a cause for pride. This country has done a better job than it thought it could do. But it is not a cause for easy optimism, nor for smug satisfaction. Measuring what we did in 1942 against what we know we have to do in 1943 is enough to make that clear. I believe that what we can get from a review of our past year on the production front is a sober confidence that we *can* do the huge task ahead of us if we give it everything we have.



★ ARMY—By Robert P. Patterson Under Secretary of War

THE losses of the United Nations and our individual losses in the year now past were heavy. But the picture as a whole is better today than a year ago. Thanks in great part to the foresight of the President, the Congress, and the country in enacting Selective Service two years ago, the United States now has an army of 4,500,000 trained and mobilized as offensive forces in many parts of the world.

During the last year, I have flown thousands of miles, seeing thousands of troops. I can report from my own knowledge that the Army of the United States is composed of enlisted men of high caliber, trained and seasoned, and of capable officers, all eager to fight for a cause they know to be just.

When you take into account twenty years of national neglect of the military forces, and when you consider that our Army has been in large-scale training for only a year and a half, this is an accomplishment of which we can be proud.

We of the Army appreciate—since we cannot help but share the feeling—the impatience of some and the recurring public demands that we engage our enemies to the East and to the West, quickly and in full force. The difficulties of distance, transportation, and supply are not fully appreciated. The vital necessity for supplying our allies, the Russians, Chinese, and British, is also a factor, and it retards the equipping of our own Army. The necessity of training our officers and enlisted men adequately is another factor.

No military force that is to prove its worth can be thrown together and immediately pitted against the enemy, particularly an enemy whose land, sea, and air forces have been trained for many years.

Secretary of War Stimson and General Marshall have insisted on the basic policy that our Army must be trained, seasoned, and equipped before being called to battle. Our combat forces are now better trained than those of the first World War. Our equipment, planes, tanks, and guns are unequaled.

We have now passed from a training to a combat phase of the war. In this phase, the spirit and capabilities of the officers and enlisted men will be the deciding factor. My job at the War Department is the supervision of the production of materiel. No one appreciates more than I do the importance of the "home front," the workers in the war plants. Their job is always vital to the men at the front. But wars cannot be won by production alone. We can pro-

duce huge quantities of planes, guns, and tanks, and if they are not at the proper place at the proper time and put into the hands of trained men, our efforts at home will be worthless.

Our soldiers, sailors, and marines have willingly left their homes and jobs, their friends and families. They have submitted willingly to the most rigorous training, seasoning, and discipline. Their spirit is good. They have long been eager for their combat tasks.

Already the men of our Army, Navy, and Marines have proved that they are made of the same stern stuff that has been shown by the Russian armies, who month after month have unwaveringly battled the Nazis; by the Chinese, who year after year, without adequate equipment, have kept the Japanese from victory in the Far East; and by the British armies, who refused to surrender when the world supposed they had been beaten.

To prophesy the coming year in terms of military victories and defeats is impossible. We do know that the "home front" will be increasingly called upon for sacrifice and hardship. But our discomforts will be small when compared to those of our active military forces. But they and we alike will curtail and limit our lives without complaint. Our enemies got the jump on us, but their cause of hate, oppression, and intolerance can never win. Ours is the cause of free men, and the free men will win the victory.

EASTMAN

JEFFERS

HALIFAX

PHOTOS BY HARRIS & EWING, ACME, INTERNATIONAL, PRESS ASSOCIATION

★ ESPIONAGE—By J. Edgar Hoover
Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation

FOR nearly four years, we of the Federal Bureau of Investigation have had a healthy fear of our enemies. We have faced the realization that our Axis foes actually planned to attack us first from within. The passing of each day, however, has found us more secure.

When the Germans dispatched two submarines which landed two bands of highly trained and well-equipped saboteurs on our shores last May, they in effect confessed a lack of faith in their forces in America to bring about the destruction of which they had boasted.

The apprehension of the eight German saboteurs before they could carry out their assignments was a further test of our internal security. I mention this case only to point out one of the many functions of the FBI in wartime.

Actually, the FBI went to war three years before Pearl Harbor.

In 1939, the President named the Federal Bureau of Investigation as the coordinating agency for all investigations pertaining to espionage, sabotage, and similar crimes against national safety. This was done to avoid the duplication and confusion which existed at home in World War I.

Immediately, more than 150,000 police officers throughout the United States were mobilized for instruction in wartime technique. Regional conferences were instituted. Thus, a gigantic, closely knit network was ready to go into high gear when the first bombs fell on Pearl Harbor. Its accomplishments have been meritorious.

In the first four days of the war, for example, 3,846 dangerous enemy aliens were taken into custody. Today, the number has been increased to approximately 12,000. Thousands of them have been interned for the duration. These are not merely alien residents, but men and women with definitely destructive intentions against our safety.

If the facts and investigation after arrest indicated that the aliens were sincere or the victims of circumstance, they were released as soon as their loyalty was established. It is characteristically democratic that each prisoner was afforded a hearing in accordance with law. Every effort was made, and is being made, to protect innocent individuals.

More than one third of the dangerous aliens were arrested as special agents of the FBI and local officers searched more than 20,000 buildings occupied by Axis citizens. 4,000 guns were found, with 255,000 rounds of ammunition, and such other items as 3,000 short-wave radio receiving sets, 3,600 cameras, and more than 1,200 weapons of various kinds.

Three major spy rings have been smashed, and several smaller ones have been broken up.

In all, 56 persons have been convicted of espionage or for failure to register as enemy agents during the past year. They have been sentenced to prison terms totaling 442 years, and fined a total of $18,000.

Thousands of cases of suspected sabotage have been investigated. The vast majority resulted from industrial accidents or carelessness of workers, but 218 persons have been convicted of sabotage in the last fiscal year. Most of these were individual instances of malicious mischief. There has been no evidence of a single foreign-directed act of destruction.

Sedition has led to more than 300 major investigations, and such persons as George W. Christians, Robert Noble, Ellis O. Jones, and William Dudley Pelley have been sent to prison for seditious utterances orally or in print.

Enforcement of the Selective Service Act has unearthed thousands of delinquent registrants, of whom only a few subsequently failed to comply with the law.

Only 4,000 of these deliberately failed to register. This is in favorable contrast to the first World War, when more than 10,000 were prosecuted for this crime.

The contrast is similarly favorable all along the line. Only a few thousand delinquents remain to be located, as against 300,000 delinquencies in 1917-18. The FBI policy is to give each man, first, an opportunity to comply with the law. Mere negligence or thoughtlessness has not been held as sufficient ground for prosecution.

These are some of the statistics. Close co-operation with the Intelligence services of the Army and the Navy, and with our great network of local law-enforcement officers, has accomplished excellent results.

But they could not have been so

For other reports turn to page 65

At seventeen, Barbara Tallant was desperately in love with an older man, twice divorced and infinitely experienced, so the town watched and waited fearfully while the affair moved toward its curious, twisted climax

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION BY TOM LOVELL

James liked to talk to her about his work, and that delighted her

by Mignon McLaughlin

LOVE IS AN IDEAL

IT ISN'T often you meet a man who's exactly *right*, just as he is; whom you wouldn't change if you could; who is everything you think a man should be.

James Prentiss was that rare kind of man. You liked practically everything about him. At thirty-five, he had good looks and charm and money, a very pleasant house, and quite a lot of talent. He was a painter, and you approved of that, too; it was a nice, just-romantic-enough thing to be.

But these weren't the things you liked James best for. You liked best the long, well-tailored leanness of him; the angled, emphatic profile; the wide, thin mouth that looked at once sensitive and strong. You liked, maybe most of all, his manners. He noticed your clothes and said brief, delightful things about them. He always held your coat for you, and lit your cigarettes, and rose when you joined or left his table.

He remembered your birthday and the anniversary of your first date with him. He sent you flowers, and you could tell he had personally supervised their choosing. He called you up quite often—not often enough for you to take him for granted, but still often enough to make you feel desirable and desired. He had a way with waiters and headwaiters, with maiden aunts and small children. He had a way.

Dozens of girls wanted to marry him, and many of them were willing to compromise on nothing better than to be his next girl. He didn't seem particularly happy, but somehow you weren't much concerned about that. If anything, you thought him more attractive for it. You expected him to have everything and still to be not quite content. You wanted him to have everything . . .

Or you thought you did, until you found out that he had Barbara Tallant, too. And then all of a sudden your moral conscience—which was so often strangely suspended in James's case—became very active. You looked at Barbara, so young, so break-your-heart young at seventeen, so wide of eye and vulnerable-looking, so very much the schoolgirl, and suddenly you were very conscious of the gray that marbled James's hair, and of his thirty-five sophisticated years, and his wives (two, both beautiful, gay, and exciting), and his divorces (two, less beautiful and gay, but just as exciting), and his affairs (you could not even put a number to them, and somehow they seemed not exciting now, so much as sordid).

When you thought about him *that* way, with Barbara—well, he was no longer the most attractive man you knew. He was pretty revolting, really; there was no getting around it.

You tried to be tolerant, of course. It wasn't your business and you weren't going to interfere, no thank you. But you couldn't help feeling pretty bitter about the whole thing. For, yes, Barbara went around now with stars in her eyes, she was happy enough now; but you knew it would end, how it would have to end.

It only went to prove what you'd been saying for five years now, ever since Barbara's mother had died. George Tallant was mad to think he could raise a daughter all by himself. No *man* could handle the kind of problems you were bound to run into with a growing girl on your hands. And George, of course, was particularly stubborn about things and particularly unresponsive to advice.

Well, he was her father, and if he insisted on acting as though there was nothing to worry about, there wasn't much you could do. If he chose to sit by, looking confident and unconcerned, so, you supposed, could you.

Only . . . it was a shame. . . .

It all began on a Saturday night when Barbara went to the Country Club with her father and the Maitlands. They met James on their way in. He had a faint Martini-gleam about him—the amusing kind which he and Lois, his second wife, had perpetually maintained—and he said, "George, are there any chances of my edging in on your charming party? I find everyone else here a little on the depressing side."

Jean Maitland said, "James, we're overcome. Has Jenny Flagge abandoned you?"

"Let's call it a mutual abandonment," he said. And, taking Barbara's hand, he said, "First dance, Barbara?"

As they moved onto the floor, he looked at her worriedly. "Am I really going to have you to myself?" he asked. "There's no ardent young man just parking the car outside, or recombing his hair in the men's room?"

"No," she said, "there isn't."

"No Steve Johnson? No nobody? How come?"

Barbara said, "If you want the truth, no one asked me."

"Blind, all of them," said James. "Blind as bats, thank God." He held her off from him at arm's length, and solemnly he said, "It's fate, then—this is our night, Barbara."

So the evening, which Barbara had dreaded, turned out superbly well for her. She saw Jenny Flagge and Margaretta Manning and that snaky Collins woman all looking at her with a sort of measuring interest. She knew they were dying to dance with James, and it soothed her injured ego that he preferred her.

He was so nice that, later, she even found herself telling him how awful she had felt not to have a date tonight, and how scared she was that maybe it meant that she wasn't pretty enough and was going to spend her days a wallflower. He was awfully easy to talk to.

He looked down at her then, at the slender oval face which was still something of a child's face but which had beauty beginning in it, which was almost before your eyes becoming a woman's face. He saw the tender line of her dark hair at the temples and the aching curve of her young throat, and he laughed and

strangely it was not altogether a laugh.

"I wouldn't worry about it, if I were you," he said. "I wouldn't worry about not being pretty enough, or having men fall in love with you."

She smiled up at him uncertainly. The words had a wonderful sound. If only she could believe him, but James Prentiss had a rather notorious way with girls. Still, it was awfully pleasant.

Thanks to James, the evening flew. She had never been sorrier to hear "Good Night, Ladies."

WHEN her father came to kiss her good night Barbara asked, "Daddy, how old is James—Mr. Prentiss?"

"I don't know. Somewhere in his thirties. Why?"

"Oh, no particular reason. He's nice, isn't he?"

Her father grinned at her. "Very nice. One of my greatest friends, in fact. Not getting a crush on him, are you?"

"Of *course* not."

"Hm-m-m-m-m."

"Well, maybe I am. Lots of women do, don't they?"

"Yes. Usually they're a little nearer his age, though."

"Oh, Daddy, I'm not going to *marry* him or anything. But—he *did* ask me for a date. For tomorrow night. And I said yes. Oh, Daddy, can I please go? Is it all right?"

George hesitated, then he said, "Of course you can, darling. I've never played the heavy father, have I?"

She threw her arms around him ecstatically, for there had been a fear in her that perhaps her father had asked James to be nice to her tonight. Now she was sure that he hadn't, that it all had been James's own idea.

George Tallant patted Barbara's thin, childish shoulder and frowned into space. "Am I doing the right thing?" he wondered. He knew all the town harpies would be buzzing about it, saying it was just like a man to be so careless with his daughter, and what did men know about women, anyway? And then he thought, grinning again, "Well, maybe I don't know much about women, but I know an awful lot about men, and I'm not so sure that isn't a better asset when you're bringing up a daughter." . . .

After the third date Barbara asked George if she might have James to dinner at the house. He said, "Sure," feeling a little queer about it. After all, he and James were nearly contemporaries and they'd been good friends for years. Wasn't it going to be a little awkward, in the circumstances?

It was—but in a way George hadn't thought of. He had a fine time, and James had a fine time, but Barbara sulked and pouted and scarcely said a word all evening.

When James had gone George asked her what in heaven was wrong with her, and she pressed her lips together and said, "Nothing."

When their horse won the race, James shouted with laughter and hugged Barbara to him

Then, suddenly, he understood, and he didn't know whether to be sorry for her or amused or irritated. Barbara was jealous! When James was with her alone, she was the center of his attention and all his talk was directed to her, and she felt important and desirable. Tonight she had had her first taste of "men's talk," of the special camaraderie men have that always infuriates women because it's so un-dependent on them and aloof.

George thought for a minute of trying to explain it to her, and then he thought, "Oh, what the hell, she wouldn't understand anyway, women never do; and it's something she'll have to find out for herself, just like everything else that matters; and that's the only way that's ever any good." And he thought, "I just won't horn in on them any more; that's

the easiest thing, and it'll keep Barbara happy, and that's all I'm trying to do, I guess."

So the dates went on and they got more numerous, and, one by one, practically every woman George knew made some excuse to speak to him about it. In five years, though, he had grown fairly adept in parrying women's advice.

One night the Maitlands, who were among his very favorite people, dropped by for a drink. He wasn't expecting any preachments from Jean Maitland, but when she rather ostentatiously asked Henry to run out to the car for her cigarette case, and then turned to George with the by-now familiar worried expression on her face, he smiled wryly and said, "*Et tu, Brute?*"

"Me, too," she said. "And you know I'm no great hand for brooding. But, George, don't you think maybe it's going a little too far?"

"What do you mean? Don't tell me you think James is a villain, too."

Jean Maitland frowned at him impatiently. "Of course not, George. I know you can trust him that way. But, George, you don't realize there are plenty of other ways a man can hurt a young girl, and without meaning to, either. It's a terrific emotional experience for her, the first time she falls in love. And then to have it somebody so—so unsuitable, where you know it can't possibly turn out well at the end. Oh, George, I honestly think you should do something about it."

GEORGE said unhappily, "Well, I think you're wrong about the whole thing. But just supposing for a minute that you're right, what can I do? I can't forbid James the house, or anything like that. The minute I went melodramatic, Barbara would really begin to take it seriously. Why, it would be the one sure way to have her thinking this was the great love of all time."

Jean nodded. "Yes, it isn't easy—"

"But that's where you're wrong," said George. "It's very easy. Look at it this way. This is Barbara's first real beau, and she's excited about it; that's only natural. But in the fall she'll be off to college. There'll be all sorts of other new things and people for her to get excited about. And James will find somebody else then, too. They'll have had a lot of fun this summer, and nobody hurt. What's the harm in that?"

"I hadn't really thought of it that way," Jean Maitland said. "I got scared because Barbara seems so different. But maybe you're right, George."

"Of course I am," said George.

But the funny thing was that while he'd been talking so convincingly the first faint doubt had been born in his own mind.

Barbara *was* different; she knew it herself. "It's incredible," she thought, "but I'm not frightened of anything any more. I know how to do things. I know how to dress and how to make up my face, and the way I should walk and when to laugh. And I know it all because I'm in love—it's as simple as that. Nothing is a problem any more, the way it used to be. All I have to do is ask myself what will please James most, and then that's the best thing and the right thing. I watch his eyes, and there's a special way he looks at me when I'm the way he wants me to be. For instance, I know he loves me in blue, that funny in-between shade that my suit is, and the moiré evening dress. And when I have that blue on, it doesn't matter if we're in a room full of fashion models, because I know he'll never take his eyes off me."

SHE dressed with special care today, for James was taking her to the races. It was the first time she'd ever been to a track, and she was awfully excited about it. George had protested at first, but Barbara managed to reassure him. "I won't bet anything, darling. I don't care about gambling. It'll just be fun to see the crowds and all."

Belmont fascinated her, the bright, crazy contrasts: the sleek women carrying expensive furs; the shabby men in unpressed suits who all seemed to have emotionless faces and wallets bursting with $20 bills. "They never spend any money on themselves, those boys," James told her. "Even when they make a killing, it all goes into the betting roll. That's all they live for!"

The day was burning hot and dry; men kept watering down the track between races, to settle the dust which rose in little clouds as from a shaken powder puff. James pored over "Racing Form" and a green card he said was a tipster's sheet, but in the end he left most of the choices up to her. He was betting $10 a race. "All bets on the nose, and half of it for you if we win," he said.

"Do you go to the races a lot?" she asked him.

"Not any more. I used to. Marta was crazy about the bangtails. I don't think she was really happy anywhere except at a track."

Barbara remembered dimly hearing tales of the glamorous Marta—sultry, beautiful, reckless, incredibly gay. How she'd spent every cent of James's income one year on a magnificent, idiotic house, and then mortgaged the house to the hilt to play her race-track hunches, and lost the money, and lived for a whole summer long with James on cheese and bread and beans.

"She was your first wife, wasn't she?"

"Yes." He glanced away, perhaps really to watch the shifting odds on the tote board, perhaps just to avoid meeting her eyes. It was hard to tell how James felt about anything, but especially about that strange, crowded past of his. She looked at him, in profile now—the strong, clean jaw line, the aristocratic flare of nostril, the smudge of black eyelash shadowing his high cheekbone. A great surge of (*Continued on page* 92)

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AN AMERICAN VIGNETTE

GREAT HONOR

★

THE General came close to beaming as he looked over his pince-nez at the straight, slim officer who wore a major's oak leaves on his tunic.

The other high officers of the Planning Board listened as the General continued:

"Your promotion is richly deserved. Allow me to congratulate you, Major—Colonel, we will now say. Before continuing with Mission 308X"—the General always did most of the talking—"permit me to say that the military tradition of your family, Colonel, is of the most sterling character. Your forebears were distinguished officers of the Army, and you have carried on this great tradition."

Applause was in order and it came spontaneously.

The new colonel stood, straight as an arrow; his lean face, framed by short-cut, steel-gray hair, was austere, while in his eyes shone a fierce pride in the Army, in his family's part in it. The General gave the applause thirty seconds and then said:

"And next we have Mission 308X. You are all aware of its intricacies. There is little personal danger involved for the leader of the Mission, but on his cool, unerring judgment will depend the lives of a full three divisions. The officer chosen for this task must have a clear, trained brain, and cannot show the slightest indecision or flaw in thinking.

"It is a great honor, and the first choice of the leader of Mission 308X is Captain Dorel."

The General actually smiled, sniffed, and nodded as he placed his papers at exact right angles to the green blotter on the desk. "And that will be all for—"

The newly promoted colonel rose, saying, "Sir! I have something vital to say concerning Mission 308X."

"Yes, of course, Colonel, of course. Go ahead."

"It is my duty to inform you, sir, and the Board, that since his wife left him last year, Captain Dorel has, in secret, indulged in extremely heavy drinking. My opinion is that at this time he would be incompetent for the fulfillment of Mission 308X." He sat down quickly and rather heavily for such a slim person.

Obviously disturbed, the General jerked his head, as he did when surprised. "Very good. Uh—thank you, Maj—Colonel. Our second choice is—let me see—Captain Ordway. Mission 308X shall be his. . . . That is all, gentlemen."

The new colonel stood, stiff as a ramrod, as the General and his staff left the room; they avoided his eyes.

For a time he was alone, staring at the wall. Then a staff sergeant appeared in the doorway, and said respectfully, "Colonel Dorel, your son, the captain, is on the phone."

TOM CURRY

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

HILLTOP IN

"Don't you remember we always said we didn't want any guest-room?" he asked

AND the copy for the Ginger-Illa campaign had to be in by tonight, and he'd promised to map out a whole series of defense ads for the Paragon people, and he had a luncheon date in an hour with the advertising manager of the Review. He leaned back in his swivel chair for a moment and brushed a hand across his eyes. He was tired; Nan was right. She had mentioned it to him, when he saw her the other day.

"Jerry, you look tired," she had said.

"Been working pretty late," he had assured her. "Just landed the new Ginger-Illa account, you know. More business than I can handle."

"I'm glad everything's going so well with you, Jerry," she had said slowly.

There had been an odd look on Nan's face: as though she had wanted to say something to him, and hadn't. He had run into her on the street by accident; it had given him a funny feeling, seeing her again. He had been glad to see her, but in some way she had seemed to disturb the neatly arranged life he had made for himself since their separation.

It had been almost a year then since he had seen Nan, since she had stayed on in Connecticut and he had taken an apartment here in town. They had parted on the best of terms, of course. They had been very sensible about the whole thing.

AN AMERICAN SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THESE PAGES

HEAVEN

by Corey Ford

They had talked it out quite frankly over a couple of highballs, and they understood each other perfectly. They were still good friends, of course. It was just that they didn't want anything to happen to that friendship, they had insisted to each other.

"Because of course I don't blame you, Nan. I guess I'm pretty wrapped up in my business and it means more to me than . . . it means as much to me as this place in the country means to you; so, under the circumstances, it seems the most sensible thing . . ."

So let's have another highball, and isn't it fine to be sensible like this? You live in the country and I live in the city, and we'll see each other now and then, of course, because we're just as good friends as ever, and here's to you, and here's to you, too. Just like that; no argument, no emotional scenes, no regrets, at all. Here's to no regrets. Here's to being gay and intelligent and sensible; and a little more ice in mine, please, next time. . . .

His secretary opened the door and said, "Mr. Truman, your wife is here," and he repeated "Here?" so abruptly that his secretary gave him a curious look. He added stiffly, "Please show her in, Miss Ellis," and busied himself with the proofs on his desk until he heard the door open again. "Hello, Jerry."

Nan was wearing a dress that he had always liked, and he remembered the hat she had on; but he had never seen the snub-nosed sports shoes that she was wearing. For some reason he rather resented those new sports shoes. She perched on the chair beside him, tucking one foot under her the way she always used to sit; and he scowled at the toe of an offending sports shoe as she fumbled in her bag for cigarettes. "I don't like to interrupt you," she apologized, snapping her cigarette lighter, "but I wanted to see you. You see, I've put the place in Connecticut on the market."

She was squinting at the flame of the lighter, and he realized she had not seen the look of surprise on his face. When she glanced up his face was perfectly composed, and he said, in a carefully casual voice, "Is that so?"

"And meeting you on the street the other day reminded me . . ." She took a folded paper out of her bag. "Well, I thought you wouldn't mind looking at this copy the real-estate people sent me. After all, you're an advertising expert, you know how to make a thing sound appealing."

"It's just a case of finding the right approach," he shrugged.

SHE handed him the paper. "Glance this over, will you, Jerry? There may be one or two little things . . ."

"Glad to," he said perfunctorily. He unfolded the paper. "'For sale,'" he read, "'attractive house in country—'" Automatically he reached for his pencil. "Now, there's the first thing; that should be 'country home.' People want a home, not a house."

She nodded. "I hadn't thought of that."

"'Six rooms—'" He paused. "Shouldn't that be seven rooms, if you count the workroom I built over the garage?" He added, as he made the change, "Where I made all that garden furniture for you."

"I just use the room now to store things," absently.

"'Seven rooms,'" he resumed, "'with master bedroom and small guestroom—'" He looked up. "There isn't any guestroom," indignantly. "We purposely didn't build any guestroom. Don't you remember we always said we didn't want any guestroom? We didn't want any guests."

"The real-estate people thought it would sound better. It's really your old library."

He opened his mouth, and shut it again. "Oh. Well, maybe they're right." He lowered his eyes, and continued to read, half aloud: "'. . . kitchen . . . living-room and fireplace—'" He picked up the pencil again. "I don't know, but that doesn't sound exactly—I mean, the living-room was different; there was a sort of different feeling about it."

"You always said the fireplace smoked."

"It only smoked when the wind was in one direction," he began defensively; and then he caught himself and resumed reading: "'Located on hilltop with good view—'" He paused and groaned. "Good view! I'll bet those real-estate people never even saw it. Why, you take that view from the living-room window at sunset . . . or else at night, remember, when we'd see out across the whole Saugatuck Valley, and there wouldn't be anybody for a million miles . . ."

She was looking at him steadily.

"'The unique hilltop location,'" he began to write in the margin, "'offers an unforgettable vista—'" He crossed that out. "'Offers an escape from business—'" He crossed that out. "'Offers a feeling of relaxation and rest—'"

"MAYBE that wouldn't appeal to the average couple, though," said Nan. His eyes met hers. "Maybe not."

"Maybe," she said, "that would only appeal to a very special couple."

"You'd have to find a husband, for instance," he nodded, "who wasn't so wrapped up in his business that he'd let it get in the way of everything else . . ."

"You'd have to find a wife, too," Nan insisted. "She'd have to understand, for instance, that with two people things have to be fifty-fifty; she'd have to understand that, after all, the most important thing . . ."

He hesitated. "Maybe it wouldn't be so hard," he said slowly, "to find a couple like that."

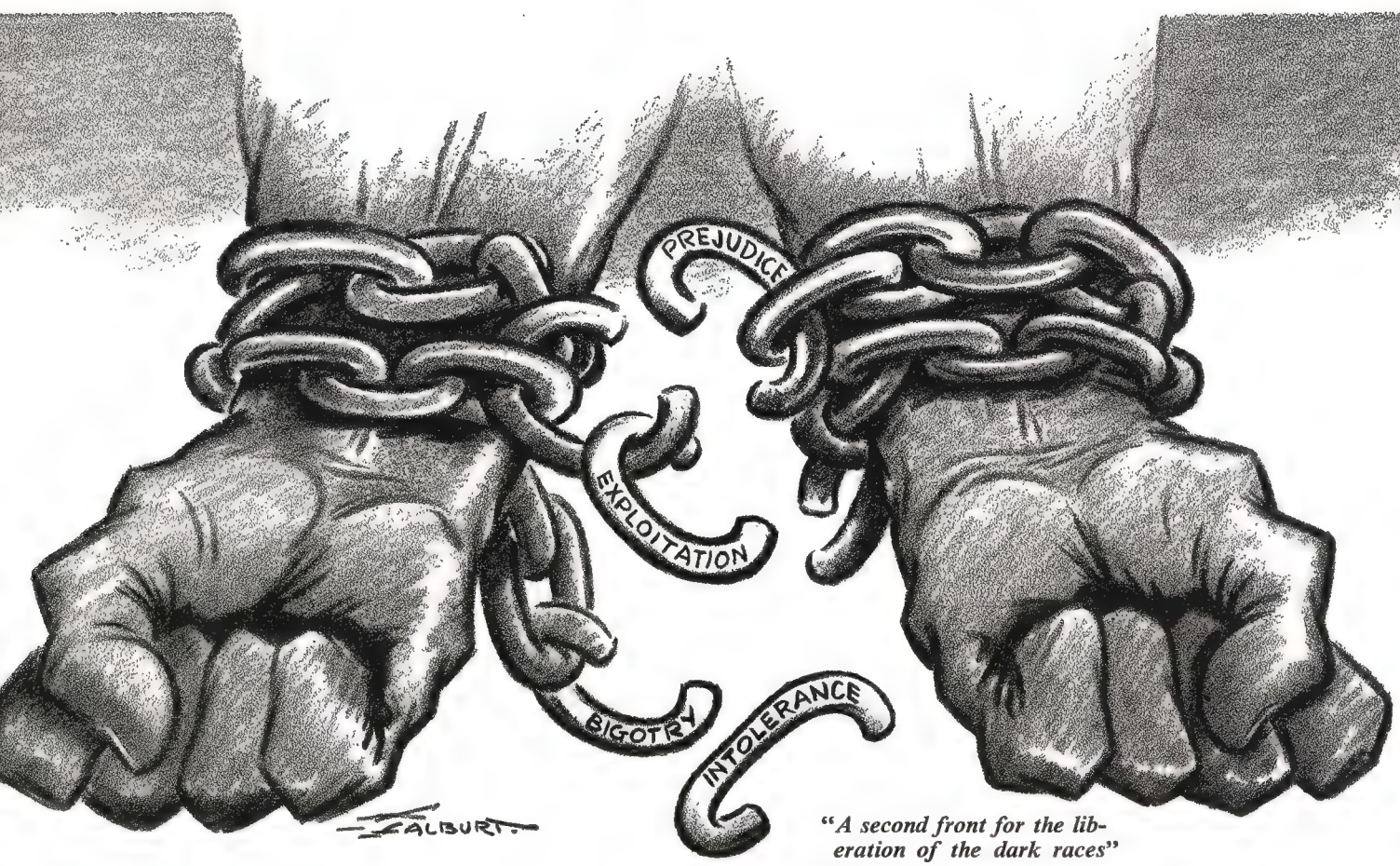
His secretary opened the door and said, "Mr. Truman . . . Oh, I beg your pardon." She paused uncertainly as he looked up at her and grinned. "I didn't mean to interrupt," she apologized, "but your luncheon appointment—"

"You'll have to call it off, Miss Ellis," he said. "I'm catching a train for the country. . . . By the way," handing her a typewritten sheet, "you might call up these people and tell them never mind. Tell them the house is sold."

"Just a case of finding the right approach," Nan added innocently; but he did not hear her. He was thinking that the first thing he'd do would be to get her a new pair of sports shoes, and pick them out himself.

America's 13,000,000 colored people today are led by a little-known group of highly educated Negroes. "If this is a war for freedom," they say, "we want ours now." Are they justified in their demands? This challenging article presents one of the gravest decisions facing us today

BLACK BRAIN TRUST



"A second front for the liberation of the dark races"

REPORTERS in the House gallery in Washington whispered to one another one day recently that Representative John Elliott Rankin of Mississippi sure was viewin' with alarm.

"This," he thundered, "is just the beginning of a scheme to abolish state government. Representative government is trembling in the balance. The next step will be to abolish Congress."

What was arousing the ire and oratory of the gentleman from Mississippi was a parcel of legislation, already approved by the Senate, to allow service men to vote in primary and general elections without paying poll taxes. It didn't take much guesswork to figure out why Mr. Rankin's fur was up. The poll tax is about the slickest mechanism ever devised to keep a black man from sticking his two cents' worth into a white man's election.

Up in the gallery, listening, sat a slender, wiry little man who knew he had done his work well. He had been buttonholing legislators for weeks. He had a pocketful of pledges and promises.

But he didn't permit himself the luxury of a smile until the vote was in, and Rankin & Co. had their ears pinned back to the tune of 247 to 53. Then, humming a tune, Walter White, master lobbyist, walked back to his hotel in the Negro district of Washington.

by William A. H. Birnie

It had been a red-letter day for a powerful organization, hereto unpublicized, known as the Black Brain Trust.

This Black Brain Trust consists of about 25 Negro leaders who have assumed command of America's 13,000,000 Negroes in their fight for equality. They hold informal meetings to plan their strategy, whether it is to defeat a discriminatory bill in Congress, or to overcome prejudice against a black private. Few white men know it, but they have already opened a second front in America—a front dedicated to the liberation of the dark races.

Some white leaders accuse them of "taking advantage of the war." They boldly admit it, insisting that if this is a war for liberty they want theirs. They argue that their fight serves the American cause on two fronts: It will put an end to the apathy of many Negroes toward a war in which they say they have no real stake; and it will secure America's position abroad among the black, brown, and yellow peoples of Central and South America, India, Malaya, Burma, and China.

A FEW of these Black Brain Trusters spring from poverty in black shacks and slums. They're the kind, as some Southerners put it, "who ought to know their places," but they have risen to leadership through years of toil and determination. Others, born in comfortable circumstances, are self-assured Negroes who hold Ph.D.'s from leading universities. Some have coal-black skins and flaring nostrils; others have such light skins and delicate features that even a deep-South hotel wouldn't refuse them admittance. Some are quiet-spoken, diplomatic, cautious; others are blunt, angry at the years of repression and "second class citizenship," willing to rally the Negroes for an all-out struggle. But those differences don't affect their unity in the campaign for political and economic equality.

Talking with these new Negro leaders, I sensed very quickly that they mean business. A generation ago, genial Booker T. Washington advised his people to till the fields the white man had left them. He kept busy asking for favors rather than demanding rights.

Today's Black Brain Trusters don't beg. These new Negro leaders have shed every tradition handed down from slavery days. They operate efficiently through official government agencies, through their press with a million and a half readers, through shrewd lobbying in Congress, even through direct pressure on the White House. Specifically the Black Brain Trust is divided into the government and non-government branches. The government branch in Washington consists of race-relations advisers in numerous departments who look out for Negro interests. But they would be fairly impotent if it weren't for the outsiders—union leaders, preachers, politicians, editors, and heads of national organizations who can turn on the political heat when ordered. The Washington boys provide the fancy footwork; the others provide the heavy punches. As a team, they work as smoothly as Joe Louis and his managers.

They're getting results, too—far below their own aspirations but far beyond the dreams of old-time Negro leaders. Negroes give the Black Brain Trust credit for obtaining, from a friendly administration, a presidential veto on discrimination against them in employment, for opening up the Air Forces to Negroes, for paving the way for advancements in the Armed Forces, for cracking the poll tax, for trebling the number of Negroes in government positions, for obtaining thousands of jobs for Negroes as skilled workers in war plants.

Of course, the movement is meeting bitter opposition. White leaders in some districts in the South charge that Negroes are trying to take over the country. Some declare they will never yield an inch. Others, including numerous liberals, grant that the lot of the Negro should be improved, but say it's dangerous to meddle with the social system in the midst of a crucial war.

But the Black Brain Trusters are not convinced by such protests. "You can't compromise with justice," one of them told me. "We must fight for our rights *now*. After the war, a wave of reaction may set in that will put us back half a century. Make no mistake, we Negroes know that the United Nations must win this war—but they must win on a truly democratic basis."

I TALKED with dozens of Negroes, soldiers and civilians. Many of them confessed that they had smiled ironically as they listened to broadcasts that the Japs, after the fall of Manila, had ordered all white men off the streets at 9 P. M. "Sure was turnin' the tables neat," one Southern Negro grinned. Many grumbled at Great Britain's treatment of India and said, "England got just what she deserved from the natives in Burma and Malaya." All of them trembled with rage at rumors of Negro soldiers being beaten and killed by white civilian cops and military police in the South.

But their outspoken loyalty was beyond question. All said they knew they were better off under a democracy, with its imperfections, than they would be under Axis masters. Generally, they subscribed to the recent statement of Negro Masons, who came out for the defeat of the Axis, then added: "Meanwhile, we must (*Continued on page* 94)

WHAT THEY WANT

THE FINAL OBJECTIVE of the Black Brain Trust, as outlined to the author of this article, is economic and political equality for Negroes—total abolition of "second-class citizenship." But the immediate program embraces this Eight-Point Program:

★

1. Establishment of at least one mixed army unit of blacks and whites on a volunteer basis.

2. 100 per cent elimination of anti-Negro discrimination by employers, unions, and Government.

3. Abolition of the poll tax as a means of excluding Negro voters.

4. Acceptance of Negroes in Washington on policy-making boards as well as in advisory capacities.

5. Extension of strong punitive powers to the Committee on Fair Employment Practice.

6. Complete protection for Negro soldiers from anti-Negro civilian and military police.

7. Opportunity for Negroes to become officers in the Navy. Enlistments for posts other than messboys were opened only recently.

8. Training of far more Negro pilots for the Air Forces than can now be accommodated at the single Negro field at Tuskegee, Ala.

Tony reached out and carelessly scooped Chip to him

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR:

THE PLAY in which Carroll Anders made her debut as an actress opened and closed on the same night. It was that bad. Carroll had been a show girl and had essayed her first dramatic role upon the urging of her fiance, the enormously wealthy Tony Whitman. It was Tony's money which had backed the play. And even though it failed, Carroll had had a chance to show that she definitely had talent. This was especially evident to Morty Ketterman, famous for the plays he wrote about the common people.

Morty had fought his way up from extreme poverty and was exceedingly suspicious of inherited wealth. He was as fond of Carroll as he could be of anyone and was sorry to see her engaged to Tony, whom he considered a stuffed shirt.

After the play, Carroll, Tony, Morty, and Chip Rose (who was Carroll's roommate) went to a party at Tony's home. Morty was prepared to hate the entire Whitman family on sight, but found that Mrs. Whitman was a grand old lady who

had once been an actress herself. While they became friendly, Tony and Carroll had a near quarrel. He was extremely jealous of Morty, but Carroll assured him that there had never been anything but friendship between them.

Tired and nervous, Carroll went home alone. Once in bed, she cried for nearly an hour. She cried, in fact, until Morty arrived to comfort her, knowing she would be depressed.

Just a few moments later Chip and Tony came in, finding Morty in Carroll's bedroom. Tony stormed out in a rage and Carroll hurriedly dressed and ran out to try and find him. Tony, however, had different plans. He was back within a few minutes with the expressed intention of beating up Morty. But Morty smashed the tops off of two bottles, leaving jagged edges of glass.

Holding a bottle in either hand, he said, "You're bigger than I am, Whitman, but I grew up the hard way. I've had to take care of myself since I was a kid."

The story continues. . . .

Tony glared at the peacefully sleeping Morty

Star bright

by Eric Hatch

MORTY KETTERMAN, standing in the bedroom doorway, watched Tony Whitman advancing slowly toward him across the living-room floor. When Whitman had first come back to the apartment with the obvious intention of beating him up for an action that had taken place only in Whitman's mind, Morty Ketterman was afraid of him—afraid because of his size and general muscular fitness. He was a threatening character. So Ketterman had got himself the old barroom weapon. It had been almost instinctive with him. Now, suddenly, Whitman seemed to him quite small. He thought it was probably because of the smallness of the thing Whitman was trying to do. It was small, petty, trying to beat up a guy littler than you were because you were jealous.

Ketterman smiled his gloomy smile, shook his head slowly, and dropped the broken glass bottles on the floor. "This whole scene's disgusting," he said. "It's bad theater. It ought to be rewritten or even thrown right out of the script."

Whitman had stopped and was looking at him with a puzzled expression, for Ketterman had not only dropped his weapons, he was standing with his arms hanging defenseless at his sides. Now he felt Ketterman's eyes burning into him, felt the contempt in them.

"You're not sore at me," said Ketterman. "You're sore at yourself for treating Anders like a heel. The kid's had enough for one night without we start breaking up her apartment."

"It's half mine, anyway," said Chip Rose.

"It's half hers, anyway," said Ketterman. "Look here, Whitman. I don't know why I tell you this, but up to the present time Anders has been no more to me than something to talk at. She's been my friend. It may be different from here on. I've got to do things about her. She's an actress, she's no more to me than . . ."

He stopped. It passed through his mind to wonder if maybe he was kidding himself again. He was remembering that kiss he had given her a little while ago. He had kissed her in casual greeting. Now he wondered if it really had been casual greeting. He suspected it maybe was a lot more than that—on his part. Otherwise he wouldn't be remembering it now.

"Carroll's a swell girl," said Chip.

"Carroll's a swell girl," said Ketterman. "You don't know that, Whitman. It's the way guys like you are brought up. You're bedroom-conscious. You think because anybody but you walks into a girl's bedroom and she doesn't holler for cops, she's a tramp. So she's your fiancée, so you walk in and find me sitting there talking about a show. I'll admit it looks sour. But if you loved Anders you'd know she wasn't like that." He shrugged his shoulders and said, "I've talked too much. It's your turn."

"Yes," said Whitman. "It's my turn. Put up your fists."

It lacked (*Continued on page* 132)

This story of a little New England shoemaker will stir you with the real spirit of America. In the steady beat of his hammer you can hear the echo of musketry at Lexington and the flying hoofs of Paul Revere's steed

KEEP 'EM MARCHING.

On the seventh day Giuseppe, white and haggard, was still working relentlessly at his staggering task

IF YOU have nothing better to do right now, you might be amused by this tale of Giuseppe Gusselli, a little gnome of a shoemaker, who is the dearly beloved of that historic village called Barsten, in Middlesex County, Massachusetts.

The people of Barsten, like all inhabitants of old New England towns, are tolerant of tourists visiting their Revolutionary landmarks, and they are proud of the statues and timeworn signs which tell of the heroism of their ancestors. But, today, scarcely a tourist leaves this hamlet without also being shown the shoe shop of Giuseppe Gusselli, although it is the smallest and very last establishment on the main street.

Here, until a few months ago, Giuseppe Gusselli could be seen every day by the simple expedient of walking past his tiny shop. When the wind blew through the streets of the town, wintry raw and cold, Giuseppe's face, seen through the window, was usually bright pink from the heat of the glowing, pot-bellied stove, which stood near his nicked, iron shoejacks. In the summer, Giuseppe could be viewed only through the open door, because his wife, Maria Helena, would be perching her huge bulk perilously on a small chair directly in front of the window.

Until the words "National Defense" began to appear with regularity in the local paper and on the tongues of Barsten's citizens, Giuseppe Gusselli, by nature of his excellent work, did a fair business, considering the fact that there were two rival shoemakers on the same street. With the appearance of these words, however, the bells above the door of Giuseppe's tiny shop jingle-jangled

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

GIUSEPPE

by Jack Sher

less regularly. Customers stayed away.

At first, Giuseppe took the boycott with silent resignation, a resignation mingled with the hope that the people of Barsten eventually would take cognizance of the fact that his Italian ancestry was several generations removed from the followers of Mussolini.

For Giuseppe had been born some fifty miles from Barsten, in the rear of a shoe shop not unlike his own. On his wife's side, there was the fact that her grandfather had fought with the Union under Hooker. Looking at the record more closely, Giuseppe had voted Republican for the past twenty-nine years and, long before the events at Ethiopia, had publicly, if not loudly, disowned and denounced the present Italian government as "un-American."

AS THE boycott tightened, a worried look took the place of the smile which usually spread even into the wrinkles around Giuseppe's bright, living-blue eyes. The smells from Maria's kitchen behind the shop became weaker and weaker, sometimes barely strong enough to penetrate as far as his workbench. At last, when there were only five pairs of shoes on his shelves and three of those already resoled, Giuseppe closed the door upon his shop and ventured out into the main street of Barsten.

Almost as if it were intent on adding to his misery, the wind, unusually frisky that morning, captured his cap several times and wound the tail of his coat—a garment much too long for his small body—around his legs in such a way as nearly to upset him. Giuseppe passed the shops of his competitors, James Warren and Wickliff Carter, sighed as he noted the long rows of shoes on their shelves, and went up the street to the garage of Ben Smith, one of his few loyal and remaining customers.

Ben was busily engaged in separating a precious tube of rubber from a rim. Giuseppe, standing first on one foot and then the other, waited until Ben had disengaged the tire with a last, resounding ring and, straightening up, noticed him.

"H'ya, Joseph?" Ben said cheerfully.

Giuseppe extended his hand solemnly. Ben grasped it with a smile, wrung it heartily, and returned it to the shoemaker a little the worse for wear. Giuseppe swallowed several times and then spoke in his high, small, but strangely musical voice. "You are a good customer, Ben," he said. "I have always given you good service?"

"The best!" Ben said emphatically, tapping the sole of one heavy shoe. "The very best. The soles wear like iron." Then, noticing the countenance of the shoemaker, he said, "Something wrong, Joseph?"

Giuseppe nodded, and searched miserably for words. The more he talked, the more shame and embarrassment crept into his voice. Ben listened, shook his head, frowned, spat, and, finally, stared angrily at the people passing by on the walk in front of his garage.

"I'll be cussed!" Ben said. "C'mon inside, Joseph. We got to figure this out."

Giuseppe followed Ben through the garage and back into the little glass-enclosed cubicle Ben called an office. Ben sat down and put both his feet up on a scratched metal desk. Giuseppe sat gingerly on the edge of the other chair, looking as if he expected someone to enter, suddenly, and claim it.

"Anybody ought to know you're a loyal American," Ben growled. Giuseppe nodded. "Anybody could see that," Ben went on. "But some folks 'n this region are plain dumb, besides being backward." Ben pondered. "Won't do no good to tell 'em, though," he muttered. "Does more harm 'n good, when you start shoutin' about where you stand."

THE two men sat in silence, Ben's frown getting deeper by the minute.

"Seems like your name's against you, Joseph," Ben said hesitantly. "Don't suppose you could change it to somethin' like—like—" Ben groped for a name, gave up in disgust, and added, "Wouldn't do a bit of good, anyway, seein' as everybody'd know you're still Gusselli." Ben's face brightened. "You're a citizen, aren't you?" Giuseppe nodded vigorously. "Well, then," Ben said with relief, "you just paste your papers right up there in your store window, where everybody can see 'em."

"I was born here," Giuseppe said simply.

Ben banged on the desk. "That does it!" he said angrily. "You're prob'ly more American than I am and nobody's gonna push you around!"

He stood up and paced back and forth in the little office. As he did so, a slight breeze fluttered the corner of a large piece of white paper pasted on the glass partition. The paper caught Ben's eye. "I've got it, Joseph!" he shouted.

Almost swooping him off his feet, Ben whirled Giuseppe out of the office and around the partition and planted him in front of the piece of paper. It was a letter, a very imposing-looking document, bearing the (*Continued on page* 89)

by Don Eddy

The war has produced a lot of queer things, but none stranger than Abbott and Costello. Three years ago these dumb clucks were just a couple of burlesque bums. Today they're Hollywood big shots, tickling the nation out of the jitters

$5,000,000

IT TAKES all kinds of things to help win a war. Some of them seem sort of crazy. Aluminum flapjack griddles for airplane wings. Baby-buggy springs for machine guns. Ladies' girdles for jeep tires. But none is crazier than Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, the burlesque boys, who are busy these days laughing war-worried Americans out of the heeby-jeebies.

First time I saw them was after my neighbor, Addison, and I had been listening to some glum war news on the radio and not saying much. Finally Addison could stand it no longer. "Let's get out of here—go to the movies," he said. So we went, and the picture happened to be an Abbott and Costello opus.

Two minutes after they first appeared on the screen, we had forgotten the bad news. We were howling and thumping each other on the back and laughing till the tears rolled down our cheeks.

Later, when we were walking home, still chuckling, Addison said suddenly, "You know, those fellows are good medicine—a swell antidote for gloom."

I'm no hand for philosophy, but I got his point. You don't win wars by sitting around feeling miserable, and sometimes the gloom gets so thick it takes belly-laugh comedy to slapstick you out of it. Maybe that accounts for the phenomenal rise of Abbott and Costello.

In 1942, their pictures probably have earned about $5,000,000. The boys themselves (everybody in Hollywood calls them "the boys") drew about $400,000 in salaries and bonuses. In addition, they made a six-weeks' personal-appearance tour of the country, selling War Bonds. Each maintains a country estate in California, complete with swimming pools and legions of retainers and dependents.

And three years ago they didn't know how they were going to afford tomorrow's groceries.

Altogether, it was a strange and wonderful story I found when I went to Hollywood to see them. Strange, because it has nothing to do with glamour or sex appeal. Wonderful, because its heroes are poor boys who have become rich and famous without becoming snooty. They are still a brace of bewildered babes from burlesque, wandering wide-eyed through the tinsel of Hollywood, wondering whether it's really true.

Take Costello. He's the fat, squeaky one who's always getting into trouble. When I called his house for an appointment a nurse answered the phone. She reported that Mr. Costello had a strep throat and couldn't speak with anyone. I heard an argument going on. Finally, icily, the nurse said, "Mr. Costello insists that you come out immediately."

When I arrived, he was still fuming, a chubby, popeyed little fellow in slacks, singlet, and well-worn dressing gown, with a towel wrapped around his throat. "Darn' fools!" he whispered huskily, dragging me into the house. "Strep throat my eye! Good old tonsillitis, that's what it is. Had it all my life. What do they think I am—a baby?"

He was especially choleric because his studio employers were insisting on sending the company doctor to examine him. "Listen!" he wheezed. "I've had tonsillitis in boardinghouses, dressing-rooms, trains, everywhere. What do I want with a doctor?"

He took me proudly on a tour of the house. As we progressed, he seemed to think it necessary to name each room. "Dining-room," he'd say, throwing open the door. "Bedroom." "Nursery." Finally we stood at a window overlooking a garden and swimming pool. "Swimming pool," squeaked Costello, glancing sidewise at me for approval.

The doctor arrived. Costello gave him a mean look, then stalked behind him into a bathroom. I wandered around, the youngsters being downtown with their mother, looking at the house again. It is a low, white bungalow, ranch style, set on an oversize suburban lot. The Costellos call it a ranch, possibly because it has an orange tree. Originally it cost $15,000, but Lou has added a couple of rooms and a family-size movie theater. And, of course, the swimming pool.

I heard gurglings from the bathroom, climaxed by a wheezy whoop. The door burst open and Costello charged in, his

BELLY LAUGH

chubby face aglow. "You know what?" he demanded happily. "I got a throat just like Henry Fonda! Sure! Ask him!" He gestured at the doctor, who looked thoroughly baffled. Lou sighed in asthmatic ecstasy, rolling his eyes. "Imagine that," he husked rapturously. "Me with a Fonda throat!"

The funny part was, he wasn't kidding. He is a devout movie fan. He spends hours reading about his favorites. It never seems to occur to him that he, too, is a movie star.

The glamour boys and girls of Hollywood don't understand seasoned, down-to-earth troupers like Abbott and Costello, so the boys don't mingle much in screen society. That worries them not a bit. Costello is strictly a homebody, anyhow, content to live in middle-class splendor with his statuesque wife, née Ann Battler, a former show girl, and their two daughters, Patricia, 5, and Carole Lou, 3.

Between movie shots, Abbott (left) and Costello play an interminable gin-rummy tournament. It's lasted four years now, and, as you can see, anything goes

He is an air-raid warden, knows all the people in his block, likes to surprise Mrs. Costello by buying her lingerie and dresses which seldom fit, and does much of the family marketing. The grocer says he is hard to please. He is a good rough carpenter, likes to tinker, but balks at cutting the grass. He designed a family flag which he proudly raises each morning to the top of a pole in the back yard. The flag is a blue field with the white figures, 4-C—for the Four Costellos, of course.

He clowns constantly when he has an audience, on-stage or off. Once, in a restaurant, I saw him grab a waitress and waltz her dizzily down the aisle to the kitchen door, ending by bowing low and kissing her hand. This wasn't show-off stuff; it was just a spontaneous outburst.

His intimates say he has another side. In moods of depression he worries about his work, fearing his good luck isn't going to last. His favorite outlet for black moods is fighting viciously with his skinny partner, Abbott. Both become furious. These fights lead to periodic rumors that they are separating. But after they're over the boys sit amiably together and make jokes about them. The jokes eventually find their way into scripts for their pictures or broadcasts.

Bud Abbott, (*Continued on page* 115)

LINGERIE LADY

She was as beautiful and warm and tempting as a woman could possibly be. All the boys in the school had her picture pinned up on the walls of their rooms. They talked about her, too. She was hot stuff, they agreed—and she was Chuck's mother

by Philip Wylie

ADOLESCENCE had taken Chuck Davis the hard way. It usually does. Its difficulties seem endlessly surprising—and too great to bear. At fifteen and some months Chuck was over-tall and too thin; he had blond down on his chin and cheeks, characteristics which made him look like a stalk of mullen. A mullen stalk bruised by adversity in its early days; Chuck never stood straight if he could avoid it. His principal refuge, like that of most youths in his condition, was daydreaming.

Spring, which abets that pseudo-function, found him sitting in his dormitory rooms in the Hillcliff School, on an afternoon when his conscience told him he should be outdoors. There was a book on his lap, a half-eaten apple turning brown on the table at his side, and a lackluster look in his ordinarily vivid blue eyes. For a while—twenty minutes, perhaps—he engaged in a reverie which had to do with the operation of a machine gun in the turret of a bomber. Around him flew hordes of enemy planes. Chuck, wounded, but nevertheless chatting easily with the pilot, kept swinging the hot gun and knocking them down like ducks.

Aerial operations blended into a mirage concerning a more immediate ambition. One of these days they would be tapping people for the Temple Club. You had to be good to be tapped. Two letters, excellent marks, and evidence of leadership. Anybody could tap you—a grad, if he had belonged—or a man from the form above. Temple, they said, met in an abandoned mine. Once you were in it you were set for life. Two Temple men had been Cabinet members; one was the president of a big bank; another was a general.

Chuck envisaged a score of situations wherein, as he was practicing diving, or maybe just walking to the Eats Shoppe, a finger would touch his shoulder thrice and a voice—the voice of a schoolmate or the voice of a Cabinet member—would say, "Chuck Davis. Report tonight at the Temple Tomb." Some Latin words came after that, according to rumor.

His flesh crept with tender and delicious feelings, fear and pride, as he dreamed of these things. But his next thought erased the prickle. He would never make it. He had letters enough and good enough marks. But there were things inside him—secrets—which kept him from having the right kind of personality. He knew that. So did the rest of the school. He was morbid. Too morbid to be a member of the famous secret society.

The skim and slap of his roommate's hat brought him out of the fantasy. Chuck picked up the hat. "Crummy," he said. He put it on in its crushed condition.

Jeff grinned. Jeff was solid and dark. Already shaving. A whiz at math. A cinch for varsity quarterback next year, or the year after. "Scoops wants to see you."

"Yeah?" Pinkness came in the young man's cheeks. The opacity of his eyes was illumined.

In Chuck's mind there was very little difference between religion and reverence for the right sort of heroes. Scoops, the Headmaster of Hillcliff, was at the top of Chuck's list of personified deities. Scoops was a fairly old man, by Chuck's standards. Probably darn' near forty. But he was steel-tough and he had a record. He'd hack-sawed a bar right out of the Yale fence when he was in Harvard. He'd gotten his nickname from the way he dealt with Yale and Princeton fumbles. His subsequent four years on a newspaper had made the sobriquet even more pat. Then—he'd gone into teaching.

Everybody said that Hillcliff was lucky to have a headmaster like Scoops Howard. It was. Sometimes Chuck thought that being the head of a school, even a school as famous as Hillcliff, was a touch beneath the capacity of a man like Scoops. But then Scoops was getting along in years. He even limped a little, from something that had happened to him in China he didn't talk about. Not enough to notice. Just a little, when he was tired from coaching all day. Times like that. It was probably all right for him to be the head of a school, everything considered.

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION BY FLOYD DAVIS

Chuck crept closer and peered into the garden. The woman in there was his mother

Chuck raced such thoughts through his mind. "What'd he want to see me about?"

"Dunno," Jeff said. He sighed wheezily, lay down on a day bed, opened a picture magazine, and whistled. "Pass algebra?"

"I knocked off a 'B.'"

"Looka this—for a tamale!" Jeff showed his roommate a picture of a young woman wearing a few clothes which were made of fruit. "Miss Florida! Boy!"

Chuck had risen—in segments. He buttoned his shirt and put on a tie. "Phooie! He say to come right away?"

"Yeah. Your mother was with him—"

The hand that was knotting the tie stopped. Chuck's posture changed. "Yeah?"

"Yep."

"Then—he wanted me to come over because of her being here. That it?"

"Guess so."

"You might have told me in the first place."

"I forgot."

Reassured, Chuck went on with his tie.

When he reported to Scoops's secretary he was smiled at and waved into the main office. Scoops swung in his chair, his lean face alive and his bronze hair seeming to sparkle. He grinned and said,

"Hello, Chuck. Here's your mother."

She stood, for some reason. Her hair was pulled up from her face and a hat covered most of it. She was wearing her reading glasses, as she always did when she visited Hillcliff. And a very plain suit. Still—she didn't quite look mousy. Anybody, Chuck thought, who glanced at her twice would realize the litheness under the tailored suit and see the shimmer in her hair, bright as the shine of Scoops's. The rouge on her lips was pale; she was smiling. Mrs. Ralph A. Davis. A widow.

Mother and son moved toward each other as if they were going to kiss. Then they stopped and held out their hands. They shook solemnly. Scoops peered at the window while they did that.

"You're looking swell," she said.

Chuck nodded. "Yeah. I'm oke. You look fine, too."

"I saved up gas and drove to Boston. On the way back, I detoured. Can we have dinner—out in the country? Mr. Howard has given you permission."

The boy glanced at the headmaster with an expression of thanks. "Fine."

"Care to join us?" The woman asked.

Scoops kept smiling. "I'd like to, Mrs. Davis. Very much. But I think that Chuck ought to have first innings. Suppose I run out to the Pheasant—you'll go there?—around half past eight and sit for a while."

"That would be lovely."

Chuck gulped and nodded.

She let him drive. The roadster had steam enough in it to do a hundred. But he carefully kept her down to thirty-five. His mother didn't say much. The countryside was decorating itself and scenting itself with spring. Shadows stretched across it. There were a few cars on the bluestone yard in front of the Pheasant. His mother chose a booth in a corner and they sat down solemnly. Chuck was glad that the nearest diners were several tables away. They ordered—soup, chicken, vegetables, salad, ice cream, demitasses.

Then she said, "How's it really going, Chuck? You look sort of—I don't know—sad."

He tried to be funny. "That's adolescence. Nostalgia. Disease of the young."

She nodded. "You haven't had any more—trouble?"

"Nope."

"You're lying, Chuck. Or, rather, you're covering up, like the darned good diplomat you always were."

"Suppose we skip it."

A waitress in starched linen brought the soup. "I've tried," Chuck's mother said presently, "to think up some other way to get along. I go over and over it. There isn't anything else I can do that would make things possible for us. I'm sort of stupid, I guess."

"You? Stupid? Smile when you say that!"

Tenderness in her eyes. Her specs misted. She polished them and put them on again quickly. The boy had one long look into shining hazel depths while she wiped the lenses. Then her eyes were back behind the glasses; magnified a little, and blurred, and they didn't have that quality, any more, of stopping your breath.

"I go over my end of it everlastingly," she said. "I'm sure it wasn't a mistake for me to marry at sixteen—because I had you. It wasn't a mistake to marry your father—because he was really swell. Just—unstable. Which you aren't. You're more like my father. A quiet rogue, lean and moody. I keep remembering when you and I didn't have quite enough to eat, after your father died. It doesn't seem very long ago. You know, I never meant to go in that first contest. Gracie made me. She was already a model. I didn't expect to win. And I didn't expect, ever, to get forty dollars a week to start with. After that—it just happened. I never dreamed I could go on with it as long as I have. I guess I just can't look my age." She looked, instead, helpless and almost cross.

CHUCK was not eating his soup. "We don't always have to go through it, do we, Mother? I'm darned proud of who you are. You think I feel bad about it. But I'm proud. You know, you're on three magazines this week, and inside about a dozen of them, and they're swell! There isn't a guy in Hillcliff has a mother who could get a picture of her taken in a sarong and have it good enough to make the cover of a magazine! Not one guy—but me!"

There was a long pause. The waitress came, and noticed it, and shrugged, and took away the soup plates.

"Chuck," she said, "you lie exquisitely."

He grinned. "It would be a shock, I admit, if the fellows found out the woman with the glasses and the plain suit and the hair tucked under her hat was—"

"Penelope Davis. With a nearly—no—a grown son in school. How's my disguise this time?"

"It's good," he said.

"Still, you get tired of disguising yourself to visit your own son. And his headmaster."

"You do it good. But good. I bet if Scoops knew who you were he'd spin in that swivel chair like a top!"

Her eyes came up behind her spectacles. "Do you think so, Chuck?"

"And how! Why, Scoops had that full-page painting of you—the one last year in *Vanity*—the one with the black lace things—in class as an example of the—the—lemme see—the hedonistic deterioration of American art. He gave a lecture on—infantilism caused by the substitution of pictures for words. It was a dillie! That picture, he said, expressed more than a whole novel. But it left nothing to the imagination. And culture, he said, depended on the use of imagination—"

Then he shut up.

He had said much too much. Another terrible handicap of adolescence. You got talking about the wrong thing, and you went on and on with it, without thinking. His mother's eyes were full of tears. In an abrupt, miserable effort to right the situation Chuck bulled ahead. "Don't worry, Mother. Old Scoops'll never know. Nobody will know. You realize that, don't you? We understand—things—don't we? We just gotta! Because if you don't understand me, I guess there isn't a chance that anybody *ever* will!"

She reached across the table and squeezed his hand. "I understand, Chuck," she said. "Sorry. I feel kind of low."

They were merry and chattery when Scoops came. Penny had seen to that. And so had Chuck—helping all the way to get things out of the mess into which he had dumped them. Scoops and his mother had a glass of sherry. Then they dropped him at the dorm; he went inside and they drove away. His mother was going on to New York that night. Somebody—some damned artist—was going to paint her picture the next day. In underwear. Underwear. Her pictures in underwear had cost him two fights he couldn't explain.

She hadn't said so. She'd just said that she had an early studio appointment. And he had known the rest from her look. He went upstairs, crawled into his bed, and lay awake while the stars swept gradually past his window. "I ought to quit school," he thought. "I ought to make a living for her. I gotta go on studying so I can make a good one. It's a lousy world." . . .

There were warm days and cold ones—thoughts—worries—and the secret he kept with his mother.

Trouble thickened around him.

ONE day, Stokes, who was captain of the swimming team, took enough time out in a practice water polo game to say, "Listen, Davis. You're not giving it all you've got. Keep your eye on the ball! Snap out of it! Lemme give you some advice. You're halfway along to getting the touch for Temple. You know that. Everybody likes you. But you'll never make it if you keep gangling around with your mouth open, acting like a jerk! Come to life! Come out of your dream!"

He would never make Temple. He stopped hoping about it.

He read, in a magazine somewhere, that they paid pilots a thousand a month for ferrying planes across the Atlantic. A thousand a month ought to be enough for himself and his mother. He studied his face in a mirror for a full hour, that day, comparing it with the faces of the pilots who were getting that much money. Even at his most optimistic, he felt certain that nobody was going to believe a claim that he was twenty and old enough for flight training. Nobody.

Then—the thing with Buzz Harter started. It was the third time, and far worse than the other two. Buzz had a

big allowance; his family owned about two billion mules. Buzz was seventeen. There were nine suits in his wardrobe. He went around with a girl from Eston by the name of Patsy, and boasted unpleasantly about it. He went around with other girls, too.

Chuck drifted into Buzz's room one day and observed his mother's portrait on the wall. Chuck was used to that. Penny was tops for pin-up girls, everywhere. Even in the Army, they said. So Chuck just barely noticed the picture—and that was what started it.

Buzz had been sitting at a table working geometry problems. He wrinkled his broad, freckled face and said, "Don't glance, Davis. That picture demands a double-take. Look, my callow boy, at those limbs! Look at that spread of golden hair. The gentle curve of the torso! Look, admire, and revere! But do not merely peek, and cast down the optics. It isn't civil."

CHUCK looked dutifully—at a cost to his spiritual resources known only to him. He said, "She's very beautiful."

Buzz banged shut his math book and rose. "Beautiful? My boy, she is more than that! She is sex. She is glamour. She is everything that men dream about. She is an invitation! She lies there, on that plaid rug, demanding to be consumed!"

Chuck said nothing.

Buzz leered at the picture. "Am I right?"

Thus spurred, Chuck agreed. "I guess so." He started for the door. "Still—maybe she'd just be—a nice, sensitive person, if you knew her."

"Sensitive? Penny Davis? Boy! You sure belong to some other Davis family! She's sensitive to passion, son, and nothing else!"

Chuck was bitterly angry. He said, "You're probably a fool. She looks practically intellectual to me. For all you know, she may be practically a schoolteacher—inside."

"Penny!" Buzz laughed raucously. "Listen, pipsqueak! I happen to know something about (*Continued on page* 73)

Buzz laughed raucously. "Listen, pipsqueak! I happen to know something about that dame! She happens to be hot stuff"

Probably you've met Private Short—the guy
who sees his uniform as a license to chisel
—and you've wondered what could save
him. Here's a memorable story of
a girl who had the answer

by Nelia Gardner White

WAS I LIKE THAT?

THEY came swinging into the station, the Short boys. They were not relatives and no one would have even thought they were, for Kirke was six feet two, with a hard Yankee face lighted up by shrewd and disillusioned eyes, and Eddie was five feet two and looked, with his round cheeks and his smooth hair, like an earnest, good little boy just out of high school. The riding they'd taken about their name somehow had drawn them together at Pine Camp. They hadn't a cent between them, but they had perfected what they called the "touch system," and it had never failed them when on leave yet, though they had had some rather close shaves.

They went, as though they knew the way, past the ticket windows and up the stairs, and around onto the balcony, through the doors of the U S O.

"I'll talk," Eddie said outside the door.

"Yeah, no doubt," Kirke answered grimly.

Kirke was impressive, Eddie had remarked long since, but he, Eddie could talk faster. You didn't have time to be strong, silent men on a forty-eight-hour leave.

A very pretty young woman sat at the desk writing. Her hair was golden and her face was round and guileless.

"Just my dish," Eddie murmured. "Leave all to me."

Another woman sat knitting on a long, tubular scarf. She barely glanced up, but she wore glasses and Eddie agreed with Dorothy Parker about making passes at such. Besides, she was very tall.

Eddie said in his politest little-boy voice, "Could we leave our luggage here?"

"Certainly," the girl at the desk said. Then her blue eyes laughed at him a little as she said, "*What* luggage?"

Eddie grinned and said shamelessly, "Well, you have to start somewhere."

Kirke stood at the great table in the center of the lounge, looking down at magazines as if he had nothing to do with this. But every time he turned a page, one hand slid into the big bowl of cigarettes and came out with several, which he slid absent-mindedly into the pocket of his coat.

"Had your breakfast?" the girl was saying to Eddie.

"Sure, but we can always do with another."

"Here are a couple of tickets for the restaurant downstairs. There's coffee here, if you'd like a cup."

"Thanks, sister. We'll have the coffee first and see if we're still hungry."

She reached for a thermos and poured two cups of coffee. Kirke still stood by the table. He now had ten cigarettes. He could smell the coffee and he needed it. But it was part of the game he played with himself to take everything reluctantly, indifferently. His hand went toward the bowl, though his eyes seemed not to know that his hand did.

He became aware that the woman who had been knitting had risen, gone to the drawer of a little side table, taken something out, and was coming toward him. He did not look up and seemed to be absorbed in the magazine. Then something, a new package of cigarettes, was held out to him and he had to look up. The woman had taken off her glasses and held them by the bow in one hand. She was very tall and had longish red hair to her shoulders. She had the most scornful eyes it had ever been Kirke Short's privilege to behold.

"Oh, thanks—but I've plenty," he said, reddening. He was not easily embarrassed.

She put the cigarettes down on the magazine before him and turned away. He stood there, his face still red, not being able to turn the page without moving the package, not wanting to touch the package.

Eddie saved the situation by calling out, "Hey, Kirke, this is *coffee!* Come and get it!"

"How about a cookie with it? They're homemade," the golden-haired girl said.

Kirke took the coffee but refused the cookie somewhat brusquely. Eddie darted him a glance of reproach. Eddie seated himself on the edge of the desk.

Kirke walked out onto the balcony with his cup of coffee and stood looking down at the people moving about in the great station. His ears still burned. Eddie was getting very friendly with the girl at the desk. "What's cooking?" he heard him say once.

"Well, there's a dance tonight for you boys. . . . If you'd like a show we can give you passes."

"You going to the dance?" Eddie said. He sounded shy and very young. He was young, but definitely not shy.

"I have to (*Continued on page* 120)

by Ruth Lyons

Here is the story of a brave girl who—because she couldn't change her unconventional past—was forced to fight a silent, bitter battle to keep the man she loved

DON'T TELL HIM TILL

SHE sat down at the small desk in the room that had been hers for more than three weeks, and her trembling hands unscrewed a fountain pen cap. She wiped at her eyes with the back of a hand, and then somehow she forced her hand to steadiness, and wrote:

"Dear Mrs. Andrews: I address you this way now, because all the time I've been calling you Cora, as you wished, I've hated doing it. Just as I've learned to hate you. You may be Tony's mother, and you came awfully close to being my mother-in-law, but from now on you're just Mrs. Andrews to me.

"I'm leaving this house today, and then I'm going away. I don't know where yet. It doesn't matter. But please don't tell Tony yet. Don't tell him till I've gone.

"I'm weeping as I write this—crying so that I can hardly get my breath, and it seems the very blood in my veins has turned to tears. I want you to know that, because once you told me you didn't think anything could make me weep. But you probably would guess it anyway. You know how I love Tony. Or at least you should. Anybody but a fool could guess. And you're smart. I heard all about how smart you are, the day I met Tony." . . .

The day I met Tony. She hadn't even known he was coming to her party until Elsa Barrow called early in the afternoon and said, "Oh, Chris darling, is it all right if we bring along a cousin of Johnny's? I completely forgot he was coming to town—"

She had said, "Certainly. Love to have him," not giving it another thought.

There must have been at least fifty people milling about her penthouse when the Barrows and their guest arrived, and it was some little time after that that Christine was able to work her way through to them.

Elsa said, "I don't know where Tony went. I introduced him to a couple of people, so don't worry about him, Chris. He's able to take care of himself." She gave a little snicker. "He has to be. With that mother—!"

Johnny Barrow said, "Hey, don't run down my relatives."

"Why, Johnny darling, I had no intention of doing so. I think Tony's mother is a very smart woman."

Christine said, "Relax, kiddies, and have fun. This is a party. See you later. I have to circulate."

She chatted with people, automatically checking details of her party, and deciding she should have had at least one more waiter; laughed at half-heard jokes, wondering why she laughed, wondering why she bothered giving parties. But you had to do something, when you were afraid to be alone, and somehow it was easier to do the things people expected of you. People expected Christine Davies to give crushing parties, to laugh and be brightly, cynically gay, to wear striking and unusual creations.

A MIRRORED screen gave her a passing reflection of herself, and suddenly she felt silly in the outlandish rig. She wore a white silk jersey blouse that hugged her ribs and fell in a narrow peplum below her hips, and under it were harem trousers that tapered below her knees to fit snugly about the ankles. Her lean waist was banded with a wide sash, and on her head was an intricately draped turban. Her eyes were shadowed with green and her lips were a bright, dangerous red against the pallor of her face.

SHE went out a side door to the terrace, and the cool breeze was refreshing as a draught of well water. She was proud of what she'd made of this roof garden high above the city. Grass spread underfoot, flowers grew around the fountain, and here and there a tree stretched leafy branches toward the sky.

She slipped past her guests and went around to the terrace on the kitchen side where she knew no one would be. But when she turned the corner a dim figure crouching on the sod looked up and said, "Sh!"

She stopped and stared at him, amused, wondering. It was a young man in shirt sleeves, pipe in hand, coat thrown over a near-by bench.

He whispered, "Listen! Do you hear it? Crickets chirping! Or am I crazy?"

She laughed softly. "They're crickets, all right." She had bought a dozen of them a month ago and turned them loose on the terrace. She didn't know anything about the reproductive habits of crickets but she had an idea there were probably more than twelve now.

She said, "I imagine you're the only one who hears them, though. The others are too interested in their own chirping."

He stood up, and his teeth flashed white in a silent laugh. He said, "Incred-

ible, isn't it? Crickets up here on a roof in the heart of the city. As my Aunt Lulu used to say, it beats all what they think of nowadays."

He moved toward her, and together they leaned on the parapet looking down into the busy street, toy-size from there, as if viewed through the wrong end of a telescope.

"Nice party, isn't it?" he said tentatively.

"Terrible," she said.

He breathed with relief. "I was afraid to say so. I don't know anybody here and I thought you might be the hostess. I can't stand these huge parties. They give me an itch." He wiggled his wide shoulders in illustration.

SHE looked at him, seeing his dark, curly hair, his clean-cut, pleasant face. She wondered who he was, and on top of the wonder came the thought, "He's Johnny Barrow's cousin, of course. Tony Something-or-other."

She sensed strength and power in his tall bigness. The smoke from his pipe was a faint, pleasant thread of pungence in the night air. She moved, and her shoulder touched his arm, and a warmness ran through her. She had a sudden crazy idea that they were all alone here, that no one else existed on this roof.

He said softly, "This is nice. Let's you and I not go back to the others."

She said, "All right," and her heart beat a little faster.

He said, sitting down and looking at her thoughtfully, "You're very exotic. You overpower me somewhat. I can't think straight looking at you. Take off that hat thing so I can see your hair."

I'VE GONE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

He said thoughtfully, "You're very exotic. You overpower me somewhat"

She pulled off the clever Lilly Daché turban and tossed it carelessly onto the bench. Her soft hair fell loose, and she shook her head, feeling free, younger.

He put his hand gently, experimentally on her hair. "What color do you call it? Auburn?"

"Oh, it's wishy-washy. Sort of light brown." "Mousy," they had called it in her childhood. Her mother used to say despairingly, "You can't do a thing with hair like that." But she had fooled Mother. She had found that with frequent treatments and constant brushing she could make it shining and silky and manageable.

"It feels nice," he said. "You smell nice, too. Like a sophisticated garden. You're very lovely."

"Oh, really, Mr. Smith. Now you're overpowering *me*."

I'm not the least bit pretty. I haven't a single striking feature. I realized that a long time ago, but I've learned how to make the most of what I have. Learned it the hard way, after hearing Mother wail to her friends, "What can you do with a skinny, awkward youngster? And she's so pale she looks sick in most colors."

He said, "It's not Smith. It's Andrews. Tony Andrews."

And she said, "I'm Davies, Christine. You might call me Chris." When she saw the name made no impression on him she didn't bother to add that she was his hostess.

They didn't make important talk. They didn't solve any of life's problems. But for almost an hour they were wholly absorbed, talking companionably as if they had known each other always.

Once when she turned to him she thought, *But I know you. You're already familiar and intimate to me. As if I'd carried your image with me always.*

He said, "Let's get out of here. I'm afraid every minute somebody's coming around that corner to take you away from me. Can you leave without any trouble?"

SHE considered it swiftly. The machinery of the party would run just as smoothly without her. She said, "I'll meet you at the elevators in a few minutes," and slipped through the kitchen and on to her room, where she discarded the harem trousers for a black, pleated skirt.

They rode uptown in the subway, and she didn't tell him it was five years since she had been inside a subway. She wanted to say to him, "Wherever thou goest—" She was aghast at the strength of her feeling for him. She said to herself in bewilderment, *Why, why? I've just met him. I don't know anything about him. Only that he touches something deep within me, only that his face is suddenly dear and strangely familiar to me.*

When they ascended the subway stairs he paused at a landing and drew her into a corner. His hands were on her arms, gentle but firm, and his eyes searched her face. He kissed her then, and she prayed, *Don't let anything happen to this.*

They walked in the upper reaches of Central Park, arm in arm, bodies close, their movements flowing smoothly together in a rhythm as if already they were one.

She said finally, "I'll have to go back to the party."

"Did you leave something there?"

She said, "I live there, Tony. It's my apartment."

HE STOOD still, and his grasp on her arm loosened. He said, "Oh." And then he laughed. "That's cute," he said. "That's very cute. I might have known you were 'way over my head."

She said, "Why, Tony, that's silly. I'm not rich by any means. I live 'way beyond my income. I was just thinking today that I'd give up all this nonsense and pay off my debts."

He said, "Whether you're rich or not isn't so important. Just the fact that you live that way—that you like that sort of life— You see, I have to struggle and scrape to keep going. Life is real and earnest for me. I want to get somewhere. I *have* to get somewhere. And a girl who lives in a penthouse and gives super-parties is 'way over my head."

How could you tell him that you had lived that way because you had been lonely, afraid of the future, afraid to be alone because then you thought too much about the futility of your life, the hopelessness of it? That you went into debt buying giddy clothes and trying to be spectacular because always you could hear your mother saying, "She's such an unattractive child. I don't know how to dress her"?

She said stiffly, "I don't see why we have to go into all that. After all, we've just met—"

"Don't be silly," he interrupted. "You know it's important. We've just met, but there's something here. Something important. You feel it; I feel it. And now is the time to get it all straightened out, before we get so deep that we can't do anything sensible about it."

She said hotly, "I'm not rich. I never was. We were just average in my youth, and then Mother and Dad were divorced and I was shunted back and forth; and then Mother married a man who is rather wealthy, and Dad died and left me some insurance. It wasn't exactly convenient for me to live with Mother, so she sends me a check every month."

Sends me a check with a little note:

AN AMERICAN MINIATURE

ENCORE

by LARRY ADLER

World-famous Harmonica Player

IN MY wallet I carry a tattered piece of blue note paper, a souvenir of the most memorable concert I ever gave.

I had just opened in the French capital, and my featured number was Ravel's famous *Bolero*. Critics roared that it was sacrilege to play the masterpiece of the great Maurice Ravel on a mouth organ.

The next afternoon my manager told me that Ravel himself had heard of the rumpus over his *Bolero*. The master wanted to hear me play!

At Montfiort, Ravel's home, the door was opened by Ravel himself, a compact, gray-haired man with snapping, excited eyes. Since I couldn't speak French and Ravel couldn't speak English, we didn't waste much time chatting. "He wants to hear you play," my manager translated. "The *Bolero*," he added, with a nasty look.

I'd rather have faced a thousand Paris music critics, but I played. When it was over, there was a parley in French. "He wants to know why you play it so fast," my manager said.

I tried to explain that on a lone mouth organ I could not build up a climax instrument by instrument, as in a symphony orchestra. Instead, I got my climax by increasing the tempo as well as the volume.

They passed some more French back and forth. "He wants to know why you leave out part of it," I was informed.

In a vaudeville theater, I mumbled, the audience would not listen to a single piece as long as the *Bolero*.

That was translated back, and then: "Well, the master wants me to tell you that Toscanini plays the whole thing."

I felt like crying. Somehow, I had to make Ravel know how much I respected him and his music. I did a thing I'd never done before; I asked for an autograph.

That was my last boner. My manager explained to me that Ravel was partially paralyzed, and that it took him almost an hour to sign his name.

Going back to Paris, I felt like tossing my harmonica out the window. Defiantly I played the *Bolero* in my concert that night.

A week passed. I came off stage one evening, and there stood Ravel. He said something in French and held out his hand, offering me a scrap of blue paper. There, in trembling handwriting, was the painfully spelled signature of Maurice Ravel.

ONCE AGAIN—IT'S TIME TO MAKE A BOWL OF Merry Christmas!

IT'S A GRACIOUS, heart-warming custom, dropping into friends' homes at Christmas time to share a Four Roses Egg-Nog. But the warmest glow of all belongs to the Four Roses Egg-Nog host himself. If you've never been one, why not try it!

IT'S SO EASY! All you need for 5 pints of Egg-Nog is 6 eggs—¾ cup sugar (or 1 cup light corn syrup)—1 pint cream—1 pint milk—1 oz. Jamaica Rum—1 pint Four Roses. (*But be sure you use Four Roses—to get an Egg-Nog that can't be matched for flavor-rich magnificence!*)

YOU MAKE IT THIS WAY: Beat separately the yolks and whites of eggs. Add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add ¼ cup sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. (If corn syrup is used, gradually add the *full cup* to egg whites while beating.) Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir cream and milk in. Add the pint of Four Roses and the rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

AH! WHAT DELICIOUS EGG-NOG! And well it might be! For today's Four Roses is finer by far than any whiskey we've ever made or known—in all our 77 years . . . another reason you should be a Four Roses Egg-Nog host this Christmas!

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies —90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

"Hope you are well. Why don't you come to visit us some time?" And she'd be horrified if I should accept her casual invitation. Because I'm too big a girl to have around, and because we have no common meeting ground any more. We wouldn't know what to say to each other.

Remembering all of it hurt her so much that she turned away from Tony almost angrily, tears blinding her. He caught her arms in his hands and turned her to face him, sudden compassion and tenderness in his eyes. "Why, you've been hurt, haven't you? My poor darling." And he took her in his arms and she sobbed against his cheek.

He said, "I'm sorry if I've hurt you. That's the last thing in the world I'd want to do. You're all mixed up about things, aren't you? Come out to Northville this week end and meet my mother. She's smart and you can tell her all your troubles. You two'll like each other."

He pulled her down onto a bench, and his handkerchief blotted the tears from her cheeks. . . .

"I PUT off meeting you as long as I could. I don't know why I was afraid. Perhaps it was a hang-over from my youth, a fear that you, like my mother, might not think me good enough. But when Tony and I realized it was real, and for always, what we felt for each other, I knew it couldn't be put off any longer. By that time I had changed my mode of living. I know you've been thinking it was part of my game to get Tony—subletting the penthouse, selling most of my stuff—but I was glad to be rid of it all. I've never been happy living beyond my means, always being in debt, even though you think I have no conscience about such things. I felt a lot happier and freer then, and even looked forward to meeting you, prepared to love you and admire you as Tony did. I didn't know that you were getting ready to slip me a mickey, as they say. I hadn't expected any business about another girl on my first visit to Northville." . . .

My first visit to Northville. She had debated a long time over what to wear. She had been horribly nervous about meeting Tony's mother, and anxious for her to like her. Her clothes all seemed too sensational, and she had thought of buying a simple, inexpensive outfit. But her proud spirit had rebelled at that. It smacked too much of buying her way in.

So there she was finally in Northville in her zebra-striped silk Jersey, and the immense black hat that had one crimson rose strategically placed on the under side of the brim, and her crimson gloves that matched the rose, which, in turn, matched her lips.

"Very pretty," she said to her image in the mirror. "You look like a cross between a burlesque queen and Dracula's daughter."

Tony met her at the little Northville station. He said, "Hello," and she could see the look in his eyes that made her heart pound. She said, just as briefly, "Hello," and he led her to his car, holding her hand so that butterflies ran up her arm.

The wind was cool on her face, as they sped along, and she tried not to think of his mother, that it would be only a few minutes now, wondering if she would see in Tony's mother's eyes that look she had seen so often in her own mother's. That look which said, "You're not the wonderful thing I expected and wanted. You're not that lovely fairy creature I dreamed about. But I'll swallow my disappointment and love you anyway."

Tony pointed out the real-estate office where he worked, which was in the form of a green and white cottage, and told her about their latest development, and some of his better ideas which they were using, and how some day he would be a partner.

"Does your mother have anything to do with the real-estate company, Tony?"

He said, "It's funny you should ask that. Jerry Coles, the boss, suggested just the other day that she have a desk in the office. She'd be good, too. But I don't know that I want her to work. She's had enough of it. She ran an employment agency until about a year ago. But that was no bed of roses, and she decided she'd be in money by giving it up and taking care of the house and me."

He smiled at Christine, and she tried to smile back over her cold nervousness. An employment agency, she was thinking. One of those gimlet-eyed women whose business it is to see through you, to pick your brains apart and see what's there.

"She has great hopes for me, Chris, and I can't disappoint her. She's worked all these years to put me through school and give me advantages. You see, my father died when I was a baby."

They had stopped before a small white house with a neat lawn and a prim flower border. Christine got out of the car, her legs feeling wobbly, and she prayed, *Please let her be a plump little motherly woman who'll take me to her heart.*

Tony's mother met them at the door. She said, "Come in, my dear," to Christine, and patted Tony's cheek. She led them into the living-room, which was dim and cool, with blinds drawn against the afternoon glare. It was a severe room, and Mrs. Andrews was a severe-looking woman. Tall and straight and lean, with black hair streaked with gray, worn tight to her head with a knob in the back. She wore a navy blue tailored dress, and no make-up softened the firm, granite lines of her face.

Christine felt everything drain out of her but a bleak hopelessness. She had been right about the gimlet eyes, all right.

Tony said, "I'll leave you two to get acquainted. I have to run back to the office for a while."

Don't leave me alone with her, Tony! Don't go!

BUT the door banged after him, and she could hear his cheerful whistle as he went down the walk.

Mrs. Andrews said, "Why don't you take your hat off, Christine?" She smiled. "It must be quite a chore carrying anything as large as that on one's head."

You're not wasting any time, are you? thought Christine.

She pulled off the hat and kept it in her hand, twirling it around by the elastic. She said, "It's a zippy number, though, don't you think so? I love crazy, extreme things." *Stick that in your teeth, Mrs. Andrews.*

There was a long moment of silence, broken by a small, sharp sound as Christine snapped the elastic. She said to herself, *How'm I doing? Pretty lousy, eh?*

Mrs. Andrews said, "Tony thinks a lot of you."

And at the sound of Tony's name a warm flood of happiness rushed over Christine and she forgot her animosity. She said, "He loves me, Mrs. Andrews."

"Yes, perhaps he does."

Perhaps.

She went on, "He's overawed by you, you know. You're so—so spectacular, so very splendid, to him. He's never known anyone like you."

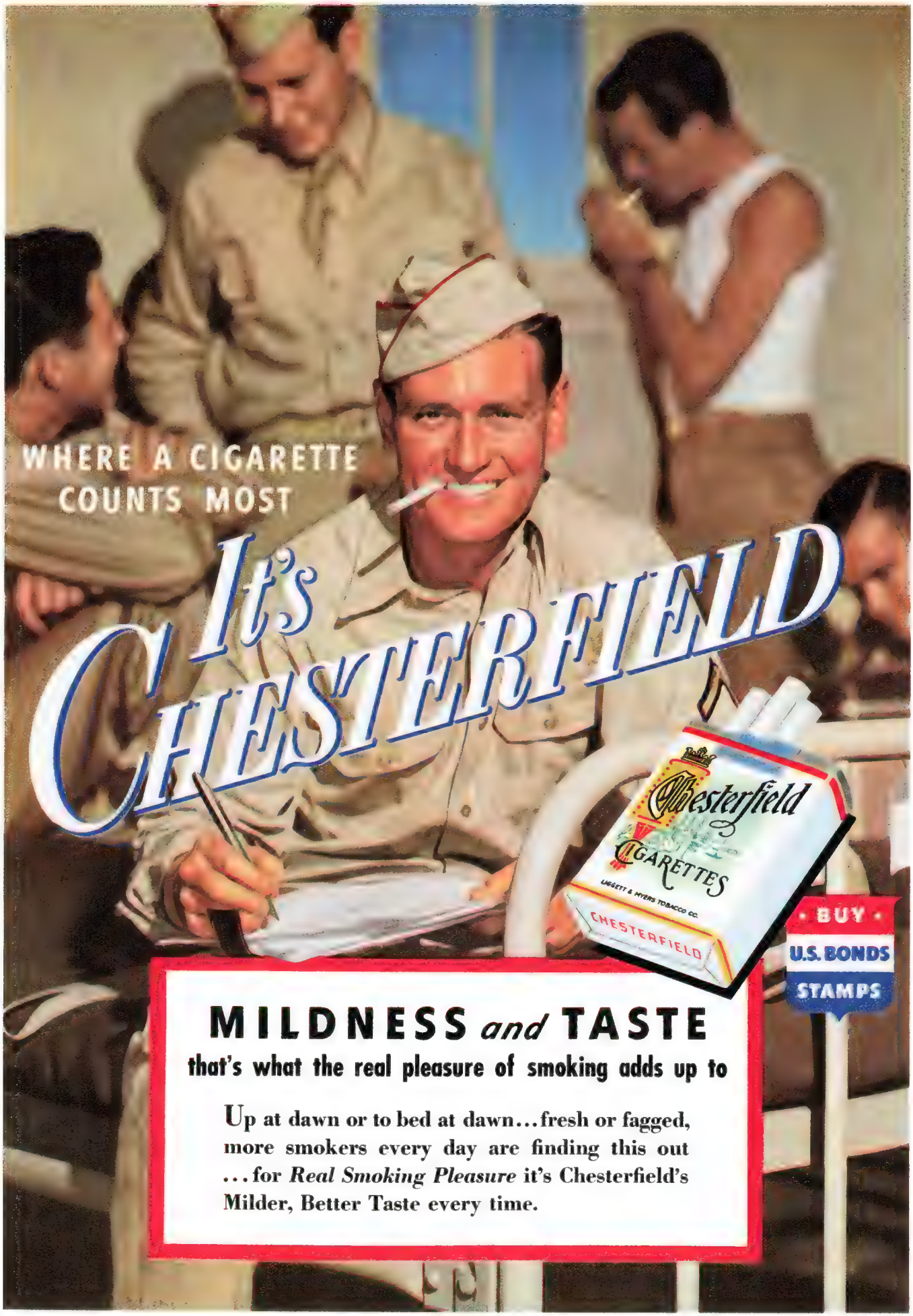
I've never known anyone like him, thought Christine. *And he fell in love with me before he knew I was "spectacular."*

But the shadow of doubt had crept into her mind. That old, familiar feeling was sneaking up on her again—the uncertainty, the self-consciousness, the agonizing fear that her rush of love would be met with a rebuff.

She got up and went across the room, swaggering a little in defiance, to peer unseeing through the slats of a Venetian blind. She said, "You wouldn't be trying to toss the well-known monkey wrench, would you, Mrs. Andrews?"

Tony's mother said, "I'm thinking only of

"Oh, boy! We'll knock this thing sky-high!"



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Up at dawn or to bed at dawn... fresh or fagged, more smokers every day are finding this out ... for *Real Smoking Pleasure* it's Chesterfield's Milder, Better Taste every time.

Tony's happiness. I'm sure you can understand that."

She turned around to face the older woman, and silence hung between them.

The doorbell rang, shattering the silence, and Mrs. Andrews smiled. She said, "We've been talking terribly seriously, haven't we, Christine? I'm sorry. I want you to enjoy your visit." She was moving out of the room. "This is Betty Coles, I think. I asked her for dinner. I'm sure you'll like each other."

Mrs. Andrews came back, and with her was a fair-haired girl in a lettuce-green linen dress, cool and poised and sweet. When Mrs. Andrews introduced her, she added, "She's the sister of the man Tony works for, you know." And her eyes seemed to say, "And the girl I'd like my son to marry."

I see, thought Christine. *I see.* And all at once she felt hot and uncomfortable and overdressed in the zebra-striped jersey.

And just then there was the sound of a door closing, and Tony came rushing in, his eyes flying to her instantly, caressing her, and the ice that had gathered about her heart melted away.

He ruffled Betty's hair in passing, saying, "Hi, kid," and went straight to Christine's side.

Mrs. Andrews said, "Why don't you three go out on the porch while I start dinner?"

"Let me help you, Cora," Betty said. "You know I like fooling around in a kitchen."

Naturally, Christine thought bitterly. *Any model daughter-in-law would. When I'm Tony's wife I'll cook my fingers to the skeleton for him, but I won't put on an act now.*

She said, "I probably wouldn't be much good in the kitchen, so I won't offer to help, Mrs. Andrews."

And Tony's mother said, "I wouldn't hear of it anyway. And please call me Cora, my dear. I let Betty come along because I couldn't stop her anyway. She practically makes this her home."

Betty winked at Christine. "They let me do what I want here. 'Tis never thus at home."

CHRISTINE and Tony sat in the porch swing, and Tony held her hands and she tried to be happy and mindless with him, wanting not to think, just to feel her love for him.

"Do you like Mother?" he asked. "Isn't she swell? I didn't know Betty was going to be here for dinner, but we won't let that bother us. She's a nice child. Mother's kind of hoped that Betty and I would marry, but now, thank heavens, she won't be forever throwing us at each other."

That's what you think, my boy.

She swallowed desperately past the pain in her throat. "It's no use. Your mother doesn't like me. And I don't like her."

"Oh," he said softly. "I see." Gently his finger traced a damp spot on her cheek where a lone tear had passed. "Poor darling," he said. "It's been difficult for you, hasn't it? And it's been difficult for her too, I guess. I didn't realize how it might be. You're both on guard, probably. Not being yourselves. That will straighten out, darling. I swear to you it will. Because I know you both."

She shook her head stubbornly, but he pulled her into his arms and cradled her head on his shoulder. . . .

. . . "Perhaps I made my biggest mistake when I accepted your invitation to spend the month of August with you. I didn't want to do it, really, except that Tony was so eager for me to, and I hated being in that hot, cheap hotel anyway, and I guess I had an idea if I were around Tony I (*Continued on page* 60)

AN AMERICAN STORIETTE

YOU'VE GOT TO BE GOOD

SUDDENLY a *perdonice* got up. Bracing himself on the steep slope of the Andes, Matt raised his gun and fired. At the single report the bird crumpled and fell. Matt glanced up the slope. Joe Lord was slipping a fresh shell into his gun. The two men had fired simultaneously.

Yet a moment ago Joe had been tying his shoelace, his gun on the ground. Only a crack shot would have had the lightning instinct to snatch it up and pot that bird. And Joe was a dub. He'd said so himself. He must have made a wild grab for the gun and fired blindly.

Matt dropped the bird into his pocket, without elation. It wasn't any good any more, doing things with Joe.

Matt thought with a stab of regret of all the things they'd done together, he and Joe and Joe's wife, Aleen. They had always had wonderful times when Joe and Aleen came to Santiago, and when the young couple went back to the copper mines where Joe was engineer, eagerly Matt used to mark the date they'd return.

Then the time came when Joe couldn't get away. He sent Aleen down alone, and wrote Matt to give her a whirl.

Matt considered it a real break, and his happy-go-lucky attitude had eventually persuaded Aleen that the conventionalities were unimportant. Matt had made love to her as casually as he had made love to dozens of other women, many of them as happily married as Aleen. . . .

When the Lords came down once more to Santiago, this time together, Matt had invited Joe to go after *perdonice,* as a sort of silent peace-offering.

"Don't expect too much of me," Joe warned. "I'm a lousy shot."

Looking at his friend's frank, trusting face, Matt felt like a heel. He tried to put the matter out of his mind, and he succeeded as his enthusiasm for the trip mounted. Joe was as excited as Matt. They had been shooting together only once before, and Joe had used borrowed equipment; so this time he hired himself a 12-gauge gun with a 30-inch barrel, a regular cannon. You'd think he was out to bag a giant condor.

Matt glanced at Joe's blunderbuss now with scorn, and then surveyed the mountain slope. Near by, a spearhead of vegetation extended a hundred yards into a gorge and ended abruptly against sheer cliff. It was the thickest cover in sight, a likely place for birds. They couldn't run out of it. They'd have to fly.

"Come on," said Matt. "I can practically guarantee a shot in there."

But Joe seemed tired. The heavy artillery had worn him down. "I'll wait here," he decided. "You'll have to come back this way."

Matt moved in, gun poised, but he didn't even catch a glimpse of the birds. Finally he turned to retrace his steps.

"Coming out," he shouted.

There was no answer.

Damn fool, Matt thought, and sat down. He'd had this happen before with men who didn't know how to behave in the field. You just sat still, and after a while they made some deafening racket and you knew where they were.

FOR a long time there was no sound. Sitting there, Matt pulled the *perdonice* from his game pocket. His exploring fingers found a shot lodged just beneath the skin, and he glanced at it sharply.

Quickly he searched the bird for another shot and extracted it. Matt was using number 7 shot, but these were larger. These were number 2 chilled. Matt had missed clean. It was Joe's bird. Matt realized with a start how swiftly Joe must have swept the unwieldy 12 gauge to his shoulder and dropped the bird.

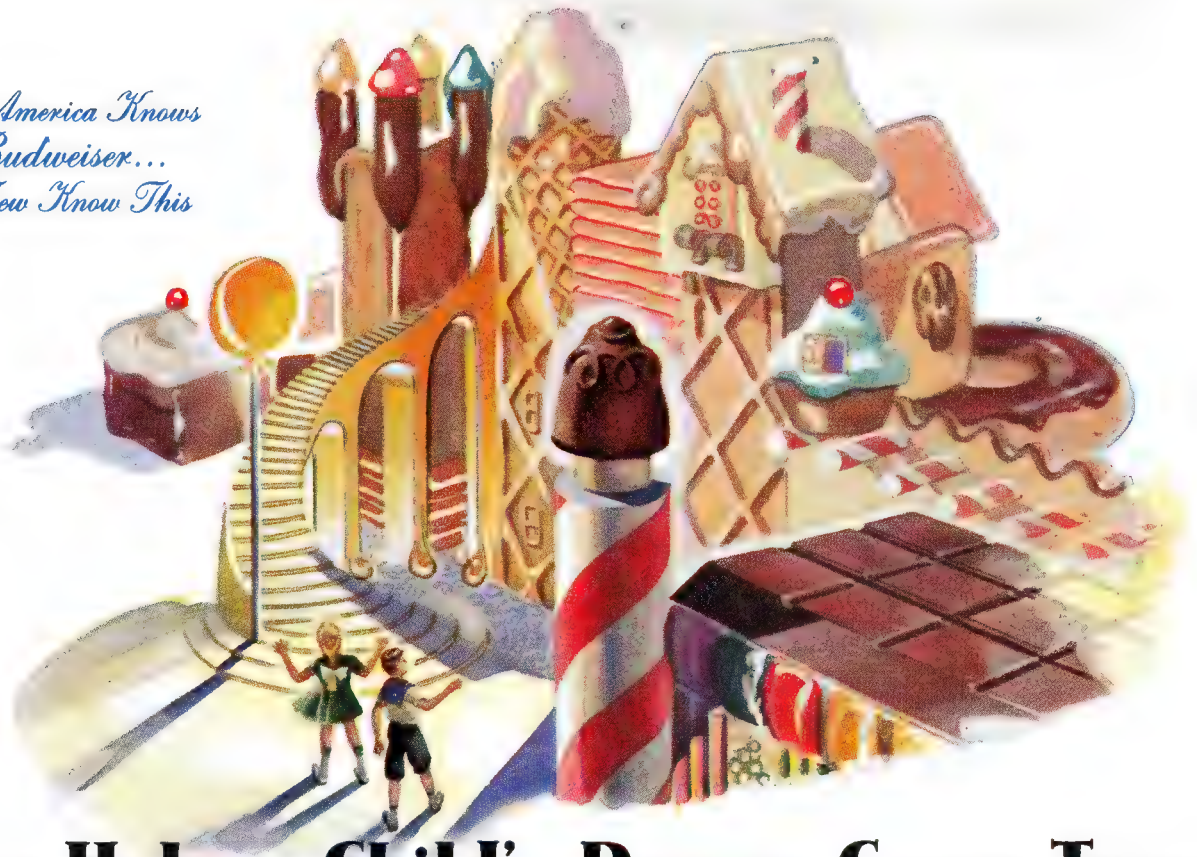
Joe was an expert shot, and he knew that number 2's were for larger game than *perdonice!* A drop of sweat trickled down from Matt's temple, and then he was running, clawing his way through the scrub. He stumbled and dropped his gun and went on without it.

"Don't shoot, Joe!" he screamed, rushing on down the slope in wild terror. "Oh, my God, please don't shoot!"

But there was only a threatening, tense silence. And somewhere in that silence, the terrified man knew, an expert hunter waited, cold and deliberate and sure.

DAVID JUDSON

All America Knows Budweiser... but Few Know This



...To Help a Child's Dream Come True

A candy castle...snowdrifts of marshmallow! What youngster hasn't seen them in his dreams?

To the great candy industry of America, corn syrup is a necessary ingredient. Used in other foods as well as candy, it contributes much to the energy and nutrition of the nation. Many millions of pounds are produced each year by Anheuser-Busch for manufacturers of essential products. Our Corn Products Division is an industry in itself.

Year after year, we have striven with research and resources to better the methods and facilities for brewing Budweiser. To do this, a laboratory specializing in fermentology and nutrition was necessary. Discoveries made in the laboratory and in the plant have led to the development of products contributing to human necessity and progress. Some of these products would appear to have only a remote relationship to brewing, yet, they are the result of scientific research into many allied fields.

Endless research in making the world's leading beer has led to other products

VITAMINS, B COMPLEX—Anheuser-Busch is one of the world's largest sources for manufacturers of pharmaceutical and food products.

VITAMIN D—Our plant produces enough of the basic material for Vitamin D to supply the entire American market.

VITAMINS FOR LIVESTOCK—We are America's biggest supplier of yeast vitamins used to fortify animal feeds.

REFRIGERATING EQUIPMENT—for retailers of frozen foods and ice cream the country over. This division is now working all-out on glider wing and fuselage assemblies for our Armed Forces.

BAKER'S YEAST—We are one of America's biggest suppliers of standard and enriched yeasts and malt syrup used to make bread.

SYRUPS—for food, table and confectionery uses and special syrups for medicinal purposes.

STARCH—for food, textile, paper and other industries—millions of pounds annually.

DIESEL ENGINES—Adolphus Busch, founder of Anheuser-Busch, acquired the first rights to manufacture this revolutionary engine in America and thus started our great Diesel industry on its way.

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Budweiser

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ANHEUSER-BUSCH • • • • SAINT LOUIS

The Light no war will ever dim!

Christmas is a light.

. . . a candle burning in a window.

. . . the gleam of a star on a tree.

. . . the light in the eyes of a child on Christmas morning.

But Christmas is more than these. Christmas is a light within.

This light shines brightest in the face of a child—but it glows *deepest* in the hearts of a father and a mother who watch the child at play.

For the light that we know in our hearts at Christmas time does not belong to Christmas alone, or to children alone.

It glows in the heart of each man who, in the armed forces of the United States today, stands ready to give the greatest of all gifts—himself.

It shines in the heart of the worker who—through the long day, the holiday pleasures given up—gives his skill, with industry's strength, for freedom's sake.

And, in the hearts of those who gather scrap, use less sugar and coffee and tea and meat, walk to save gasoline and tires, and keep on buying *one more* U. S. War Bond.

The things we give, and give up, today as Americans, are gifts of freedom and liberty and opportunity to all the world tomorrow.

Although we have seen the lights go out, one by one, in many of the cities of the world, this light still burns, inextinguishably, in the heart of every American.

And while it burns, in true devotion to a cause, a faith, a loyalty, we may be sure that one day we shall see the lights come on again, one by one, over all the world.

• • •

In past years General Electric has manufactured many gifts for Santa's pack—gifts that kept on giving *in terms of the comforts and conveniences that modern electrical servants bring into a home. This year we are manufacturing the tools that America is using to bring liberty and freedom to men of hope and good-will everywhere.*

GENERAL ELECTRIC

GED 952-355

(*Continued from page* 56) could keep you from throwing Betty Coles at him. And I thought, too, that being around you a lot we might get to like each other.

"That awful hang-over of bills that kept coming, those dunning phone calls that you couldn't help overhearing—I know they just served to make you surer than ever that I was no person for a hard-working man to marry. And because you were listening, and because I was so horribly embarrassed, I found myself tightening up and sounding hard and calculating and unfeeling—when I was so worried and mixed up and afraid, because I hadn't received Mother's check and because I couldn't bring myself to write her a begging letter. And there I was, wondering where my next nickel was coming from and so embarrassed that half the time I couldn't meet your eyes. But I really should have been alone that day I got the telegram." . . .

That day I got the telegram. Almost three weeks of her visit had gone by. On the surface all had been calm and friendly. Christine even helped with the housework, being flip and wisecracking about it to cover up the fear that she was doing it badly. She was always careful never to make reference to her love for Tony or her marriage to him. It was a childish superstition, in a way; a fear that by mentioning that wonderful possibility as a certainty she might lose it.

And when Cora Andrews spoke of it she put an "if" before it. As the day she said, "If you and Tony marry I think I'll go to work in the real-estate office."

Christine thought, *Naturally. So people can say Tony's poor mother had to go to work because she has an extravagant daughter-in-law.*

Sometimes she would think, *Perhaps I'm being unfair. Perhaps if I offer her affection she'll return it.*

And so one evening, coming in from a drive with Tony, feeling soft and happy, she went to Tony's mother impulsively and moved to kiss her cheek.

Cora Andrews smiled—but drew back. She said, "My, you do use a lot of that stuff on your lips, Christine." And once again Christine was a small, lonely child who had rushed to kiss her pretty mother, only to be pushed aside with an impatient smile and, "Christine, dear, you're too sticky. Don't muss Mother."

Tony laughed as if it were a huge joke, but Christine felt the blood drain out of her body in a flood of angry humiliation.

IT WAS the next day that the telegram came. In the afternoon when Tony was at work. Betty Coles had dropped in, and the three women sat in the dim living-room. When the telephone call came for Christine she went reluctantly, wondering which one of the credit departments it was this time. She said, "I'm so sorry; I'll attend to it right away. You'll get a check tomorrow." And left the telephone shaken with embarrassment and shame.

It wouldn't have been so bad except that Betty Coles was there, and except that Cora Andrews saw fit to make a remark. She said, "I don't see how you can live that way, Christine. Why don't you pay those debts and get it over with?"

Christine stood for a moment, looking down at Tony's mother, hating her, thinking, *You would humiliate me further, wouldn't you? You would rub it in. If you're so smart why doesn't it occur to you that perhaps I can't pay those bills?*

She managed to say lightly, "Why, those stores expect to be held up. Think nothing of it, my good woman."

A. John Kaunus

"Will you marry me? I won't be much of a bother. I'm in 1A"

Betty left soon after that, inviting them all to dinner the next evening. And Christine thought, *Why doesn't she get another man? Why does she keep hanging around as if waiting for the moment when Tony and I must inevitably break up?*

And then the telegram came. And Christine stood for a long moment, staring at the words, not believing them. She turned to Cora Andrews and said blankly, "My mother died this morning."

Cora Andrews drew in her breath sharply. "Oh, my dear," she murmured.

Christine looked at her and she had a hysterical desire to laugh. She said, "Don't feel sorry for me, Cora. I'm not going to break down."

The telegram, from her stepfather, read, "Your mother passed away this morning after a week's illness." Just that and nothing more. And all she could think of was that her mother had been gravely ill for a week and she had not been notified. Her mother had not even asked for her, nor wanted her there at the end.

Cora Andrews's white, shocked face came into her line of vision. Her words were low and shaken. She said, "You can even be hard and unfeeling about your own mother's death. You're a strange, unnatural girl, Christine. I don't think anything could make you weep."

Christine looked at her coldly, and she wanted to say, "I haven't seen my mother in five years. I was nineteen when she went away and left me on my own. I loved her, and she tore down that love bit by bit, while I learned how to harden myself against being hurt. She loved herself better than anyone else, and she gave me up when she remarried because she might not look young and pretty with a big daughter around. So don't expect me to weep for her now."

But she didn't say any of that. She turned and went out of the room. . . .

. . . "It would have been better if I'd been alone when I got that telegram, because then you wouldn't have seen my reaction, which you couldn't ever understand anyway. And of course you couldn't know how I felt. It was like suddenly being lost, with all paths that led to the past cut off. It was frightening. I'm not smart like you. I can make a wisecrack but I wouldn't know how to go about making a living.

"I tried to keep from you and Tony the fact that I was worried because I had no money. And the more distressed and miserable I became, the more irritable I grew. That's why I blew up last night." . . .

Last night. It was an end-of-the-summer party, and there were a lot of people crowded into the little house and spilling out onto the porches and lawn.

IT WAS perhaps because she knew Betty was going to wear pink organdy that Christine decided to wear the harem trouser outfit. She had been in a strange mood all day, and toward evening some imp of perversity entered into her, spurring her on to a false gaiety. Already there was a cold certainty in her heart that she and Tony could never marry.

Tony said, "You're wonderful, darling. You're magnificent."

Cora Andrews frowned, and then she managed a smile. "Really, Christine, that costume's a bit extreme. I'm afraid some of the older people might think—"

"It will do them good," Christine interrupted. "A little shock will probably do their blood pressure no end of good."

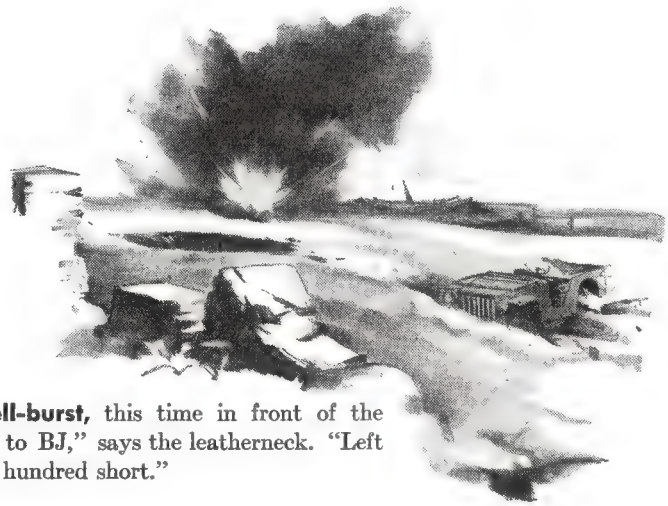
Tony laughed and put his arm around Christine's lean waist, proud of her. "Sure,"

"Mission accomplished!"

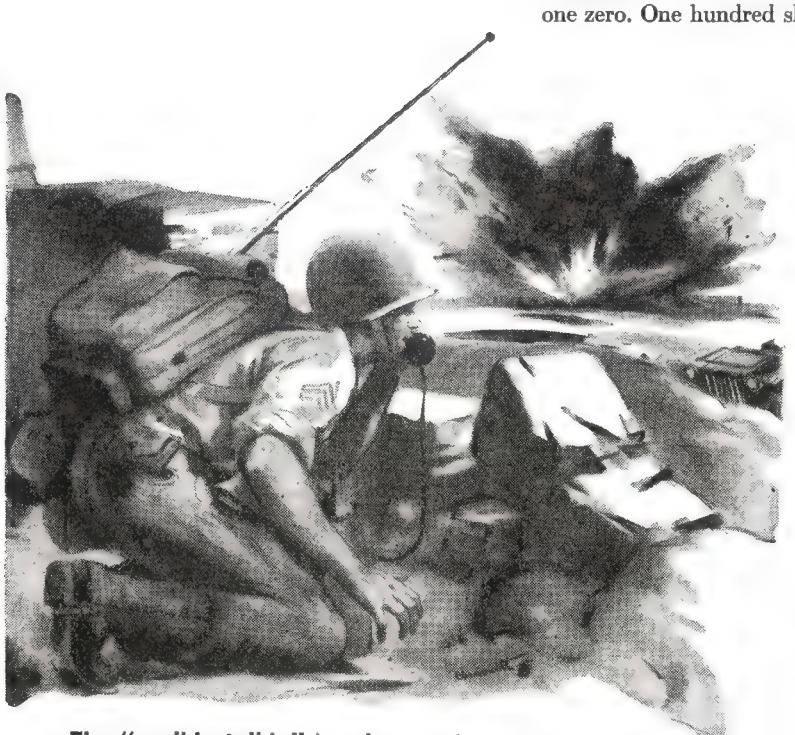
A United States Marine dodges swiftly across the battle-scarred slope, takes position behind a shattered wall that commands the enemy gun emplacement across the tiny valley.

A shell explodes in a shower of dirt, two hundred yards away from the enemy gun.

The Marine speaks quietly into the tiny microphone in his hand. "AK9 to BJ. Left four zero. Two hundred short." Miles away, an American artillery officer issues swift commands to his gun crew.



Another shell-burst, this time in front of the target. "AK9 to BJ," says the leatherneck. "Left one zero. One hundred short."



The "walkie-talkie" is only one of many Westinghouse electrical products for America's ground forces. In tanks and combat cars—at artillery and anti-aircraft posts and communications centers—in the field and behind the lines, more than a hundred kinds of Westinghouse electrical equipment are in use. Even in base and field hospitals, Westinghouse X-Ray machines and ultra-violet Sterilamps* are helping daily to save the lives of wounded men.

For our ground forces, as well as for our naval and air forces, every ounce of Westinghouse "know-how" is on the job—*to provide more and more of the deadliest fighting weapons that skill and ingenuity and hard work can produce.*

And then, suddenly, a terrific, ground-shaking explosion across the valley . . . the enemy gun emplacement disappears in a black, billowing geyser of rocks and smoke and rubble. The Marine puts the microphone to his lips.

"AK9 to BJ—Mission accomplished! AK9 to BJ—Mission accomplished!"

Mission accomplished—a direct hit! *Because the miracle of electricity has been put to work again*—in the rugged, compact radio transmitter and receiver that rides comfortably across the devil dog's back. "Walkie-talkie," the Marines call it—a light, completely self-contained unit that allows constant two-way communication with unhampered freedom of movement. On scores of vital assignments, from spotting artillery fire to co-ordinating the movement of advance patrols, the "walkie-talkie" is helping to make American Marines the deadly fighting team that they are.

Westinghouse

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Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Plants in 25 cities; offices everywhere

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he said; "it'll tone up their liver or something. You'll give just the touch of zip this party needs."

Oh, you're so swell, Tony. So understanding.

Everything went well until midnight, when there was sudden excitement caused by a telephone call for Jerry Coles. He rushed back from the telephone, breathless, wild-eyed, shouting to Tony, "It's two-ten! On fire! One of those damn' workmen must have dropped a cigarette. The fire department is on the way but the fire has a good start. Hurry up, Tony! Let's get over there."

Tony said, grimly, "My house." And Christine knew it was the one he had designed, the one that incorporated most of his best ideas, the one he had hoped some day to buy for Christine and himself. And she thought, suddenly shaken, "It's an omen. A bad omen."

Tony said, "Want to come along, Chris?"

She couldn't bear to look at him; she wouldn't be able to endure seeing that sweet house go up in flames. She said bluntly, "No, thanks. I'd rather not."

She heard the door slam after them, and she was left in the midst of a solemn little group. She started to move away, when Cora Andrews stopped her with a hand on her arm. She said, "If you marry Tony you'll have to take a little more interest in his work."

CHRISTINE shook the older woman's hand from her arm angrily. She cried, "If! If! If! Always *if* I marry Tony. Never *when*. Why don't you come right out with it and say you're going to see to it that Tony doesn't marry me? Don't think I haven't realized how you feel. Oh, I know what a sweet martyr you'd be. You'd go back to work—"

She broke off then and fled past the stricken, silent group, and up the stairs to her room.

It was Betty who came to her in a little while, Betty who sat beside her, cool and a little stern. She said in her clear voice, "You don't understand Cora, Chris. She's thinking only of Tony's happiness. She's lived her whole life for him, worked hard for him, and she's overfearful that he might make a mistake. It's sort of an obsession with her. And as for working—why, she's crazy to get back to work. She really gave up the agency because she thought Tony didn't like her working."

Christine said, "You're certainly the model daughter-in-law. I don't blame Cora Andrews for wanting Tony to marry you."

Betty got up and smoothed the organdy skirt with a careful hand. "But Tony loves *you*," she said, not looking at Christine. And went quietly out of the little room. . . .

. . . "I blew up and spoiled your evening for you, I guess, and I pretended to be asleep when Tony came in. And then this morning there was the letter from the attorneys saying my mother had left me her jewels, and I realized that would solve my problems. When I sell them I'll be able to pay my debts and go far enough away so there won't be a chance of my running into Tony unexpectedly.

"It's a funny thing—I said back there that you know how I love Tony. But maybe you don't. Maybe that's why you've been the way you have with me. Because you were afraid I didn't love him enough to make him happy. I keep remembering what Betty said to me last night. I thought she was just being polite and sympathetic, but maybe it was true, what she said. I started this letter in anger and hatred, and as I've been putting it down on paper, and remembering and remembering, I begin to see your side of it more clearly. I thought you were the one who had been wrong. But now . . ."

Roland Coe

Now. She put the pen down carefully and stared blankly at a tiny spot of ink on her finger, stared until she couldn't see how her hand trembled.

She thought, *Why, I haven't been considering Tony at all. I've been too busy hating his mother, picking on every little word she said. And now, because I can't face that situation, I'm ready to give Tony up, to make him unhappy, as well as myself. Maybe I've been wrong all along. I've had the wrong attitude right from the beginning. It wouldn't have hurt me to try to see Cora Andrews's side of it. I should have made her see how I love Tony and would do anything for him.*

She felt breathless and excited all at once, as if she were on the verge of some great discovery. She thought, *Suppose I went to her and said, "Cora, I haven't played fair with you. I don't blame you for thinking me not good enough for Tony."*

And then she shook her head slowly, the old hopelessness back upon her, sick with the anticipation of another defeat.

There was a tap on her door, and she looked up, startled, to see Cora Andrews standing there, her face looking grim, but somehow beaten and helpless.

She said hesitantly, "Christine, I've been doing a lot of thinking since last night. I'm afraid I haven't played fair with you. I've been too willing to believe the worst of you, too ready to think you weren't good enough for Tony. I haven't tried to understand you—"

Christine said, "Oh—" And her breath drew in sharply and something hurt in her chest. She said, almost whispering it, "I've just been thinking almost the same thing about myself. We were both too ready to think the worst of each other. We each believed we were thinking of Tony's happiness, but if we had been, we would have seen that Tony's happiness depended on our liking each other."

It all seemed so beautifully clear. She felt a wonderful sense of release. All the dark things locked tight within her were crowding to come out into the light. She had always before been afraid to talk with anyone. But now she wanted to tell Tony's mother everything that was in her heart.

Cora Andrews smiled. "That's right, Christine. I've been thinking that, too. There's enough hatred in the world—our affairs seem so puny in comparison. We're two healthy, intelligent women. We can work this out. We can't be selfish. We both love Tony. We have that much in common, to begin with. And the things Tony loves in both of us we can certainly learn to love in each other."

THERE was a tightness in Christine's throat. She said huskily, "You are smart, aren't you? I've been afraid to let you see how stupid I am about most things. I should have told you everything in the beginning. I see now that that's what Tony wanted me to do. He's smart, like you. He knew that once we understood each other everything would be all right."

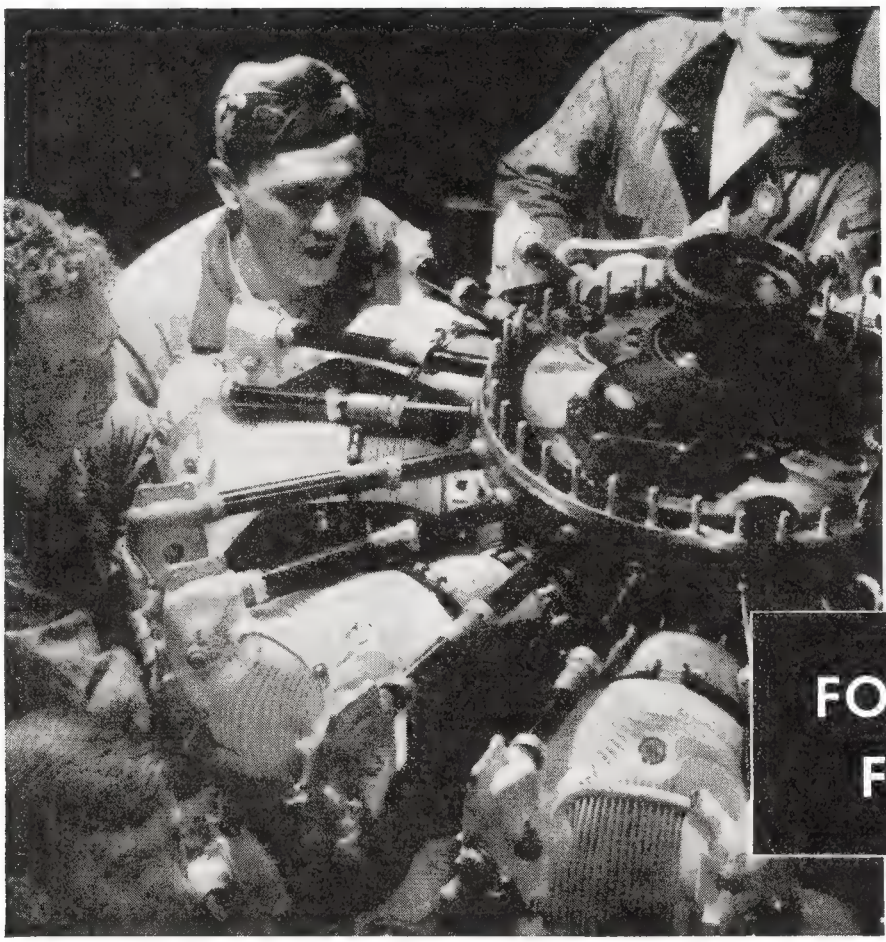
A door slammed below, and Tony's voice bellowed, "Chris! Mother! Where are you two?"

The eyes of the two women met, some new secret understanding passing between them, and Cora Andrews gave a little smile and Christine's heart thumped painfully.

Tony called, "Hey! Is anything the matter?"

Christine said, with a catch in her voice, "We'll be right down, darling. There's nothing whatever the matter. Everything is—wonderful."

THE END★★



War Bird's Powerhouse! Ford-built Pratt & Whitney engines are made to watch-like precision in a modern mass-production plant. This plant was constructed by Ford and the first motor turned out *all within 11 months!* The Ford-developed method of casting cylinders centrifugally is employed in making these engines. For every motor built this way, *four hours' time is saved* and a *third less critical material is used!*

Stout Wings For A Tough Bird! These Ford men at the Willow Run Bomber Plant are at work on the wing of a B-24 Bomber. This plane has more than 400,000 volume-produced parts.

FORD WORKING FOR VICTORY

Rugged Little Jeeps—Reconnaissance cars which roll from Ford production lines—are proving their serviceability in action as *"eyes"* of United Nations' troops everywhere.

Deft-Fingered Hands of a woman worker are helping finish the pilot's compartment of a B-24 Bomber built at Willow Run. Here over 6,000 women are now employed!

DID YOU KNOW?

★ At Army posts throughout the country, Ford Traveling Schools taught khaki-clad mechanics modern methods of servicing military vehicles.

★ To test Ford precision manufacture, parts from a Ford-built and a Pratt & Whitney-built aircraft engine were scrambled—the engines re-assembled with parts of each in the other. Both ran perfectly.

★ To help supply the need for skilled aircraft production workers, more than 6,000 men and women are now being trained in the Ford Airplane School at Willow Run.

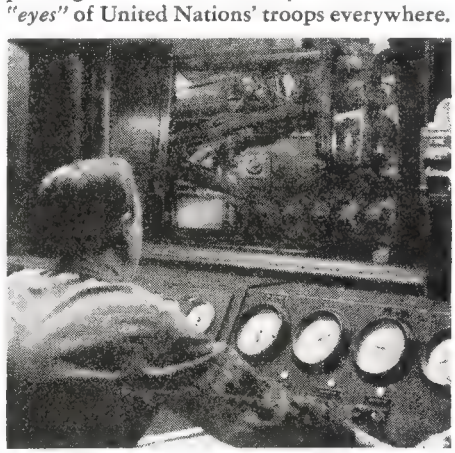
★ Super-accurate Johansson Gage Blocks made by Ford are the standard of precision measurement for American industry. Accurate to millionths of an inch, these gages have made possible mass production of interchangeable parts.

★ Less than sixteen months after construction gangs began clearing farms and woodlands for the Ford Willow Run Plant, this largest bomber factory in the world was turning out long-range B-24 Bombers — one of the biggest and most powerful planes now being built.

"In introducing mass production, shorter hours and higher wages, I have tried to give the American workman security for himself and his family and the chance of a future for his children."

—HENRY FORD

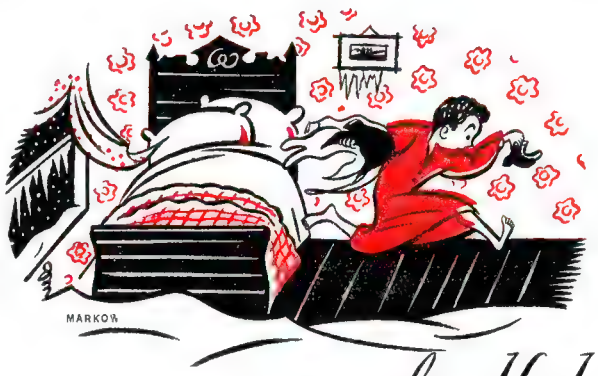
Ford



Broken-in On Test Blocks, Ford-built aircraft engines deliver maximum performance. Ford methods cut time of changing engines on test from four hours to 30 minutes!

ALL OUR ABILITY, SKILL, EFFORT AND RESOURCES ARE PLEDGED TO VICTORY

So you think your home is cold—



"The trip in and out of bed explained why so many boys of my time developed into sprinters . . ."

by H. I. Phillips

"DON'T GO INTO THE PARLOR! You'll catch your death of cold!" . . . How that warning comes back to me today as America is in the midst of its first winter of heating problems in years! How the fuel crisis brings back boyhood memories of the days when house heating was more than a wrist motion!

Nobody, I take it, clings to the idea of getting plenty of heat this winter by the simple process of pounding on an apartment radiator, flicking a wall gadget, or suing the plumber.

America, the land of the free and the home of the automatic controls, faces a winter of house heating like Father used to know. And I don't think it is going to do us any harm. This country has become the most overheated country on earth. We have been confusing house heating with Turkish-bath operating.

But it was not ever thus. No, indeed.

I must have been fifteen years old before I was convinced that winter wasn't meant to be about the same indoors as outdoors, and I was older than that before I dreamed that there were really upper-setters who didn't have to dress in clusters around the kitchen range to keep from icing up.

Yet mine was no life of hardship. My experience was just run-of-the-mill stuff. I lived in no igloo in the Eskimo country. My home was an average New England one in which we thought we were enjoying most of the comforts procurable without black magic.

THE home I remember best was a fairly big house of about nine rooms, including an attic one and a basement kitchen with adjoining dining-room below the main level. Our heating system was a three-part affair:

1. *A parlor stove on the first floor.*
2. *A kitchen range in the basement.*
3. *A kerosene heater for use in pinches.*

Ah, that parlor stove! What a warm place in my heart it has! It was put up each fall in the living-room, and with its installation there was the traditional routine of closing the sliding doors, thus cutting off the parlor for the entire winter, likewise the bedroom doors. A bedroom door might be opened ever so slightly in case of sickness, but only then. And opening the parlor doors presaged a polar dash to be made only after special deliberation and formal permission.

You could have kept meat in our parlor. In fact, at times we did.

It was strictly a six-months-only part of the house. It held all the best furnishings, mementos, books, and objects of art, not to mention the upright piano, Pop's violin, and the red plush album.

Nobody ever entered it except in emergencies between October 1 and April Fools' Day, except by stealth. I remember Major, our dog, got into it by mistake one Thanksgiving season and was rescued in the last stage of pneumonia. And he was a Newfoundland, at that.

Now and then there would be some occasion to get a book from the parlor. Mother would throw a shawl and maybe a fur-piece around her before going in after it. And before she would let the children handle it she would warm it over the stove. This was no act of overcaution. Anything transported from that parlor was strictly a threat in the winter season.

AS FOR the bedrooms, they were only a degree or two warmer than the parlor, due to the fact that the doors were sometimes left a little ajar by mistake or poor door-fitting. A few inches of snow on a bedroom floor never bothered anybody. I remember I got to like it. Of course, nightclothes were heavier in those days and were not, in fact, far different from the modern raccoon coat.

The trip in and out of a bed in my boyhood was a study in swift movement. It must have explained why so many boys of my time developed into sprinters and all-round athletes.

And dressing was no lazy routine.

We grabbed up our duds and took it on the lam for the basement kitchen, where we dressed around the kitchen range, while Mother cooked the griddle cakes, with maximum interference.

There never was any heat quite like that from the old kitchen range. It was an old-timer even then, but its designers and builders must have been kindly, considerate souls. They did not make a stove merely for cooking; they made it for comfort, for family morale, for the promotion of good will and the development of faith in the American stove manufacturer.

Even after a fire had been out for half the night, this old-timer gave out more heat than some modern furnaces do, going at full tilt.

It looked warm. It suggested heat. It was a symbol of friendship, rescue, protection, and succor.

And what a self-reliant thing it was!

No intricate wiring, no invisible coils, no buttons, dials, or levers. Just some old newspapers, kindling wood, and coal.

The parlor stove was no slouch, either.

Here the designers had gone in for the artistic note. There was considerable fancy work and nickel trimming around it, and on top there was a figure of Minerva or somebody. The door had isinglass in it. Generally it took about ten feet of stovepipe to connect the stove with the chimney. Every home carried a spare section of this.

To keep the parlor stove going I had to fetch up hods of coal as required, and in those days every lump of coal did double duty. It was the custom to sift the ashes, reclaiming anything not reduced to a fine powder, and throwing it into the fire again. The best people did it. Every back yard had an ash bin. Ash sifters were "must" equipment in every home.

Every lump of coal was good for at least one round trip between stove and coalbin, and I must have been better than a fair hand at ash sifting. There were no complaints, anyhow.

Keeping the home fires burning was no soft touch. It was a course in muscle building, and nothing that could be attended to by reaching out of bed and throwing a switch. And I don't remember any squawking. Nobody seemed to suffer. When it got extra cold, Mother left one or two faucets open so the water would drip through the night, thus preventing them from freezing. In case a pipe did freeze, we used to soak a rag in hot water and wrap it around the pipe where we thought it would do the most good.

THE plumber and plumber's helper were called in only in case of flood or fire.

Hot water through faucets?

Don't be silly. If we got hot water at all, we got it from a kettle on the old iron stove.

We took our winter comforts the hard way and liked it.

Or am I just being mellow?

I'll know better after this winter is over. For I am closing off our parlor and bedrooms and I have installed a big, pot-bellied stove in the living-room.

And I am looking for an ash sifter. War is war and Secretary Ickes is still talking.

Victory and 1943

(*Continued from page* 29)

effective, nor can they continue to be effective, without the enthusiastic co-operation of each American citizen. It can be a matter of pride for each of us that hysteria and gossip are being held to a minimum, and that we have had no duplications of the unruly vigilante bands which obstructed the processes of law enforcement during World War I. This time, we have avoided many disastrous persecutions and have given each citizen maximum protection.

Yet we cannot rest upon our record in the year to come. Alertness must be increased. More German saboteurs are apt to land on our shores. We must believe—indeed, there is ample evidence to believe—that the Axis will redouble its efforts to cripple us at home by every trick and resource.

Nor must we lessen our vigilance in the routine channels of crime. Steps must be taken immediately to check the alarming increase in juvenile delinquency. Current records reveal that age 18 predominates in the frequency of arrests, with ages 19 and 21 following closely. Corrective measures must be taken by law enforcement, but the intelligent aid of parents must be enlisted if we are to prevent another era of lawlessness such as swept the nation two decades ago.

While our military services carry the war to our enemies all around the world, we must be no less vigorous in our war against enemies within. Upon us rests the triple responsibility of guarding our industries, maintaining the peace, and preserving our country against the day when our fighting men come home.

It is an obligation we must assume militantly, and a duty in which we must not fail.

★BOMBERS AND FIGHTERS—

By Lieutenant General Henry H. Arnold
Commanding General, Army Air Forces

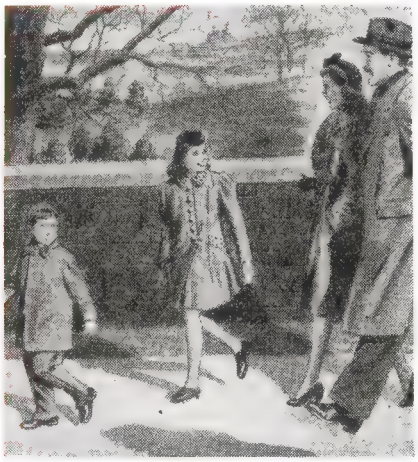
IN LESS than a year the Army Air Forces has doubled—and *redoubled*—its total personnel. Aircraft production has leaped from a few hundred a month to over 4,000 a month. We have put our men and planes into effective combat all over the world. Yet, we expect to surpass these attainments by substantial margins before another year goes by.

A year of war has proved what many of us firmly believed—that we must have tough fighters, well trained and well equipped, to win *decisive* actions in the air. We must move fast, strike hard. Just how *hard* was proved recently in the Pacific.

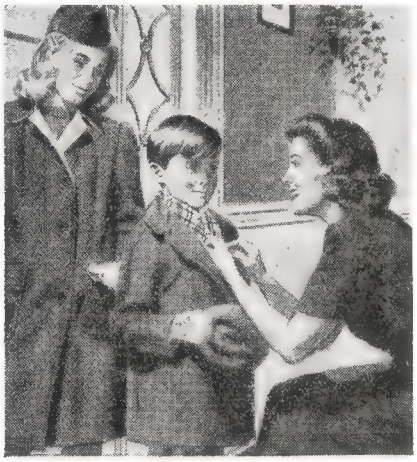
Lieut. A. T. House, Jr., was flying a "Kittyhawk" fighter off Horn Island, Australia. Flying at 19,000 feet, he and his fellows saw Jap bombers below them, protected by Zeros at 12,000 feet. The Americans circled to get in the sun and roared down to the attack. Lieut. House blasted the left wing off one Zero and riddled the nose of another. Then he saw a fighter on the tail of his Flight Leader, who had just shot down *his* Jap. His ammunition was expended, but House raced toward the pursuing Zero, so that his right wing crashed into the Jap plane's fuselage. The Zero went out of control, spun earthward in flames.

Naturally, Lieut. House's damaged plane

Three sensible ways to avoid Pneumonia



1. Keep fit! Most adults require eight hours of sleep daily, children considerably more. Regular exercise, outdoors whenever possible, is important and so is relaxing recreation. Above all, a well-balanced diet, including plenty of vegetables, fruits and milk, will help you.



2. Avoid chilling! Dress warmly during the "pneumonia months," early winter to late spring. Lower home temperatures this winter may require warmer dress indoors. Chilling is especially risky when you are over-tired. Change wet clothing and shoes as soon as possible. A chill followed by fever is one of the early signs of pneumonia.

3. Watch that cold! Respiratory infections often pave the way for pneumonia. It is best to take seriously even a common cold. Early signs of pneumonia are coughing, accompanied by pain in the side or chest . . . thick, rust-colored sputum . . . rapid breathing. If a cold is very severe or lingers on, be particularly careful. The wisest precautions are: *Go to bed . . . call the doctor!*

THE AMAZING REDUCTION in the death rate from pneumonia in the last few years is due largely to the use of the new sulfa compounds.

The greatest service you can perform for one who develops signs of pneumonia is to call the doctor immediately. The doctor (and no one but the doctor) should be given the earliest opportunity of using the powerful sulfa drugs. In most types of pneumonia his chances are excellent of both hastening recovery and of preventing serious, perhaps fatal, consequences.

Metropolitan will send you upon request a free pamphlet, 13-A, "Respiratory Diseases," containing valuable information about pneumonia.

Red Cross Home Nursing Courses. Red Cross Chapters are offering women practical instruction in Home Nursing. Learning to nurse the sick in your own home and to keep your family well is a patriotic service, which will release more medical and nursing aid for the armed forces. Apply direct to your Red Cross Chapter.

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Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD — *Leroy A. Lincoln*, PRESIDENT

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then began turning cartwheels and performing other inexplicable maneuvers. Yet, although two feet of his right wing were gone and the right aileron did not work, his plane kept flying. Dodging in and out of clouds, House evaded a dozen Jap fighters, and reached his home airfield. But when he came in to land, his plane suddenly rolled over. He pulled up to try again. The second time, the same thing happened—but he came in the third time and landed safely.

This flier was one of those young Americans Hitler once called "soft!"

Lieut. House's success, of course, was due in part to the fact that he was well equipped. Into his plane went the labor of thousands of men and women workers. Into it went the accumulated skill of American aviation engineers, who have given the world such inventions as the turbosupercharger, equipment for stratosphere flying, dive-bombing, parachute troops—and *we have only just begun.*

Lieut. House was also superbly trained. So are our bombardiers, navigators, and gunners.

But Lieut. House was just one member of a team, which includes all of us. To keep one man in the sky requires at least ten technicians on the ground. To supply one plane with guns, gasoline, food, and other supplies, requires hundreds of military men, and thousands of workers at home. This is truly a people's war—a war to survive or perish. And the people want to know how the war—on the ground, on the sea, and in the air—is progressing.

How far are we on the road to aerial superiority, the first step to victory?

American strategy is geared to ATTACK, and we are attacking now. Today, I am glad to report that in the Far East and Europe, every 24 hours, thousands of tons of bombs are being dropped, in daylight raids, on Axis factories, arsenals, and war installations. Our bombers are shooting enemy fighters down. We are accomplishing precision bombing that no other nation can approach in accuracy or destructiveness. We have real precision teamwork in our combat crews.

Our air war problem, at the start, differed from Great Britain's. Our major foe was a long way off. Our planes had to fight from the tropics to the poles. We had to have different types of planes to do different types of jobs. They had to be tough and versatile. And their ground crews had to be able to make their repairs on the spot.

That's exactly what they're doing today.

Not long ago, a British squadron leader told me about one of his planes which had been forced down in Africa. The trouble was a faulty gadget on the starter coil. An American in the area named McKinney scratched his head, rolled up his sleeves, and made a brand-new one—out of sardine cans! The plane flew away, escaping the seasonal rains which would have bogged it down for months, and possibly made it Nazi prey.

Our engineers designed the Curtiss P-40 fighter (the latest improved model is the P-40F, or Warhawk) to take off from improvised airfields, in arctic cold, desert dust, or tropic heat. It had to be tough enough to "take it" as well as "dish it out." This is precisely what it has proved able to do in Australia and the North African desert. The Flying Tigers used P-40's with historic success in China.

In contrast, Britain developed such interceptors as the fast-climbing, highly maneuverable Spitfire for the defense of their metropolis, London. It uses well-developed airfields, and carries a light gasoline load, because its flights are of shorter range. The Spitfire is excellent for intercepting Nazis, just as the British find our A-20's, or "Bostons," excellent for channel fighting. It's true American pilots fly some Spitfires in England, but that's because England has plenty of them at home, and our planes are busy in Australia, India, New Guinea, China, Alaska, Egypt, Iceland, and elsewhere.

For some months we have been bombing Germany. The vital task of protecting our bombers on their trip is another specialized job. Such fighters must have very heavy fire power and extra range. We have such ships, in quantity, in the P-40F, the P-38, and the P-39. Our Russian allies regard our P-39, or Airacobra, with its heavy fire power (one 37-mm. cannon and six machine guns) as the best plane yet for the war being fought on the Russian front.

High-altitude fighters do their specific job well, but alone they cannot control the skies. We have a good high-altitude fighter in the Lockheed Lightning, or P-38, with its distinguishing twin fuselage. I am told that a woman airplane spotter once described it to her superior as looking like "two airplanes with their arms around each other." Seriously speaking, the P-38 has great fire power, climbs as fast or faster, flies as high or higher, and maneuvers as well as the Spitfire. This deadly fighter is now operating in the Aleutians, in England, and on other fronts.

Our new P-47, or Republic Thunderbolt, with 2,000 horsepower, has more fire power than Germany's latest and best fighter, the Focke-Wulf 190. We believe it will surpass anything the Germans are developing today for substratosphere war. It is the fastest plane ever developed by any nation.

So much for our fighters; what about our bombers?

We developed the A-20, a light, low-level attack bomber, early in the game, because we got more destruction with it than we did with the dive-bomber. The British, who call the A-20 the "Boston," use it as a night fighter as well as light bomber. When they blast an enemy objective, they say they have "Bostonized it."

Our B-25 medium bombers made the *first* of many future raids on Tokyo. Our fliers often refer to it as "Doolittle-ville." Our B-26 has served as both a medium bomber and a torpedo bomber.

The heavy bomber B-17, or Flying Fortress, has proved its destructiveness in the European and Australian areas. So has the B-24, or Liberator. Converted, these planes make excellent transports. In October I flew in a B-24 from Brisbane, Australia, to Washington, D. C., via a most circuitous route, in 63 hours and 10 minutes—very fast time.

Let us judge our air success by the *whole* record. What is the box score?

From February 1 to October 3, 1942, the Army Air Forces destroyed 315 enemy planes in aerial combat. We have probably destroyed 146 others. In the same period, we have lost 116 of our planes.

We are destroying them, *three* to *one*.

Our fliers are the best in the world, on the basis of what they have already accomplished. Often, they are still outnumbered, and they have to fight in our enemy's own "back yard." They will do even better, as more planes are available. But let us not make the fatal mistake of underestimating the ability of our enemies! They will make us pay in blood all the way.

I wish readers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE could see our improved and totally new planes in our best laboratories and in actual flight. They are for tomorrow's warfare, for 1943 and 1944. These planes surpass those now flying, in speed, climbing speed, range, bomb load, and fire power. We cannot talk about them in detail, but here are some new developments.

1. The Army Air Forces has a huge glider program in operation. Modern armies must use glider-borne troops, parachutists, and airborne infantry by the tens of thousands.

2. Many of our newest planes and gliders are made of plastics or plywood, to save strategic materials.

3. The co-axial propeller provides increased speeds at high altitude. A gear system permits two propellers to rotate in opposite directions on a single shaft. You will hear more of it.

4. Improved superchargers enable existing planes to fly several thousand feet higher than previously expected.

5. Advances in aerial photography will make our bombing even better.

6. We are building larger and longer-range transports. We are now operating an intercontinental transportation system of flying boxcars dwarfing anything heretofore in existence. We are flying men, guns, supplies all over the world.

7. In the pursuit class, we already have the P-51, or Mustang, in Europe, a medium-altitude fighter which is heavier-gunned and faster up to 20,000 feet than any other plane now in existence. I cannot discuss other superfighters which will be built in 1943 and 1944. But we will have them, in quantity.

8. New developments are increasing accuracy in aerial gunnery as well as increasing fire power.

9. Today's bombers, effective as they are, are but forerunners of new superbombers with unprecedented fire power, range, and bomb loadings. Many will be for high-altitude or stratosphere flying.

10. The precision bombing of the AAF is accurate, not only from high altitudes, but from all altitudes. With an increase in bomb loadings and heavier bombs of the blockbuster types, we can expect to pulverize enemy factories, arsenals, railyards, and power plants. Each of our new warships of the sky will carry enough destruction to demolish up to five solid blocks of Berlin or Tokyo. But, again, let us not underestimate the endurance and fighting ability of our enemies!

During coming months these developments will appear on the war fronts. So will many others, still secret. Those of us who had confidence in American inventive and engineering skill today are seeing that confidence fulfilled. We are using our resources. The skill and labor of free Americans will enable us to continue to outfly and outfight any plane that Hitler and his slaves can put into the air.

We are on the road to aerial supremacy.

It is a road filled with costly successes and bitter defeats. But it is the road that leads to undisputed control of the air—and the ultimate defeat of our enemies.

★FLEET—By Admiral Ernest J. King Commander in Chief, U. S. Fleet, and Chief of Naval Operations

AS I remarked not long ago, the tremendous importance of sea power to the United States has never been so thoroughly comprehended by so many people as it is today. The answer is not far to seek. The current war has been an object lesson. Situated as we are, our maritime defenses have been under continuous discussion and revision for many years, but it was not until the summer of 1940 that it became

apparent that we needed a navy of sufficient size to carry on a global war.

Everyone realizes, I think, that our naval strength projected two years ago is not yet anywhere near its peak, and that the tremendous effort which has been made to construct planes and ships and train men to fight them has not yet been translated, in any great degree, to our fighting fronts. Naturally, we are all impatient to bring this additional power to bear on the enemy.

At the moment, in addition to the activities on our fighting fronts, we are dealing with the problems incident to our rapid expansion. Our basic training programs, which are comprehensive, are well in hand and we are experiencing no recruiting difficulties. Our building program has been regulated to fit our most pressing needs, and has, in general, been accelerated. Our repair yards have done well, and bid fair to do even better by virtue of the experience they have already had.

It remains to co-ordinate these efforts into an overwhelming winning combination. The statement is not original with me, but the best way to learn to fight a war is to fight one, and it follows that we must make the most of the experience of those men who are now trained veterans. Obviously, we are not at top fighting efficiency unless our men have that all-important "know-how."

With specific reference to the fighting fronts, the results speak for themselves. In my judgment—which I hope is concurred in—our naval forces have given an excellent account of themselves. Those who have seen action have measured up to our expectations, and those who have not seen action have exhibited a devotion to duty that bespeaks their caliber. I am not worried about the quality of our personnel, commissioned or enlisted. The former, I am sure, are free from stereotyped conceptions of warfare, and I consider them resourceful and competent. They will not hesitate to take a well-calculated risk. The latter are highly intelligent American men who have never been found wanting as fighters. This is another kind of winning combination.

We could not, of course, do our part in this war without the support of the country as a whole. It is not my province to discuss the ways and means of providing that support, but I will say this:

If we are given the sea power—and that includes air power—which the nation is capable of producing, you can count on the Navy to apply it to our enemies where and when it will hurt them most.

We will win this war!

★MANPOWER—By Paul V. McNutt Chairman, War Manpower Commission

ONE notion still too prevalent in America on this first anniversary of Pearl Harbor is a smug assumption that our enemies will LOSE the war. On the contrary, we have to WIN it.

To win it we must speed up the conversion of our factories and our lives. This means every single one of us, down to the last man and the last woman. And it means teamwork.

The task of the War Manpower Commission is to implement teamwork by seeing to it that every man and woman is placed in the job he or she can do best. Before the end of 1943, the fortunes of 65,000,000 of us will be caught up in this tremendous effort.

Last December 6,900,000 people were, directly or indirectly, in war work.

This December, 17,500,000 people are, directly or indirectly, in war work.

And next December, 20,000,000 people—and probably more—must be, directly or indirectly, in war work.

Those are the figures, although they do not tell the whole story. In addition, several million men will be called to the armed services and thousands of others will drop out from natural causes. No less than 3,500,000, and quite likely as many as 5,000,000, *new workers* must be found during the coming year.

And today we are scraping the bottom of our manpower barrel.

There are no more expert tool- and die-makers.

There are no more first-class machinists.

There are no more lens grinders.

And in dozens of other vital crafts the supply is almost exhausted.

That is America's problem at home. It is *your* challenge.

We are solving the problem of skilled craftsmanship by a process called job simplification. Expert lens grinders, for example, are masters of 10 different mechanical arts. We have divided their work into 10 simplified operations which can be performed by partially skilled hands, using the lens grinders as supervisors. This works well. But it increases the need for new hands.

In 195 local labor markets, shortages of male workers now exist or are anticipated before the end of 1943. In 134 local labor markets, the number of male workers appears to be adequate. Why not, you ask, move the surplus manpower into the acute areas? That must be done. But this migration must be controlled, else hardships will certainly result. Voluntary, spontaneous in-migrations to some congested localities have already taxed housing and sanitation facilities far beyond their utmost limits. If you are asked to change your residence in 1943, you have a right to know that you and your family will find proper accommodations awaiting you.

But there are other types of manpower crises presenting more complex problems.

One of these is the labor pirate, the employer who raids other factories, offering higher wages and more overtime. Usually he neglects to mention that housing is unavailable in his district and that living costs are higher. Many workers, dazzled by his bright promises, have found themselves sadly duped. The antithesis of the labor pirate is the labor hoarder, the employer who pays his skilled men to work at secondary tasks, or even to remain idle against the day he may need them. Both the labor pirate and the labor hoarder are being dealt with.

Agriculture presents a tremendous problem. During 1943, at least 1,000,000 able-bodied men may leave the farms for military service or for war industry. While all of these workers may not have to be replaced on a year-round basis, all of them, and more, will have to be replaced at the seasonal peak. This is an opportunity for tens of thousands of independent farmers on marginal lands to leave their subsistence acres for the duration and work on commercial farms, producing foodstuffs for general consumption. Older folk and youngsters, particularly in small towns, must join the farm army. Women must help.

Women must help not only on the farms, but in the factories.

This first year of war has proved that women can perform more than four fifths of all war jobs.

This December, 4,000,000 women are in war industry.

Next December, 6,000,000 women must be in war industry.

Our great untapped reservoir of power in America is womanpower. And we have learned that they are eager to answer the call.

Detroit is one of the 195 industrial centers suffering from a shortage of hands. At least 100,000 new workers are needed there as this is written. But Detroit cannot accommodate another 100,000 people; it has no place to put them. Obviously, then, these new workers had to be found right at home. There was an unspoken prejudice in many Detroit factories against employing women. Nevertheless, we recently made a post-card canvass of Detroit women, asking whether they would be willing to work in war plants. The affirmative response was overwhelming. Today, the United States Employment Service is infiltrating the factories with women, and employers are finding them intelligent and capable.

All prejudices must be broken down, not only against women but against trivial handicaps, youth, age. In Baltimore we had a prejudice against hiring Negroes. Baltimore had imported 70,000 workers from other areas, cramming its housing accommodations, but it needed 56,000 more. We sat down with Baltimore's leaders of management and labor and pointed out that the situation could be materially relieved by hiring Negroes. It was tried, and it worked. Baltimore has become a demonstration center for the nation.

These random examples are not exact patterns, but they are guides.

The points are these:

If you are an employer, utilize your manpower and your reserves as you would if you were a military leader directing a battle.

If you are a worker, insist upon the privilege of giving your best ability at your top skill.

If you are a white-collar man in a nonessential or less essential business, begin NOW to fit yourself for war work.

If you are not employed, but consider yourself employable, go immediately to the United States Employment Service nearest your home and ask what you can do to help.

Nothing less is going to win this war.

It is up to *you*.

★SELECTIVE SERVICE—By Brigadier General Lewis B. Hershey Director of Selective Service

TODAY, one year into the war, it is high time we did some straight thinking concerning our obligations and privileges under the Selective Service Act.

We are facing a crucial year, a year in which all the restrictions of our lives are going to be tightened. It is high time each American rooted out selfish interests and personal considerations.

We are building the most powerful army the world has ever seen. Let me assure you it will be large enough and strong enough to win this war.

It must be a force with a wide variety of skills, experiences, and capabilities, encompassing a broad range of ages, educations, and talents.

For that good reason, every man of military age who is physically, mentally, and morally acceptable must consider himself a potential soldier, liable for induction into the armed services.

Standards of deferment have changed since the first day of the war, and they will doubtless change again as necessity arises.

It should be clearly understood that deferment under Selective Service means a *temporary* respite from military service. It does not mean exemption from military service. Any

registrant in a deferred classification may be called for service at any time.

Every eligible man, regardless of the nature of his work or the nature or number of his dependents, will be called if and when the Nation needs him to bear arms.

No man is expected, meanwhile, to abdicate responsibility to his dependents nor to shirk his civilian duties. Each man will be called as he is needed; neither before nor after. The regulations are specific. They represent careful thought. They are fair.

But neither can any man—nor any individual—expect to evade his responsibility to the Nation.

As an American, then, your course is clear and definite.

This is not a war between armies alone. It is a war between whole populations. It is aptly called a people's war. That means it is everybody's war. It is *your* war.

Whether you are old or young, man or woman, you have definite obligations to your fellow Americans and definite privileges as a citizen.

Fulfill them wisely, for this is the test of true democracy.

It is at once your challenge, your duty, and your opportunity.

FOOD—By Claude R. Wickard Secretary of Agriculture

DURING our first year of war, American farmers turned loose a flood of production never approached before. Still they did not produce as much food as we could have used. In 1943, farmers will have to perform a still greater production miracle if we are to meet growing wartime requirements.

I do not mean that there is much likelihood of anything approaching famine in this country. I do mean that our army and navy need so much food, and our allies need so much, and civilian families here at home need so much, that there is a real question whether farmers and the food industry will be able to fill all of those needs completely.

If we employ all of our production resources to the limit, and use existing supplies wisely, we have a chance to keep our own troops the best fed in the world, send our allies enough to keep up their strength, and provide nourishing meals for families here at home.

But I see no prospect that American civilians can continue to buy as much of certain foods as they are willing and able to purchase.

The war not only is increasing the total demand for our farm products, it is bringing huge increases in the demand for concentrated products that our overseas troops and our allies need most—tinned and cured meats, dried milk, dried eggs, and the like. This creates a special drain on several kinds of food which are staples here at home.

Farming can't be speeded beyond the slow turn of the seasons and the life cycle of domestic animals. So conversion to a war basis takes time. Since farmers usually plan a year or more in advance, the 1942 farm production record would not have been possible if farmers had started from scratch when the Japanese made their sneak attack on Pearl Harbor.

Fortunately, long before December 7, 1941, the work of gearing agriculture to war had already begun, at the same time that we were increasing the strength of our army and stepping up industrial war production.

So, when the Japs made their treacherous attack, American farmers were well on the way to a war footing. They moved ahead from there. We considered additional wartime requirements, and then consulted with farmers and officials to find out the greatest production farmers could possibly achieve. Then we set new production goals, calling for sharp increases in many key products.

The greatest increases were in the vegetable oil crops, for Japan's conquests in the Far East suddenly cut off our imports of about a billion pounds of oils a year. To make up for this loss of coconut, palm, and tung oils from halfway around the world, we turned to domestic products, aiming at increases of over 150 per cent in peanuts, over 50 per cent in soybeans, and over 30 per cent in flaxseed.

The new production goals called for other increases in milk, eggs, and hogs, to name only three examples.

As farmers settled down to work last spring they were aiming at much the greatest production in all our agricultural history, and facing a formidable set of obstacles. Much new farm machinery was hard to get; the steel and other critical materials were needed for munitions. It was practically impossible to obtain new trucks, cars, or tires. Many fertilizers, insecticides, and other essential materials were harder to get. Most important, farm labor grew scarcer as the season progressed.

But by October it was clear that farmers had come through. They not only turned out a record total production, but they made the greatest increases in the products which were needed most. They fell somewhat short of a few individual goals, but for other products they surpassed the goals.

Production of all crops was more than 12 per cent ahead of the previous all-time record of 1937. Slaughterings of hogs and cattle set new records. Peanut production was about double 1941's production. Production of another oil crop, soybeans, also was practically doubled. Farmers met their goal for flaxseed.

Three factors were behind this almost unbelievable accomplishment. One was careful planning and co-operation with the Government and with one another to reach wartime goals. The second was sheer hard work. Farmers worked from dawn till after sundown, seven days a week, and often their wives and daughters worked in the fields with them. The third factor was the weather, which was favorable in nearly every county. Crop yields were the greatest in our history.

Through the crop season the wartime requirements for American food steadily increased. Our army passed the 4,000,000 mark and kept growing. The other armed services kept growing, too. This created great new demands for food. Not only does a U. S. fighting man eat about a quarter again as much as he does in civilian life, but large reserves of food must be built up. Also, food requirements of our allies increased beyond all expectations.

By the 1st of October about 7,000,000,000 pounds of lend-lease farm products had been laid down at the dockside here for use by the United Nations. The trend in those shipments is steadily upward, and when more shipping is available the advance will be accelerated still further.

Domestic demands for food also increased greatly during 1942. As the nation got into its wartime stride more people found jobs, and nearly everyone worked harder and longer. Millions of people needed more food. At the same time, with more money in their pockets, families were in a position to buy much more. The 1942 production provided the food that domestic consumers *needed*, but, in some particular lines, not all they *wanted*.

Altogether, food production during the first year of the war was enough to supply our armed forces and help feed our allies without causing more than minor inconveniences to most American housewives. In 1943, the effects of the world-wide Battle of Food will be felt more keenly.

The greatest uncertainty is farm production, and shortage of manpower is the chief concern.

Farm operators and their sons, as well as hired workers, have left in large numbers for the Army, Navy, or war industries. Many skilled managers will not be on the land in 1943.

In 1943 we must make the best possible use of manpower available for farming. I know of no panacea. We must act vigorously, in every way practicable, to keep enough skilled managers on essential farms, to transport migrant farm workers, to train boys and girls, women, and city people to do farm work.

We must help some of the 2,000,000 farm families now on crowded, unproductive land to work good farmland which otherwise might lie idle. Last October the War Manpower Commission acted to relieve the most critical phase of the problem by stabilizing employment on dairy, livestock, and poultry farms. The program included instruction by Selective Service to its local boards to grant occupational deferment to men doing necessary work on these farms.

By using all of these methods we may be able to partially squeeze through the farm labor bottleneck. If we can do this, I believe we can also get around most of the obstacles of scarcer machinery, materials, and transportation. However, I do not want to sound too optimistic. Requirements for food will be even greater in 1943, and the growing handicaps may prevent farmers from bettering, or even equaling, the 1942 record. Also, the weather is unpredictable.

All that farmers can do is put all of their land and effort into products which are absolutely essential, and work them hardest.

Luxury food products, with little real diet value, are out for the duration.

As for the necessary foods, we must use our supplies most carefully.

Unless we civilians conserve the food supplies we have now, we may come to a time when we shall have to choose between mighty short rations for ourselves or allowing our allies or even our own troops to go without food they need.

Getting the conservation job done calls for the best efforts of American housewives, as well as of the people who produce, process, and distribute food. Careful family buying and planning of meals will make our available supplies go a lot farther.

The whole food outlook for 1943 can be summed up in one sentence: Barring any great disaster of weather, we have a chance of meeting all essential requirements for American food only if we concentrate on the products which are needed vitally and if we make only the wisest use of present food supplies.

HOME DEFENSE—By James M. Landis Director, Office of Civilian Defense

EACH day, sacks of letters are delivered to our offices at Washington. Many are from school-age youngsters, many are from persons not fitted for any sort of military service, and many more are from men and women past what used to be considered the age of usefulness. The tenor of these letters never varies:

"What can I do to help win the war?"

There is an answer to that question applicable to each individual American; for in

AMERICA *Makes the Best* OF EVERYTHING!

OUR GIFT TO FREE PEOPLES everywhere is a high spirit of sacrifice, the morale that will achieve victory.

Many a *Schenley* man has left us to do his share in the war effort; *Schenley's* distilleries are now on a war footing—turning out vast quantities of war alcohol now needed by the nation.

The *Schenley Royal Reserve* you enjoy today is drawn from our reserves—the largest in the U.S.A.—made and laid down in years gone by, and skillfully blended with finest grain neutral spirits for perfect mildness.

As in every crisis, America makes the best of everything. That is the "Spirit of '43"—and America's spirit until victory is finally achieved.

SCHENLEY ROYAL RESERVE, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 Proof.

SCHENLEY

SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION, N. Y. C.

wartime there is an important task for every willing hand.

Fitting the hands to the jobs to be done, so that there may be a minimum of duplication and confusion and a maximum of efficient results, is the broad function of the Office of Civilian Defense.

Before Pearl Harbor, there were not quite 2,000 local civilian defense groups in scattered communities. A few were excellent, some were fair, but most were supported halfheartedly by a few citizens who regarded them as pet projects of local leaders, who, in many cases, were considered alarmists.

Pearl Harbor, of course, had an electric effect. A great clamor of voices arose as citizens demanded an opportunity to do something—anything. In government, too, there was a Babel, an indescribable confusion, caused principally by a lack of all but the bare bones of an organization for utilizing the services of civilian volunteers.

In one year, orderliness has been substituted for chaos. I wonder whether American history records the growth of any more interesting phenomenon than the local defense council. More than 10,000 of these councils have come into being, and no community of any size in the United States is without one. Such a growth is not accident. Nor is it the product of supersalesmanship. It must be attributed to true need and to American spirit.

As the number of local councils has grown, so has the number of individuals enrolled for civilian defense. At the time of Pearl Harbor there were less than 2,000,000; today there are more than 10,000,000, and each individual in that vast army is learning more and more what he must do in an emergency.

Ringing the seacoasts of the United States is a fabulous watchtower system, perhaps one of the most remarkable volunteer organizations the world has ever seen.

An airplane, even the hum of an unseen motor in the sky or the sight of something suspicious on the sea, is reported instantly to control centers which, operating in conjunction with military units, are able to identify the object as friend or foe.

Out of each control center, likewise, radiates a system of warnings which can instantly apprise the populace of impending danger and bring into action regimented, well-drilled teams of workers. Nightly blackouts in hundreds of communities demonstrate the competency of these volunteers, and the regular dimouts are tributes to their alertness.

Occasionally, they cope with real emergencies. It was an auxiliary fireman who was first on the scene of a recent disastrous train wreck, and his intelligent work saved several lives. Auxiliary policemen prevented looting and rescued injured in a recent tornado. In several fishing towns, civilian defense groups have helped torpedoed sailors from the ocean and given them medical care, food, and shelter. The potential value of such groups in the event of attack would be difficult to overestimate.

These are the more spectacular aspects of civilian defense, and their expansion in the year to come will be less important than their perfection. They are services for the hardy, but there are countless other tasks which anyone can perform, tasks no less important because they are less glamorous. Each of the 52,000,000 Americans who live in so-called "target areas," for example, should intelligently prepare to protect their homes. Conservation, which means getting along with less and taking good care of what we have, is another opportunity for civilian defense. Salvage is still another.

War budgeting is not only a civilian duty, but an opportunity. Taxes alone will not pay for the war; investing in war bonds and stamps will help make up the deficit, and at the same time build up your bank roll. Keeping healthy is a wartime obligation that also pays comfortable dividends. Learning the truth by seeking out and carefully studying official statements and reports released by the Government to newspapers, magazines, and over the radio so that you will not become an unwitting carrier of enemy propaganda, is another pleasant duty.

Perhaps these seem like little things. Let me assure you that they are very big things, indeed.

Men and women in industry and trades are needed by their local civilian defense councils. Experienced gardeners can supervise victory gardens; carpenters, plumbers, electricians, and painters can assist less skilled citizens in small repairs; machinists and mechanics can teach their crafts to volunteer fire and ambulance crews. Whether you are an accountant, stenographer, clerk, domestic, beauty parlor operator, waiter, canvasser; whether you are a teacher, clergyman, doctor, lawyer, librarian, musician, architect, or artist, or whether you are a housewife, a schoolboy, or a schoolgirl, your local defense council needs you.

If you live in a city, you can perform a most important function by becoming a block leader or by welcoming, listening to, and following your block leader. He, or more frequently she, is the direct emissary of your government bringing a personal call for action to you and the neighbors in your block or neighborhood. Block leaders are needed especially in cities of 10,000 or more, but they can be useful in any community. I think that civilian defense might well exist without the higher echelons of command or suggestion, represented by state or federal headquarters, but it is powerless without local groups.

For, after all, it is ordinary men and women who will ultimately win or lose this war—men, women, and children who are willing to sweat and save and sacrifice, and ask only the opportunity to do so. They, as well as anyone, know that co-operative, co-ordinated effort in the community itself is the factor which will bring victory at home and abroad.

★ OIL—By Harold L. Ickes Secretary of the Interior

TWENTY-FOUR hours after those first murders in Hawaii, I saw the American oil industry go to war.

Twelve months later, I can look back over the all but incredible achievements of that industry, and—even if I consider no other aspect of the American scene—I can see unmistakably the ever-rising framework of an epic victory.

Oil has run a turbulent course since last December— Tanker sinkings . . . East Coast transportation shortage . . . shutdown wells in the Southwest . . . nation-wide rationing. As we enter another December, its future seems destined to be even more uncertain.

In the minds of 27,000,000 motorists, the paramount question is: "When do we get more gasoline?" The answer can be given by no man, for, even when the rubber problem has been overcome, there is no way of knowing what new complication of war may have risen.

In the minds of 2,500,000 families whose homes are heated with oil, the more immediate question is: "How much will we get this winter?" And this question, like the other, defies any definite answer, for it involves the unknown. How much can be done by railroad tank cars, already showing signs of deterioration under faster and more continuous movement than they were intended to sustain? How many tank ships will remain in commercial service—and how many of those will elude the submarines? How cold will the winter be? What will the weather—and possible wrecks and sabotage—do to transportation?

Much as I wish that I might give a definite—and an optimistic—answer, the unknown and the unforeseeable make this impossible.

But I can give a definite answer to another question: "How well has oil done its share to win the war?" The answer is that the industry has many times over earned itself a Distinguished Service Medal. As Petroleum Co-ordinator for War, I have seen that industry perform in a manner which should be an inspiration to every American and which will stand forever as a tribute to our democratic processes.

At enormous expense, it has completely rebuilt its transportation system in order to move overland and by inland waterways the oil which, in peacetime, moves by tanker.

It has increased its production of 100-octane aviation gasoline—a "must" for our fighting planes and bombers—to a point far beyond what anyone, a year ago, had believed possible.

It has produced the bunker oil that propels our ships, the high-octane gasoline and Diesel oil that run our tanks, the lubricants that keep these war machines operating smoothly, the industrial oil that fuels our war plants, the toluene for the TNT that has been blasting the enemy on three continents.

By getting along without materials here and finding substitutes there, the industry freed precious steel and chromium and copper and aluminum for the weapons of our fighting men.

It has made financial sacrifices running into many millions of dollars to make and move the oil products needed for the armed forces, for war industries, and for civilian needs.

It has submerged competitive considerations, shared its facilities, pooled its strength and its talents.

And, I must confess, with no little pride, it has done all of these things on a voluntary basis in co-operation with its Government, as represented by the Office of Petroleum Co-ordinator.

I think that its attitude and its performance are well epitomized on a little card prepared by a New York oil man, a member of our Petroleum Industry War Council. It says:

THE DIFFICULT
we do immediately.
THE IMPOSSIBLE
takes a little longer.

This is what Hitler calls "decadent democracy." If he doesn't mind, though, I'll place my faith in it.

★ SHIPS—By Rear Admiral Emory S. Land Chairman, U. S. Maritime Commission; War Shipping Administrator

AXIS treachery and stupidity sounded their own death knell over Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941.

The "Day that Will Live in Infamy" means to me—and, I believe, to all other Americans—the occasion of the most colossal psychological miscalculation in world history. It means, and will continue to mean on each succeeding anniversary, the grossest treachery ever perpetrated on civilized nations in general and the United States in particular.

Japanese war lords blundered—blundered

fatally. Their bombs were psychological duds. American morale was not shattered. No American felt fear.

The instantaneous wave of reaction that swept over the American people was unification. Isolationism evaporated as a thin fog before a hot sun—a hot sun of righteous indignation. No thought of appeasement lingered.

No other incident in all history ever crystallized a nation divided on policy into a thoroughly united nation as did that dastardly December 7 attack.

No mere individual can fully define with accuracy just what that day meant—what the anniversary means—to our republic, but we can visualize results.

Before December 7 we were full of mixed metaphors in our work, our ideas, our politics, our diplomacy, our preparations—in fact, we were a bit on the jittery side, divided here, united there, and mixed up in between.

December 7 converted a nonintegrated but deadly serious picture puzzle of many mismated pieces into an orderly assembly of pieces, some in place, some in proximity to place, and the rest immediately showing signs of being placed into a compact, united, and integrated picture.

What do we expect of ourselves in the year ahead? "Sweat, blood, and tears," said Winston Churchill. Work, sacrifice, and satisfaction in doing a job for civilization is another answer.

What do we expect in our war effort? Who is wise enough to predict or prophesy?

If we do our damnedest, 1943 should show up some cracks in the Axis armor; some great strain in the Jap line of communications and supply; some attrition that will cause a gnawing at the vitals of the enemy.

We have made telling strides toward the goals we seek in prosecution of this worldwide conflict, but we must go faster and farther. Recent developments indicate that the American people as well as their leaders are cognizant of that.

A famous Vice-President once said: "What this country needs most is a good five-cent cigar." In my judgment, what this country needs most right now is a balanced war program. This balance starts with raw materials and ends with manpower. In the center of this balance is transportation, which, in the final analysis in this global conflict, means ships and more ships.

We must take inventory of *all* of our resources including manpower, and balance the program of their full utilization. We are well on our way toward that end, but it is well to remember that the new 35-mile national speed limit applies only to our automobiles. We must have both balance and speed! They are not inconsistent!

Most Americans, I believe, agree with that and readily pledge to do whatever is necessary in the year—or years—ahead to give their all, themselves if need be, to the balanced, all-out war effort that will ensure victory and survival of our freedoms.

Each anniversary of the "Day that Will Live in Infamy" will find a unified and determined America fully rededicated to that pledge.

★TRANSPORTATION—

By Joseph B. Eastman
Director, Office of Defense Transportation

THE first year of the war has given our domestic transportation system tremendous tasks to perform, and has greatly increased the

20,000 TIRE MILES

Wasted Thru Carelessness

The trouble started with a small nail hole. Dirt, oil and water seeped into the hole, rotted the fabric—then . . . BANG . . . a good tire was GONE.

"DON'T LET IT HAPPEN TO *You*" SAYS . .

★ The tire you see pictured above would have been good for at least 20,000 additional miles . . . IF . . . the small nail hole had been repaired when it was small. But . . . the motorist was careless—he didn't have the small hole repaired—and a big blowout resulted, which so badly damaged the tire that it was impossible to safely repair it.

Bob Bowes
President and Founder of the Bowes "Seal Fast" Corporation, Pioneer in Safe Tire Repairs

LOOK FOR BOWES TIRE SAVING STATION SIGNS

★ The service stations that display these signs are tire repair experts . . . factory-trained. Take your tires to them, frequently, for careful inspection. Their equipment enables them to carefully examine your tires, inside and out, and discover and repair damaged places before it's too late. Frequent inspection and expert repairs with Bowes "Seal Fast" Tire Repair Materials will add from 25 to 50% to your tire mileage.

BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORPORATION • INDIANAPOLIS

difficulties of performance. The worst blow, of course, was the loss to our enemies of practically all of our sources of crude rubber. The next worst blow was the fact that the war ended all intercoastal service by water through the Panama Canal, and much of the coastwise service.

Although, in 1941, ton-miles of freight carried reached an all-time peak, in 1942 the roads carried about 30 per cent more ton-miles, and did it with about 30 per cent less freight cars and considerably less motive power than they had in 1929 at the end of the boom period. With less passenger equipment, also, than they had either in 1929 or at the time of World War I, they have been handling great and constantly increasing troop movements, and passenger traffic which is now averaging 57 per cent over last year. The record of the intercity bus lines has been even more striking in certain respects.

The gigantic production effort in which the country is now engaged and the creation of hundreds of new war production plants, many of them employing thousands of workers and located out in the open spaces, have vastly increased and complicated our local transport problems.

The limited supply of critical war materials has made it impracticable to expand transportation facilities materially. We must get along very largely with what we had when the war broke out.

Notwithstanding its tremendous task and the new difficulties of performance, our transportation system has, to date, done all that it has been called upon to do. The carriers and shippers of the country have co-operated splendidly. Of course, I believe, also, that the Office of Defense Transportation has done its share to help.

Whether this performance can be maintained, in the face of increasing traffic and troop movements, remains to be seen; but I am optimistic. A little slack remains to be taken up and operating efficiency can still be improved somewhat, and I also hope that it will be possible to allow the railroads a modest but substantial number of new locomotives and cars. The greatest danger lies in the contraction of the very extensive service now afforded by rubber-borne vehicles.

It is of enormous importance that our precious stock of rubber-borne vehicles and their tires be conserved. They must have the most scrupulous care, and all wasteful or nonessential operations must be eliminated. The people can help greatly if they will travel no more than necessary, travel light, and travel in the middle of the week instead of at the week ends whenever they can.

★ RUBBER—By William M. Jeffers
Rubber Director

IT IS my belief that the American nation is far better prepared to accept the hardships of war than some people are likely to think. We all know that we are going to have to make sacrifices, and I am positive that the American public is ready to make these sacrifices. I have unbounded faith in the American citizen—in the man on the street. He wants to get this war job over with just as quickly as possible.

The rubber situation is extremely serious. It is essential that the military must be provided with rubber first, and then we must provide rubber for essential defense and civilian needs. Every means of transportation in this country which has been expanded so skillfully in past years, particularly the truck and the bus, must be continued to its fullest to meet the necessities of our essential business life on rubber.

The outlook that the essential rubber needs of the nation will be attained I believe is good. An important part of this program depends upon the patriotic and willing support of the rules by the American people, and I am sure, in asking this support, that it will be given freely and wholeheartedly.

In establishing nation-wide gasoline rationing, the only quick, practical method of conserving rubber has been adopted. Gasoline rationing is only a means to an end, namely, the conservation of rubber. Limiting the speed of automobiles to 35 miles per hour is a similar means to an end. These methods are not guesses, but are the result of extensive research and represent the combined decision of those who had been entrusted with making the survey. Periodic inspection of tires is a third method of rubber conservation.

The purpose of this rubber conservation is to ensure the longest possible life for the tires now on automobiles. The object of the Idle Tire Purchase Plan is only to attain a better distribution of those tires which will enable us to keep present cars operating so long as the driving is limited to essential purposes. Essential driving means only the kind of driving that must be done. It does not mean a Sunday joy ride.

It is not necessary, in my judgment, to tell the American people what constitutes essential driving. I believe the major part of the American drivers know what is essential and that each

READY-TO-EAT WHOLE WHEAT
FOR RARIN'-TO-GO AMERICANS
BITE SIZE
Rich in Energy
Delicious Flavor
Shredded Ralston
BITE SIZE
WHOLE WHEAT
BISCUITS
DANDY FOR BREAKFAST . . . HANDY FOR SNACKS
Served with milk and fruit—fresh, frozen or canned—this nourishing cereal is sure to give breakfast appetites a thrill. But that's only half the story. Shredded Ralston is grand to eat right out of the box—like popcorn. Youngsters love it that way. And for delicious appetizers, try this: Recipe for Appetizers: Melt ½ cup butter in skillet. Add pkg. Shredded Ralston. Sprinkle with 1½ tsp. salt. Stir while heating—about 5 minutes. Serve as nuts. Use as croutons in soup.
GET YOUR WHOLE WHEAT EVERY DAY THE EASY SHREDDED RALSTON WAY

will aid in educating those who do not conform to the patriotic request which our Government has made.

In initiating these restrictions I have asked the American people to play the game on the level. I am convinced that the great majority will do just that.

★BRITISH FRONT—By Lord Halifax
British Ambassador to the United States

IN THE year that has elapsed since Pearl Harbor, some people on both sides of the Atlantic have fallen into a more or less complacent habit of thought concerning our ultimate prospects.

"Just give us time," they have thought, "and we shall come out on top."

Whatever justification there might have been for such an attitude a year ago, today, and in the year to come, such comfortable thinking contains grave danger. For it may be argued that in certain important respects, the situation of the United Nations is considerably less favourable than it was a year ago. If we rely too much upon time to help us, we may receive a very rude awakening.

The secondary phases of the war, and particularly the year just ending, have been in some respects a world-wide battle for materials, and that battle we have lost.

In this respect it is today the Axis powers, not we, who might claim that time is their ally. It is true that, so long as the United Nations retain a general control of sea communications, the Axis powers cannot pool their plunder as they would like to do, but with time—plus slave labour, of which they have an abundant supply—they can develop their newly won resources and turn them against us, at any rate in adjacent theaters of war.

If we think we can take things easily, therefore, we are going the right way to lose the war. If we want to win, all the peoples of the United Nations have got to work now as they have never worked before.

We have certain vital ingredients of victory on our side, and one of the greatest of these is a wealth of scientific intelligence.

The Germans were ahead of us in this field at the war's beginning, for, as Mirabeau said of Prussia, war was their national industry. But the Germans, by their crazy policy of racial discrimination, drove from their country some of their finest scientists whose brains they must sorely need today, and today most of those intellects are on our side.

It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of the chemist, the engineer, the inventor. They are the front-line troops in the battle of brains which may conceivably become the deciding engagement of the war. Thanks to them, we have better aircraft design than our enemies and we are getting better tanks and better guns. To them we owe the mysterious radio locators by which our antiaircraft guns and night fighters are enabled to find their targets. To them we owe the antidote to Hitler's vaunted "secret weapon," the magnetic mine. When I consider what our inventors have achieved and are achieving, I have no hesitation in listing scientific superiority high among our powerful resources.

Our second great ally is productive capacity, and here again our United Nations are supreme. Any words of mine would be inadequate to describe the breath-taking magnitude of your accomplishments in America.

In Britain, we are doing no less. Of a population of 33,000,000 between the ages of fourteen and sixty-five, 22,000,000 are working full time in industry, the armed forces, or civil defence. Despite all the handicaps of bombings and blackouts, we are getting big results.

With 100,000 fewer shipyards workers, we have built and repaired 30 per cent more shipping than in the corresponding period of the last war. Every British warship sunk or disabled has been replaced. With a population little more than half of Germany's, we were producing last spring as many planes a month as she was. We have tripled our output of tanks. In the past year we turned out four and a half times as many big guns as in the previous year, and we have doubled our output of small arms in the past six months.

Add to these figures the tremendous output, present and to come, of the United States, Russia, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, Mexico, all the nations of Central and South America, and our staunch comrades in the Far East, and there can be little doubt on which side of the ledger we should place productive capacity.

Our third great resource is no less real for being intangible. It is the *will* to win. When I think of that, I think of the grim events in Britain in the spring of 1940. We were alone. The whole coast of Europe was in German hands. Our Expeditionary Force faced annihilation. Our homes were being bombed. We were threatened with immediate invasion. By all the rules, the war was over. The Germans thought so. They put up triumphal arches and planned victory parades.

But somehow, it never occurred to the plain people of Britain that they were beaten. It never occurred to them to sue for peace. It never occurred to them that a handful of half-trained, half-equipped divisions might not be able to repel the magnificent German war machine. They just went on with their jobs. Thousands of quite ordinary men took hundreds of small pleasure boats across the Channel and brought back from Dunkirk the bulk of the Expeditionary Force. The bombs fell—and they went on working. Their homes were blasted to bits—and they made jokes about it. What can you do with people like that?

And then I think of the things I have seen here in America these past months. I think of Americans who, unlike the people of Britain, have not seen the havoc and slaughter of bombs on their homes, yet are going cheerfully about the business of war. I think of the endless hordes of smiling, high-spirited, fit young men in the training camps and on the battle fronts around the world. I think of the eager, deft millions of men in the factories and mines and mills, and of the women who work beside them. I think of the farmers on the limitless miles of plains and prairies. I think of all these, impelled by one consuming purpose—the will to win. Just as good will is an asset in a business, so the will to win must be entered as a credit in our ledger of war.

Sometimes, when I review the nine years and more in which the Axis busily prepared for war while we of the democracies sat idle, I think the wonder is not that they did so well in their opening campaigns, but that they did not do better. We have no reason to feel despondent, although certainly we have no cause for exuberance. We have had our reverses. It may be that in the coming months we shall have more.

What is needed today is that we should not wait for miracles, but rally all our strength now, for in a total war nothing less than all our strength is required for victory.

THE END★★

Lingerie Lady

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(*Continued from page* 47)

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that dame! She happens to be the hottest thing that has hit the big city—any big city—since Cleopatra opened in Cairo." Buzz went into details.

Chuck knew the lurid stories that had grown up around his mother. She had explained them. They just—happened. They had to be there, part of the professional background in which she worked. Worked hard. When they weren't there in reality, people invented them. But that day Chuck was not in the right frame of mind to listen to those stories.

He interrupted fiercely, "Listen, loudmouth! I got a right to my opinion! In my opinion, she's not that type! In my opinion, you're a gob of mule spit. See?"

"You can take that back." Buzz moved up.

The first time Chuck had fought about one of the pinned-up pictures, the cause had been so obscure as to be forgotten in the investigation. Also the next. This time, it was not.

He and Buzz went before Scoops for fighting, for smashing a table and two chairs, for breaking a dorm window, disturbing the tranquillity of the dorm, and behaving beneath the dignity of Hillcliff men in general.

Both of them got a month on the grounds.

CHUCK didn't mind. He had no other place to go, especially. He missed one water polo meet—and Hillcliff lost—but he did not feel that he would have contributed much to the game, anyway. The only parts of the punishment that hurt were little ones. The look in Scoops's eyes when he had gone in, alone, for his lecture. And a few of the headmaster's words: "I don't get it, Chuck . . . you starting a really serious fight like that, over the picture of a public chassis! Why the sudden burst of Galahadism? Have you got anything against Buzz that you worked off, with the picture as an excuse? . . . No? . . . Then I'm growing mighty disappointed in you, boy. I had you picked for a leader in your last two forms. But it kind of looks like you're missing the boat, doesn't it?" When Scoops talked like that to you, you were pretty well washed up in school, and you knew it. . . .

His mother came again, in early May. Chuck went to Scoops first, though, because she wrote that she was coming, and he got Scoops to promise not to discuss the fracas. Even when Scoops had lost faith in you he still acted like a gent. That was the kind of guy Scoops was.

His mother stayed in town overnight and they went to a baseball game together. Chuck hak shoved things so far back in his mind that she did not penetrate his composure, as she had on the preceding visit. They had a swell week end, and she went away happily.

But nothing was fixed—really.

Buzz Harter was the mean kind of redheaded guy. The fight had been inconclu-

sive. He and Chuck had been compelled to shake hands and apologize, and Chuck would have been glad to let it stop there. Not Buzz. He pinned up more than fifty advertisements and magazine covers, of Penelope, and he made Chuck come over to his room and knuckle down to all he had to say about the celebrated model. Chuck did. It was the only way left open to him. And Buzz, being an upperclassman, could make him knuckle—good.

It didn't end, even with that.

One night, half undressed, Chuck stopped to watch the slow movement of the hot-dog man's gas-lighted cart across the fragrant school grounds. Buzz came into his room and mightily smacked his naked back. Chuck spun around and looked unhappily at Buzz.

"If you want trouble," Chuck said, "you came to the right place. We'll bust up my room, tonight. And we'll both get kicked out of Hillcliff. Okay?"

BUZZ threw himself into Chuck's own easy chair. "Trouble? Hell, no! I just came over to tell you I'm going to prove how crazy you were when you started that first fracas. I thought you'd like to know ahead of time. I got a friend—guy in Princeton—knows a lot of babes in New York. One of those dishes knows Penelope Davis. And, believe it or not, this egg has fixed it for me to have a date with Penny in town next week end!"

Chuck disbelieved it so plainly that Buzz threw the letter on his desk. "Go on. Read it. Monday, when I get back, I'll tell you exactly what sort of a dame Penny is, firsthand."

Chuck read the letter. What it said substantiated Buzz's claim. Why his mother would agree to go out dancing with another model, a college guy, and a school kid was more than he could see. Doubt collected inside him. Maybe some of the stories were true. Maybe his mother had deceived him. Maybe, as some of the boys said, she did practically live in hot spots, and go out with celebrities, and even school kids, just because she couldn't resist men. Maybe it was true. Chuck didn't know, after all. He and his mother weren't together, much.

That scalding fear dissolved. His mother had agreed to this absurd "date" because she knew that Buzz would be one of the escorts. Buzz would talk about Hillcliff, and maybe, even, about him. She would be wanting to hear about him. Chuck was partially consoled. He handed back the letter. "If I didn't read it I wouldn't believe it," he said.

Buzz pushed him, made a few suggestions as to the nature of the party he and his Princeton friend would throw for the two girls, and went out of the room, crowing.

When he had gone, Chuck reflected that, in his tux, Buzz could easily pass for twenty. And Chuck's mother, when she wanted to, could do the same. Easily. He worried about that. Through the warm, quiet, barren week end, he worried.

On Monday he saw Buzz going to class. Buzz saluted him with inordinate gusto; but they had no chance to talk. That night Chuck went down to Buzz's room three times, but Buzz was not there. He did not come back, in fact, until the last bell was ringing. Then he merely said, "Wow!" to Chuck, and banged into his room.

He was well aware of the younger boy's burning curiosity. So he made Chuck wait, by one stratagem or another, until Wednesday. Then, between classes, on the Graduates' Bench, he told the story.

Afterward Chuck tried forlornly to piece it together and find out just where Buzz had commenced to lie. Because part of it was surely true. Buzz had taken his mother, and the other couple, to one of the smartest restaurants in the city, for dinner. It had been Chuck's mother, and no mistake. Buzz described her too perfectly, physically, and from the standpoint of her way of moving her head and her hands, the timbre of her voice, and how she laughed. Sure, they'd talked about Hillcliff. She'd been mightily interested in Hillcliff. She'd asked more darn' questions! But he'd moved the subject on to more adult topics.

They had gone to a show. Danced. All four. Then to a hot spot. She had drunk quite a lot of liquor. He, too. Keeping his head, of course. She had been everything he had expected and more. Of course—and there Buzz had frowned unhappily—she looked like a kid in her pictures and she was actually a good deal older.

They had gone to another spot. And there, Chuck insisted to himself, was where Buzz had begun to lie. He had described Chuck's mother dancing in a more intimate manner and telling him how much she liked school kids. They went to more places. She became very gay. Buzz reached the climax of his story with telling skill: "Sunday morning, Chuck, I woke up—guess where? In Penny's apartment! I'd spent the night there. Maybe you won't believe it. Come over to my room!"

In a misery that he would not have believed a human being could contain, Chuck went over to Buzz's room. And Buzz produced the evidence. It was dainty and perfumed, like the delicate, fractional garments his mother wore in so many of the photographs. Sewn into it was a tidy label. It said, "Penelope Davis."

And anyway the perfume was special, made for Penny. Chuck knew it very well.

For a couple of days he didn't do anything —or say anything.

Then he decided to try becoming a cynic. He practiced a deliberate brutality of outlook and thought, among his schoolmates. It startled them. When, presently, he was summoned to Scoops's office to be cross-questioned on a minor matter, he awaited the more personal angle calmly, knowing that it was inevitable. Scoops put it bluntly: "What the devil has got into you that's making you act like the village idiot, and talk like a cheap Rasputin?"

"Change of viewpoint," Chuck said glassily. "Stoicism."

THE headmaster tried hard but he didn't get anywhere. It was a very exasperating interview, considering the sort of person Chuck had always appeared to be. When the boy had left his office, stiff with some sort of juvenile morbidity, serene and asking to be socked, Scoops dictated a letter. Quite a long one. Chuck didn't know about the letter, of course.

He was thinking of other things, making plans, and walking alone a good deal, those days. There was no use trying to get through school, and then college, and then trying to become the sort of man Scoops had been before he had taken the headmaster's post. No earthly use. His mother did not need or deserve that sort of maintenance. He would pack up what he required, in a few days, and leave. They would take him as a naval cadet, under another name. That would be the end of him. . . .

It was his habit of walking alone in the evening that brought him past Scoops's garden. That and an ineffable forlornness. Old Scoops was talking to somebody. You could hear his earnest, resonant voice. The somebody was a woman, and the place was terrific with lilacs. Having nothing to do, and being little interested in the consequences of any act he might elect to perform, Chuck pushed into the bushes and drew close to the scene.

The woman was his mother. She wasn't wearing her hair tucked up. Or glasses. She was crying hard. And Scoops was kissing her.

Chuck crept into the gloom with a javelin through his breast: *Scoops, too.*

HE WENT down a country road. If he had troubled to think of it he would have realized that he knew perfectly well where the road led, where he was, and how to get back to his rooms. But his attitude was different. The night was soft and sweet, the road white and winding, the bordering trees tall and murmurous. He felt as if he were—not walking, but floating—and not in a place he knew, but one he had never heard of. A ghost, sluicing through the night, in purgatory.

A mile. Two miles. And then all the insides of Chuck Davis rebelled. The things he knew, the things he had seen, the things his own eyes were witnesses of, simply could not be. He didn't know how they could not be. Perhaps he had really gone insane, as Scoops had intimated. But what had happened had not happened. It *had* not to be!

It would be necessary, he soon realized, to make one and a more passionate attempt to find out the truth. Then, crazy or not, if the truth was still an obscene tapestry he could at least start killing people. He sat down on a rock and wept.

He wept bleakly, silently. A car approached, and slowed as its headlights revealed the bent, racked figure on the stone. It went on. A buggy passed, and the farmer in it clucked to his horse. Degree by degree the stars swung up; after a while Chuck started back. He tottered along, and then straightened, and walked with firm purpose. Presently he began to run, in the dusk, with frogs and insects accompanying shrilly the soft drum-sounds of his feet.

They weren't in Scoops's garden any more.

But there was a light in the kitchen. Chuck went up on the back porch quietly. He could see them. Scoops getting things out of his icebox. He seemed to be laughing. Chuck's mother was cooking something.

He stood, looking through the glass door. The insistent feeling that he, and not they, were wrong, the feeling that had come over him before he sat on the rock, made him more peaceful than he had been for a long time. Forever, maybe. That was the right feeling, whatever the rest of the mess meant. He kept looking. She didn't have her glasses on. Her hair spilled gold and curly above the apron knot at the nape of her neck. Her hands were shaking a little. Scoops brought something from the refrigerator and kissed her neck. It was a nice kiss.

Chuck went in.

They didn't notice he was dusty or that the dust was mucky on his cheeks. He was a kid, and kids did crazy things like running around at night in the dust and the mist, and it dirtied them. They were too busy, talking both together and then waiting together, explaining how it had happened. How she had fallen in love with him the first day she'd seen him, and how she didn't have the courage to tell him about herself. How he had been crazy about her the first time she'd appeared, a pupil's mother, in glasses, with her hair skinned back, but the right kind of lips, and a lift to her chin. And when she'd finally told about being a model—

TEEN-AGE GIRLS ARE LUCKY

THOUGHTS OF WAR are frightening. Your older sisters and brothers are now working and fighting for our country. And you're too young to enlist as a WAVE or WAAC. You probably wish you were older so you could take a more active part. But you too, have a great responsibility. There are plenty of older girls and boys to man our factories and armies to win this war. Today it is your privilege to help in civilian defense, but your schooling is your first patriotic duty. For tomorrow, when the war is over, the world will expect you to set the standard for better living. So be smart . . . plan for the future.

A wise man has said, "It always has stopped raining". . . likewise wars have always ended . . . and scarcity always has been turned into abundance. By the time you grow up, normal happy living will have returned. The man you marry will not have to rush away to war. He will have wonderful new opportunities to prosper in business, and your dreams of a beautiful home may be realized.

Thank God, that you will be privileged to live a normal life. Go ahead and dream—dream about a wonderful home of your own. Think of all the beautiful things you will want in your home of tomorrow. And start now acquiring the precious, worth while, enduring, material as well as spiritual things you will treasure for a lifetime.

Sterling Silver in your HOPE chest will always be one of your most cherished possessions. Nothing, as the years go by, will give you greater joy and satisfaction. Your jeweler will help you. So, go with your mother and select the sterling pattern you like best. Start your sterling set with a single teaspoon, or a place setting, and experience the thrill of watching your set grow as friends and relatives give you presents of sterling, in the pattern of your choice.

Building your sterling service, a piece at a time, costs so little it will not preclude your purchases of War Stamps and Bonds. Also your small investments in sterling, will not hurt our war economy. Sterling is doubly precious as its production is limited for the duration. Just be sure to select a pattern that will be available in the future . . . a fine sterling pattern made by reliable silversmiths.

Ask your jeweler to show you the Wallace Master Craftsmanship sterling patterns, featuring 3rd dimension beauty. Wallace Silversmiths of Wallingford, Connecticut, were established in 1835 . . . one hundred and eight years ago. Literature and booklets free upon request.

WALLACE
STERLING

well, what was wrong with that? Then they staggered him by asking if it was all right with him. It was extremely silly, in a way.

Later, Chuck's mother mentioned that "silly boy" who had gotten so drunk she'd had to take him to her apartment and leave him there, with the janitor as a warden, all night, while she went to a friend's apartment. And he'd stolen one of her bras! She had thought it would be interesting to see him because he was a schoolmate of Chuck's. She thought she could hear about Chuck from him.

The boy listened, and stuffed himself with omelet and toast and blackberry jam and milk.

They were going to get married after the term. Penny wouldn't model any more. But, as Scoops said, there sure would be a new attraction at the headmaster's house, wouldn't there?

Eventually, Chuck bethought himself to go back to the dorm and leave them alone. . . .

IN EARLY June, on Temple Day, it was the headmaster who tapped Chuck. Three light touches that might mean fame and a career, that had made even Cabinet members, in their time.

Chuck had been just standing around, contented, looking at a few birds in a tree. He turned slowly and said, "You must of made a mistake, Scoops—Mr. Howard. I'm not much of a guy. I mean—I sort of botched keeping mother's secret, for instance."

Scoops—Mr. Howard—answered first, with the Latin formula. Then he handed Chuck a paper with directions for getting to the secret meeting place. After that he said, "Temple won't ever demand more of you than you've done already. Six o'clock, Davis."

And Davis said, "Yes, sir."

THE END ★★

The Pope and the War

(*Continued from page* 13)

College of Cardinals was a purely ecclesiastical matter, but I soon found how wrong I was. The election of the new Pope became part of the world-wide diplomatic struggle between the democracies and the dictatorships, with the dictators—as usual—taking the offensive.

Hitler wanted a Pope favorable to National Socialism; first, to remove internal opposition to his regime by German Catholics, and, second, to strengthen his hand in international affairs. During his 1938 visit to Rome he had been stung by the fact that Pius XI had left town and gone to his country estate at Castel Gandolfo, remarking that he would not stay in Rome, "because a cross now waves there which is not the cross of Christ."

Hitler had no hope of dominating the election singlehanded, however, because even if he were able to control the German Cardinals, there were only three of them out of a total of sixty-two. There is reason to believe that he therefore induced Mussolini to try to influence the Italian Cardinals, who dominated the election, to name someone pro-totalitarian.

While Cardinals from the more distant parts of the world were journeying to Rome to take part in the Conclave, the Italian Cardinals, who were already on the spot, were under constant bullying from the Fascist political machine. I heard on all sides in Rome that the Duce was pulling every wire he had to swing the election. The Conclave therefore opened in an atmosphere of great tension.

ON THAT sunny day of March 2, 1939, when the Conclave opened, I and several score other newspaper correspondents were in the huge Piazza San Pietro, with our eyes glued to the tiny chimney from which would issue the smoke of the burned ballots—black smoke when the balloting did not result in an election; white smoke when the Pope was chosen. A great crowd of the faithful restlessly roamed the great square in front of St. Peter's Basilica in a state of suppressed excitement.

Around noon there was a puff of black smoke. No election.

The excitement of the crowd increased. Although there were a half-dozen "popables" who seemed to have the best chance of election, there was an old Roman saying that he who went into the Conclave a Pope came out a Cardinal—in other words, to use racing parlance, the "favorite" seldom won. Most of the crowd, too, had heard the rumor that Mussolini was trying to engineer the election and were hoping he wouldn't succeed.

FINALLY, in the late afternoon came another wisp of smoke, so faint its color could hardly be distinguished in the slanting rays of the setting sun. The crowd roared, "*Sfumata bianca*," for which I was profoundly grateful, as the smoke puff had been so slight that I was scarcely sure whether it was white or not.

Within fifteen minutes the number of the faithful in St. Peter's Square had quadrupled, so that the place was jammed. When the Camerlingo finally appeared on the balcony of St. Peter's and announced that Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli had been chosen Pope, the crowd roared with delight and cries of "*Viva Pacelli!*" mingled with shouts of "*Viva il Papa!*" Whether or not Mussolini was pleased, the Romans were: Cardinal Pacelli was a home-town boy and the first Roman to be elected Pope in several centuries.

Then Pacelli, wearing a white silken robe and jeweled miter, came out on the balcony of St. Peter's, and I saw him for the first time. Focusing my binoculars on him, I could see that he had a thin, ascetic, intellectual face with rather stern dark eyes. It was a militant face which gave one the impression its owner had achieved that patience with erring humanity which is acquired only as a result of a lifetime of constant self-discipline. As tens of thousands knelt on the rough pavements to receive the Pope's blessing, even a non-Catholic like myself could not help feeling awed at the tremendous responsibilities this man must shoulder as spiritual father to more than 330,000,000 followers during such troubled times.

The politicians of both the Axis and democratic countries were in some doubt as to who had scored a success in the selection of the new Pontiff.

Because Pacelli had shown tact and understanding during his many years as Papal Nuncio to Germany, the Axis countries hoped he might favor their cause. On the other hand, during his ten years as Vatican Secretary of State, Pacelli had maintained the most cordial relations between the Vatican and the democracies. In reality, Cardinal Pacelli, who mounted the throne of St. Peter under the name of Pius XII, was not only the ablest but also the most internationally-minded diplomat and statesman the Church could produce. Besides speaking eight languages—Italian, English, French, German, Spanish, Hungarian, Polish, and Latin—he had also traveled extensively throughout the world, including trips to the United States and South America, as well as to most of the countries of Europe. Never before had there been a Pope with such a background of world affairs.

In the eyes of the Church the Pope is spiritual father not merely to Catholics but to all humanity—Protestant and Pagan, Jew and Mohammedan—as well. According to this doctrine, non-Catholics are children who have not seen the light, but they are his children, nevertheless. Although Pius XII had been born an Italian, Italy henceforth had no more claim on his love and consideration than did the most savage tribe of witch-doctor-worshiping blacks in central Africa.

It was this doctrinal theory which governed the war policy of the new Pontiff.

Hardly had the triple tiara of the Papacy been placed on his head, however, before the Axis started bringing pressure upon him to gain political advantage. Mussolini was the go-between, and he undertook to exert this pressure not only for Fascist Italy but also for Nazi Germany and later even for Japan.

Non-Catholic Americans and Britons who thoughtlessly criticize the Vatican for not taking a political stand in the war should hear the Nazis and Fascists—as I have frequently heard them—bitterly complaining about the Pope's unco-operativeness with *them*.

A SHORT time after the war started I had a personal experience of how even many Catholics misunderstood that, according to Vatican tradition, their enemies had just as much right to the Pope's regard as they had themselves. During one of his frequent public audiences Pius XII received a large number of Catholics from all parts of Europe. Fifty of them were German soldiers in uniform. An account of this audience was cabled all over the world. Within twenty-four hours there was a flood of angry response from all parts of the British Empire. Most angry were the Australian Catholics, who could not believe that their spiritual father, the Pope, would receive their hated enemies, the Germans.

I had a strong hunch that Vatican directives would shortly be issued to the Australian clergy exhorting them to point out to their congregations that the Pope was above nationalistic ties and was always disposed to receive all people of all nations whenever he had the time to do so.

Actually, at that time, Italy being still at peace, Pius XII could and would have received Australian soldiers in uniform had they come to Rome and asked for an audience.

In a modern version of Jesus' teaching, "Render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's," the Pope in a letter of instruction to the Catholic clergy early in the war, defined the Holy See's attitude toward military service. It was the duty of the lay Catholics to fight for

their country, he told them, and the fulfillment of this duty did not conflict with their religious duties toward the Church. At the same time he instructed the military chaplains that they should support their countries in wartime and comfort the soldiers on the battlefield.

From the day of his election until the day almost six months later when the war started, the Pope strove desperately to avert the conflict which he could see was in the making. In all, he made seven public appeals for the preservation of peace, of which the last was made on August 31, the day before the war started, when he sent messages to the Polish and German governments beseeching them to avoid any incident.

It was a great blow to the Pope when war broke out despite all his efforts. However, he immediately concentrated on two objectives: on keeping the conduct of the war as humanitarian as possible, and on preventing its spread beyond Germany, England, France, and Poland, which were immediately involved. That he was frustrated in both objectives was mainly the fault of the Nazis, and for these and other reasons the Pope has often sternly rebuked Nazi Germany.

When the new Lithuanian minister to the Holy See presented his credentials to the Pope shortly after the war started, Pius XII seized the opportunity to make plain before the world the position of the Vatican regarding the war. In substance, he said that the Church would actively defend Christian institutions but would hold aloof from the struggle for political power.

In this speech was a reference to "the enemies of God," directed toward the Nazis and also the Bolsheviks, who were at that time helping the Nazis to partition Poland. And here it is possible to demonstrate how the Vatican's separation of spiritual and political affairs works. The Pope has nothing against either the German or the Russian *people*, but opposes the Nazi and Soviet governmental systems because they circumscribe the religious liberty of their citizens. It is a fine nuance, but one which must be understood to comprehend the Pope's position in this war. Nazi neopaganism and Communistic atheism are both anathema to the Holy See.

THE spread of Nazi and Soviet power as a result of the partition of Poland was all the more bitter to the Pope because Poland had been a stronghold of Catholicism. About a month after the war started, I was present when the Pope received the Polish colony who had come to him for consolation over the annihilation of their country. I was surprised to find him already much changed; his face was thinner and more lined. Regardless of his resolve not to interfere in political matters, he could not conceal his sorrow over the fate of Poland, and as he spoke the tears frequently coursed down his cheeks. There was much weeping in the audience also as he addressed it as his "children of Catholic Poland" and expressed the hope that "despite the many reasons to fear the only too-well-known plans of the enemies of God, Catholic life should continue profound and truthful among you."

It was a terribly moving scene and I went away with the conviction that, much as he hated war, Pius XII would never welcome a peace that did not envisage the reconstitution of some kind of Poland. Later events reinforced this conviction.

A couple of weeks later I went to the Vatican to get a copy of the first encyclical of Pius XII's Pontificate. Because of the difficulties of the Vatican's position as a result of the war, there was considerable excitement in the Catholic world over what statements of policy the encyclical would contain.

The little press bureau office maintained by the Church for transacting its business with the newspaper world was crowded with correspondents from all the large and more than half the small countries of Europe, plus a sprinkling of Americans.

After some delay, six or eight black-cassocked priestly messengers trooped through the back door, carrying great bundles of encyclicals in a dozen languages.

Though couched in verbose ecclesiastical language, there could be no doubt that the encyclical contained a sweeping denunciation of the "total state," and since no specific countries were named, it was to be presumed that Catholic Italy was included in the denunciation, as well as non-Catholic Germany. Racialism and treaty-breaking were also condemned (this was obviously directed against Germany), although the Pope added that it should be possible to modify treaties when they become outmoded.

THE encyclical made clear that the European dictators could expect no support from the Vatican either in their suppression of their own peoples or in their war of conquest. During the ensuing months, relations between the Holy See and the German government grew more and more strained.

Nevertheless, Hitler, before invading Norway, endeavored to get Pius XII's support for a bid for peace. He sent Ribbentrop to see the Pope. The Vatican accorded the Nazi envoy a cold reception. Standing in the Cortile di San Damaso, I saw the official Vatican "greeter," Monsignor Aborio Nella, refuse to be photographed with Ribbentrop, although it was Vatican custom for him to have his picture taken with all distinguished Vatican visitors. Ribbentrop passed this off with a shrug. Although the Vatican never made any official pronouncement concerning Ribbentrop's private audience with the Pope, the news leaked out that Hitler's peace plan envisaged restoration of only a small part of the original independent Poland, and that Pius XII refused to lend his support to such an unjust peace.

Later, when the Nazis invaded Belgium and Holland, Pius XII showed his disapproval of this extension of Nazi neopaganism by messages to King Leopold and Queen Wilhelmina in which he expressed the hope that liberty and independence would be re-established in their countries.

Meanwhile, if relations with Germany and the Vatican were rapidly worsening, relations between the Fascist government and the Vatican were also far from good. Day after day, Fascist newspaper editors were being embarrassed by the objective reporting of world news in the *Osservatore Romano*. The distortions and suppressions of news in the Fascist press were being exposed by the *Osservatore*, and the Duce's propaganda plans were consequently being upset. The circulation figure of the *Osservatore* leaped to a new high almost daily, as the people of Italy tried to learn the truth about what was going on.

When the Duce's protests to the Vatican over this did not result in any change of editorial policy, the Duce turned to more direct action. Suddenly reports that buyers of the *Osservatore* were being beaten up on the streets by gangs of young Fascist thugs reached our office, so I and a U. P. colleague made a round of the newsstands in the center of town to see if we could see anything. The Vatican newspaper was nowhere on display, which was unusual. Finally, at one newsstand where I was known and where there seemed to be only two or three commonplace loiterers, unequipped with blackjacks, I decided to risk asking for an *Osservatore*, myself. Fortunately, I made my request in a low voice.

The news vender answered loudly, "No, the *Marc' Aurelio* [a comic weekly] will not be in till tomorrow. Will you take *Il Travasso?*"

As I paid for the *Travasso* he muttered, "I have the *Osservatore* under the counter. Come back when these scum have gone."

The very next day, while walking through the Piazza Trevi, I saw a dignified-looking, middle-aged Italian who was carrying the *Osservatore Romano*, seized by a gang of young Fascists and hurled into the Trevi fountain, where obscene epithets were shouted after him. Sometimes, instead of beating up the buyers of the newspaper, the Fascist vigilantes beat up the news venders and made street bonfires of their copies of the *Osservatore*.

The situation soon became so critical that the Pope, not to subject faithful Catholics to further abuse, reluctantly consented to change the character of the *Osservatore*. So what had been one of the best newspapers in Europe was transformed into a purely religious sheet containing no political or war news.

The antagonism of the Duce toward the Pope increased tenfold after Italy entered the war. Pius XII had used all his influence to keep Italy nonbelligerent, but the Duce was stubbornly determined to jump into what he thought would prove a short war yielding a rich profit. The Duce therefore chose to consider the Vatican a center of opposition to his policies—Vatican citizens were treated as enemy aliens and many of them were shadowed day and night by agents of the OVRA (Fascist Secret Police). Italian citizens who had business relations with the Vatican were lengthily questioned by the police; it was even whispered that the hitherto sacrosanct Vatican mail was being opened by Italian censors.

Although it would have been a simple matter for the Holy See to import as much food as it needed—since the British were willing to allow Vatican supplies to pass through their blockade—Mussolini insisted the Vatican follow Italian rationing laws. Since the Pope considered this a small and rather "worldly" matter, he acceded to the request without argument; but, actually, had he refused, the Duce could have prevented the transit across Italian territory of all Vatican goods.

The Pope's only defense against such Fascist coercion is in the fact that even Mussolini does not dare flout Catholic opinion inside and outside Italy too openly.

PROBABLY the most courageous stand the Pope made against the combined and unrelenting pressure of Rome and Berlin was when he refused the Axis request that he label their war on the Soviets a "holy crusade against atheism." The Nazi-Fascist request was made in connection with a world-wide radio broadcast scheduled for July 29, 1941, on which the Pope was to speak. Mussolini and Hitler were most anxious that the Pope might make some statement which might be construed as favorable to the German invasion of Russia. It was all the more difficult for the Pope to refuse because, from the Vatican viewpoint, a condemnation of Russia *could* have been based on purely religious grounds.

Yet Pius XII did refuse. He confined his broadcast to speaking on the "Ways of Providence," thereby making it plain both to the Axis and the rest of the world that he was

not going to permit his spiritual leadership to be used to aid anyone's temporal ambitions.

The Vatican's attitude toward Soviet Russia has been consistently the same ever since the Bolshevik revolution, regardless of who was Pope. It has been one of making every effort to induce the Soviet government to allow the people of Russia freedom of religious worship. And when the Vatican opposed the extension of Russia's frontiers to include part of Poland, part of Finland, part of Rumania, and the three Baltic states of Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia, it was not a political maneuver against the Russian people but a religious stand aimed at preventing possible extinction of religious institutions in these countries by the Soviet government.

IN SUPPORT of its campaign of "converting" the Soviets to the practice of religion—whether Catholic or otherwise—the Vatican for the past fifteen years has been quietly training priests to do missionary work in Russia. On an obscure side street in Rome there was a seminary where priests could study for this work. Besides learning to speak Russian, Ukrainian, and other languages used in the Soviet republics, they received special instruction in how to combat any heretical ideas that may have been absorbed by the Russian people in the past twenty-five years.

I learned while still in Rome that a number of priests had already gone into those parts of Russia that had been occupied by the German army, and were endeavoring to spread the Catholic religion. One Vatican authority told me that the Holy See did not regard this as taking any political stand, but simply as a part of its fundamental policy of sending Catholic missionaries wherever they were permitted to go, regardless of circumstances. The Germans were willing to allow the priests to carry out their missionary work because they believed there were many Russians and Ukrainians who secretly yearned for religion, and that therefore if the German army was followed by priests, it would help to reconcile the Russians to German occupation.

But if our Russian ally does not enjoy the wholehearted approbation of the Vatican, it would not be stretching the truth to say that the whole attitude and policy of the Pope implies approval of Allied war aims as a whole, while he has just as plainly shown his censure of Axis war aims.

I am probably one of the few non-Catholics in the world who have read through all the Pope's important public speeches and writings —and many of the unimportant ones—from the time Pius XII was elected until the end of 1941, when I was arrested as an enemy alien because Italy had declared war, a period of nearly three years. Obviously, among those hundreds of thousands of words there is no single quotation I can pick out of the text and say, "Here. This shows the Pope is on our side." It would be utterly contrary both to Vatican tradition and the Pope's announced war policy to make such a blunt statement regarding temporal affairs.

Nevertheless, there is a tone and a trend through all these writings which plainly shows his preference for democratic ideals and his wish that they should prevail. On the other hand, he frequently condemns totalitarianism not only for its interference with religious freedom, but for its complete subordination of the individual and the family to the state.

The Pope's antipathy to Axis ideals is most clearly demonstrated in the speeches wherein he outlines the principles he thinks should be followed in drawing up what he calls "a just and honorable peace." They are principles which he well knows would never be followed by the Axis countries in dealing with vanquished nations.

On the contrary, Pius XII's "peace principles" fit in very well with those set down in the Atlantic Charter, wherein Roosevelt and Churchill outlined Anglo-American war aims. Indeed, the only difference between the Pope's peace plans and ours is that the Pope has expanded his with far greater detail. He foresees, for example, the necessity not only of providing security for small nations, but also for small ethnic minorities which form a part of larger states. He also advocates an economic system whereby nations without necessary raw materials shall have access to them, because he believes most wars spring from economic causes.

THE time and thought the Pope is devoting to his peace plan have caused many Vatican experts to believe that the Pope wishes to be represented at the Peace Conference when the war is over. In that case, Pius XII's main concern would doubtless be to keep any causes of new wars from being incorporated in the peace treaties. One of the points he has already emphasized is that the next peace should be founded on "Christian principles." He believes the Church should work actively to eliminate the causes of war in so far as it can do so without becoming involved in political disputes.

Whether the allied governments would consent to having a Vatican representative at the conference table is another matter. The Vatican at present has friendly relations with all the allied governments except Russia. The United States, which for nearly a hundred years had declined to maintain diplomatic relations with the Pope, has now compromised by sending Myron Taylor as a personal representative of President Roosevelt. The Holy See hopes that Mr. Taylor's appointment will eventually lead to the resumption of regular diplomatic relations between America and the Vatican.

The importance which the Roosevelt administration attaches to the Pope's influence is shown by the fact that Myron Taylor recently made the long trip from the United States to the Vatican, through Italian enemy territory, solely to confer with Pius XII. The present Pope is such a strong character and able statesman that the Holy See is a force to be reckoned with in a world torn by war.

The Vatican's (*Continued on page* 80)

Special

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

See page 131

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(*Continued from page* 78) relations with Germany have not improved as the war has progressed. Besides the Pope's personal utterances, the Holy See has shown its disapproval of the Nazis on several other occasions. One was the publication under Vatican auspices in January, 1940, of a report on German maltreatment of Polish laymen and clergy drawn up by the Primate of Poland, Auguste Cardinal Hlond. Another was a condemnation of the Nazi government's "mercy killings" of weak and subnormal persons, issued by the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, a Vatican institution aimed at protecting faith and morals.

A third occasion was when the German Bishops themselves, in their annual meeting at Fulda in July, 1941, framed a pastoral letter of protest against the Nazi government's treatment of the Church. The letter was subsequently read from the pulpits of nearly every Catholic church in Germany. Besides listing a number of persecutions the Church has suffered at the hands of the Nazi government, the letter exhorted German Catholics to stand fast in their faith at a time "when the existence or nonexistence of Christianity in Germany is at stake."

THE Church has undergone no such systematic repression in Italy as in Germany. Even the most violent Fascists are at least ostensibly Catholics. The Italian parish priest and the Fascist secret police agent may theoretically be on opposite sides of the fence, but in actual practice they are still personal friends and go to each other's houses for dinner. The Pope recognizes the devotion of the great mass of Italians for the Church, and often expresses his affection for his Italian followers by referring publicly to "our beloved Italy."

Despite constant Nazi opposition, however, the Church has gone ahead with its humanitarian work as well as it can, both in Germany and in German-occupied countries. Vatican prelates believe they have done a good deal to mitigate the sufferings in occupied countries, and also think the Pope's intervention has several times saved French hostages from being shot. Since the outbreak of the Italo-American war put an end to my labors in Rome, the Pope appears to have also used his influence to ameliorate the persecutions of the Jews both by the Nazis and by the French Vichy government.

The war has greatly increased the humanitarian work of the Church. Besides looking after the spiritual and physical comfort of war prisoners, the Vatican reports the fact that they are alive and safe back to their families by broadcasting lists of identified prisoners over the Vatican radio. It also maintains an international post office through which relatives on opposite sides of the war can write to each other. Such letters are, of course, subject to censorship.

The last time I saw Pius XII was a little over a year ago, when the war was already more than two years old. He was driving in his car to the Basilica of St. John Lateran and was being eagerly cheered by the Romans who lined the streets as he passed by. The sorrows the war had brought him had obviously taken great toll of him. His face was much more deeply lined and his eyes saddened, though his mouth retained its militant firmness.

One thing that has caused confusion in America is why the Pope should send such messages as the one congratulating Hitler on his escape from the bomb in the Munich beer hall and to the Emperor of Japan on the occasion of the celebration of the 2,600th anniversary of the founding of the Japanese Empire. That is because the Pope, besides being head of the Church, is also the temporal ruler of a state—the smallest state in the world—but still a state that has the position of a neutral country in the present conflict. As ruler of this state he must observe the same protocol as kings and presidents.

Establishment of diplomatic relations between the Vatican and Japan which Pius XII agreed to on March 28, 1942, also did not mean that the Pope in any way approved of Japanese political or military policy. It was a necessary step to permit the Vatican to keep contact with the 18,000,000 Catholics in Japanese-occupied territory. In the occupied portions of the Philippines alone there are 11,000,000 Catholics, and the only way for these people to enjoy such services as the Vatican may be able to give them is for the Holy See to have a Papal Nuncio to the Japanese government.

AS a modern state the Vatican lacks only its own airfield. It has its own radio transmitter, railroad station, post office with special Vatican stamps, its own money, its own newspaper and printing press.

It also has its own air-raid shelters, though it has not yet had occasion to use them. The City of Rome has never yet been bombed. The Cardinals ordered a special shelter built for the Pope, though he says he will never use it. It is electrically heated and has a private elevator connecting it directly with the Pope's private apartments. Up till the present, however, every time an air-raid alarm has sounded, Pius XII has gone into the chapel adjoining his usual bedroom and remained there in prayer, refusing to go to his shelter.

He prays that the hearts of the peoples of the warring countries may be purged of bitterness and hatred, so that peace may return to the world.

THE END ★★

Convoy to Malta

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(*Continued from page* 19)

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of hours later, two more enemy planes show up. They're flying low, on the horizon, away out of range.

At 1:30 P. M., I'm walking aft on the well deck. The skipper is pointing aft, a funny expression on his face, and I run to a railing. First, I can see only a cloud of yellow-brown smoke; then a gust of wind clears it away, and my heart drops to my boots. Five hundred yards astern, mortally wounded, is the H. M. S. Eagle, aircraft carrier, her plane deck almost perpendicular to the water. Torpedoed.

As I watch, an R. A. F. pilot tries to take off. He roars down the crazy runway, his wings lift him pathetically, then he dives into the water. There's a sickening explosion as his plane bursts into flames.

He must have known he didn't have one chance in a thousand.

Later, I learn he was the last to try to take off. Half a dozen others made it after the torpedo struck. Now men are swarming over the sides and diving into the oily water, where most of them are picked up by destroyers. But the Eagle goes down fighting. All around her, volcanoes of water are erupting. The boys are still dropping ash cans at the sub that killed her.

As the Eagle takes its final plunge, my stomach is all tied up in knots. A young seaman beside me has his mouth wide open, and tears are pouring down his cheeks. He wipes them away without embarrassment. "Don't laugh at me," he says, between his teeth. "You're bawling, too."

I put my hand up to my eyes. He's right.

First blood goes to a sub, but within an hour the planes start to go to work on us. Between 8 and 12 in the first wave. I recognize Stukas, Heinkel 111's, Italian high-altitude bombers, torpedo planes. Our convoy sends up one hell of a barrage, the white puffs from the antiaircraft guns mingling with the jet black of the 4-inchers. On our ship, seamen are working like dogs passing ammunition to the men at our guns.

CIRCLING maybe 5,000 feet above us, the dive bombers look casual, almost contemptuous. Then, two or three of them peel off and dive, usually toward the carriers and other warships. They figure they can wait around like vultures and pick off the cargo ships at leisure. As they roar down, you can make out the swastikas on their wings, and you can see the sticks of bombs drop out. At first, they look as if they're floating down, distant, impersonal, harmless. Then they start zooming right at you, and you realize they're 500-pounders, each capable of sinking a ship. Then you hold your breath and pray that you see a water spout, because that means a miss.

I can't decide whether it's worse on deck or down in the engine-room. Below, every near miss sends tools crashing to the floor as the ship lurches. And you keep your ears cocked for the telephone order from the bridge to abandon ship, because you don't want to be caught like a rat in a sewer. But up above you see ships sinking and men dying, and you're powerless to do a damned thing about it.

Each attack lasts about 10 minutes, with anywhere from 10 to 30 planes taking part. Then there's a 40- to 60-minute lull before the next one. The din is unholy. Our own guns fire steadily in our ears, and from the distance come the boom of the navy guns and the bombs. And over it all, the rhythmic, comforting beat of the antiaircraft pom-poms—"Chicago pianos," the British call them.

I see two enemy planes downed about 4 P. M. One spirals into the sea off our port; the other bursts into flames high overhead. Some of the men grumble because they don't see any Spitfires or Hurricanes. But we realize later that they can't enter our barrage. They wait outside and pick off the Nazis or Italians as they go into battle or come out. Later, we hear the British bagged between 140 and 160 enemy planes as we crawled toward Malta.

The Ohio, with her precious oil, gets hers at 5 P. M. Her guns knock out a Stuka, but the cursed thing crashes right on her forward deck. She's only a few hundred yards away, and I can see the flames shooting up 300 feet or more. I mutter a prayer for the men aboard her, and another for the people of Malta. I know how much they need that oil. The Ohio drops back, and we plow ahead. In a convoy, you can't afford to wait for stragglers.

A cruiser and two cargo ships suffer direct hits. The stern of another cruiser is blown 20 feet in the air. Probably she struck a mine that a sub had dropped in our path. Evening brings a magnificent sunset. But now we get the worst attack of the day, about 60 planes in all. Most of the time, I'm at my battle station in the engine-room. But I keep climbing up on deck to make an "observation" and report back to the boys below. Long after sundown, the sea is flickering with a million torches—high octane gas from ships that have gone down.

The Nazis call it a day about 10 P. M. At midnight I take a turn about the ship. It's pitch-black, and I thank heaven for the absence of a moon. Later, I learn that isn't luck. The British Admiralty has waited for a string of moonless nights before sending us out. In the messroom, a dozen men in life jackets are playing checkers and pinochle, drinking quarts of coffee, but not talking much. One fellow is sitting alone, staring at the floor. I know his wife has just had a baby that he's never seen. I whisper to him, and he comes down to my cabin for a quick drink. "Thanks," he says, downing it in a gulp, "but you know I don't really need it."

"Sure," I say. "Sure. Nobody does. But it doesn't do any harm, does it?"

Before I turn in, I toss a few packages of cigarettes into my zipper bag.

WEDNESDAY—Malta seems a couple of thousand miles away today.

Jerry punches the clock at 8 A. M. and keeps on the job until 10 P. M. He's whittling us down, all right. But in the forenoon we're cheered by an amazing sight—the Ohio! She's plowing along behind us. At first, I can't believe my eyes. I figure some other tanker must have joined our convoy. But an officer on the bridge trains his glasses on her and, sure enough, there's the blackened framework of that Stuka on her deck. In no time, the rail is lined with men staring back at her and cheering.

But that lift is short-lived. In the afternoon a sub sneaks up and sends a torpedo into her amidships. When a tanker takes a torpedo, it's usually quits. The Ohio drops back again, and I keep my eyes on her until she's out of sight. Harry Lawrence is standing beside me. "A stinking, lousy break," he mutters. "I hope they get the crew off before she blows up."

All day, shrapnel falls like rain on the sea, sending up miniature water spouts all around, and it rattles on our decks like hail. We're wearing tin helmets, and on deck we dodge from one sheltered area to another. Attacks are so thick and fast that we don't bother any more with general alarms. As I listen to the chilling shriek of falling bombs, I remember what a British officer told me in Scotland. "Never worry about the ones you can hear," he said. "If you're directly underneath, you can't hear the wind whistling through the fins of the bombs. If you hear it, it's wide of you. It's the silent ones that'll get you."

Maybe he's right, but that noise isn't exactly music.

A bomber drops a stick of 500-pounders so close to our port bow that I can almost reach out and touch them. As he cuts away from us, a seaman picks up a monkey wrench and lets fly at him with a beautiful side-arm delivery. I feel like telling him not to be a damn' fool, throwing away equipment like that. But I know how helpless he feels, and I say, "Nice try." He grins sheepishly.

A torpedo plane flies in at us, straight and low. One of our able-bodied seamen lets her have it with a Lewis machine gun. When he tries to give her a second round, the gun jams. I never expect to hear again such artistic cursing as he lets loose. But the plane turns off with a plume of white smoke behind her. As long as we can follow her, she's dropping lower and lower.

Late in the afternoon we discover we've lost a good portion of our escort. An Italian squadron has made a feint at intercepting us and drawn off most of our heavy warships. I guess that was a good maneuver on their part. But the British disabled two of their ships before the squadron escaped.

Just before dusk, the other American ship in our convoy is dive-bombed and sunk. But they get everybody off her, even the two ship's cats.

As usual, our heaviest attack comes at dusk, when the flashes from our guns help the Nazis spot us. More than 60 planes have at us this time. Ships are hit in the hell all around us. In the engine-room, whenever there's a near miss, everybody eyes the emergency ladder in the middle of the room, and the two ash cans lashed against the wall. Each one contains 250 pounds of TNT and is equipped with a time fuse so we can set it off in 10 or 15 minutes to blow up the ship if we're forced to abandon. They aren't particularly pleasant spectacles.

Once, when I dash up for an "observation," I see that we are skirting a square mile of flaming sea. I ask a seaman at the rail what has happened. "A ship got a direct hit," he says, in a strained voice. "She's in the middle of *that*." My skin crawls. I can't see anything but fire. When I go below, I "censor" that incident out of my report.

Late in the evening the cargo ships still afloat are ordered to break formation and make a run direct for Malta. Apparently, it's too risky to stay bunched together. The blinkers of the other ships recede into the distance. By midnight, we are alone, death lurking in the darkness ahead and behind.

THURSDAY—12:25 A. M., a plane drops a flare that lights up the sea as if it were daylight. Half an hour later, a spotlight from shore picks us up. We start zigging like an animal at bay, but we can't shake it loose. "Where's that damned light coming from?" everybody asks. The grapevine soon provides the answer. It's on the Italian island of Pantelleria.

That means we're through "bomb alley." But now we're facing something worse—"E-boat alley," the narrow stretch between Cape Bon, French Tunisia, and Pantelleria, where the speedy Italian motor torpedo boats are based in subterranean caves. Now, we are fair game for subs, planes, mines, *and* E-boats.

We snake our way out of the light at 2 A. M., and I turn in. Harry Lawrence drops in for a drink. "Funny thing," he says, "both our cats have been hanging around the lifeboats all evening."

I'm not superstitious. But as I doze off, that begins to sound like an omen.

Machine-gun fire awakens me. I glance at my wrist watch—5:05 A. M.—and leap to the porthole. Something is screwy. Tracer bullets are slanting down into the water about 100 yards away. "Now, why the hell should a sub expose itself so we could shoot at it like that?" I wonder sleepily. It never occurs to me that we're firing at an E-boat.

I slip on some clothes and step into the companionway. At that (*Continued on page* 84)

"DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES"

—so—we'll never know how many people have been killed—driving at a high rate of speed—with one hand off the wheel and their eyes off the road—TUNING RADIO!

CAR CRASHES AS DRIVER TUNES AUTO RADIO

While his attention was concentrated on tuning the car radio, the driver lost control of his automobile which struck and knocked down a light post. Driver's left leg was broken and his face cut. (news item)

THIS HAZARD IS ELIMINATED WHEN—

your car is equipped with Zenith Foot Control Car Radio . . . you tune your radio with both hands on the wheel and both eyes on the road—a revolutionary and sensational contribution to safety. You change stations with a pressure of your left foot—you silence radio for conversation or danger the same way—and it resumes without a wait for warm-up.

ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS SAFETY FOOT CONTROL RADIO

See the Zenith Foot Control Radio on Fords (sold in 1940-41-42)—Nash (in 1940-41-42)—Mercury (in 1940-41-42)—Lincoln Zephyr (in 1940-41-42)—Hudson (in 1941-42)—Willys (in 1941-42).

Any owner of one of the above cars will gladly demonstrate. Your inspection will be a personal pre-view of post-war car radio—danger-free radio—really safe—radio.

Zenith's leadership in the radio industry has been established by a constant achievement of "firsts." Repeatedly, ideas "brand new" when Zenith "first" introduced them, later became essentials on all radios. And that same "forward thinking" of engineers and factory and organization now concentrates on war production of the thing we know—radio—exclusively radio. We are progressing—we learn every day—and this new experience will inevitably reflect itself when Zenith again produces for peace.

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION—CHICAGO

ZENITH *LONG DISTANCE* RADIO

RADIO PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS & STAMPS NOW

1. Without a single exception, Packard employees have gone all-out for the "Work to Win" program, have voluntarily pledged 60 full minutes of every working hour to speeding up production, proudly wear "Work to Win" pins, have changed the famous Packard slogan to "Ask The Man Who *Wears* One."

2. Teamwork! Packard president Geo. T. Christopher (center) and union Local president Curt Murdock (left) show army air forces' Commanding General H. H. Arnold and Brig. Gen. B. E. Meyers (right) how Packard management and labor are striving together toward a common objective: Victory!

The kind of story Hitler hates

What Packard is doing is the sort of thing Hitler thought couldn't happen in a democracy

RECENTLY, when Government first recognized the production efforts of U. S. factory workers, nine Packard employees stepped into the limelight to receive awards—the first ones given to workers in the automotive industry.

These awards were given for production shortcuts which were fruit of a *continuing* plan of management-labor cooperation that recognizes employees on a man-to-man basis of fair treatment.

Birth of "Work to Win!" Early in '42, Packard war production reached a new high in output of aircraft and marine engines. But Packard management was convinced it could go still higher . . . through a plan starting with a voluntary pledge from every worker to improve and increase war production by applying shop initiative and ability.

The idea was discussed with union leaders in Packard Local 190 UAW-CIO —men who shared the opinion that one way to win this war is to increase production.

Together, in a series of meetings, management and labor whipped the original plan into Packard's now-famed "Work to Win" program, a plan to speed up machines, not men.

Up goes production! Already, the plan is stepping-up production . . . is bringing a flood of workers' suggestions (8107 to date) . . . is carrying Packard's long-harmonious management-labor relations to new heights of understanding. Patriotic war-minded workers have already turned in 646 ideas which company engineers have put to use in increasing output . . . and hundreds more are under consideration for early adoption.

Some of the ideas have resulted in new, ingenious, time-saving tools. Others have enabled one machine to do the work which formerly tied up two. Still other suggestions have brought about entirely new methods and procedures, have greatly improved quality, stepped up efficiency.

Making new records . . . then breaking them. As one result of the "Work to Win" program, Packard employees are consistently meeting tough WPB quotas on two of the most complicated and precise jobs in the entire U. S. war production effort.

And there is still another result—one which holds a promise for the *peacetime* era ahead. By helping to develop and perfect the skills and techniques of vast manpower, the "Work to Win" plan is also making a real contribution to the betterment of the industrial future.

But meanwhile, the entire Packard organization—spurred on by cheers from Washington—is out to break still *more* wartime production records!

Secret of the new Curtiss (P-40F) Warhawk's spectacular performance is the terrific power of its Packard-built Rolls-Royce engine. Packard craftsmen tool these brute engines to the hairline accuracy of a fine jeweled watch. Pilots who've flown the P-40F say its power plant helps to make it a honey to fly—and a high-fightin' fool!

3. Joint Management-Labor Committee chosen respectively three from company (above left) and three from union (right) steers the program. Separate in function from usual shop committees, this impartial group scans each suggestion, checks it as a workable idea, awards war worker his coveted "Wings" pin.

4. Citation banners, merit awards, production scoreboards, plant posters, worker-written shop slogans, all remind the Packard employee that every idea he contributes speeds up the war effort even more. In the "Work to Win!" program he finds an unusual chance for recognition and advancement.

5. These Packard Work-to-Winners' production shortcuts won them the first Government awards ever given war workers. Left to right: John Hook, Harry Gielniak, I. A. Clark, Fred Ospedale, Max S. Harris, Peter Cojei, William H. Switzer, George Smolarek, and (*absent*) David Fabert. ***F-L-A-S-H!*** Washington just advises 11 *more* have been similarly honored!

6. Another honor for Packard Workers. Stephen Kmieciak, veteran marine-engine builder, accepts Navy "E" button from Lt. Cmdr. A. R. Montgomery of an Atlantic PT-boat squadron, on behalf of his fellow workers. Kmieciak, with 38 years of continuous service, is third generation in his family to work for Packard.

PACKARD

PRECISION-BUILT POWER

★

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

★

OFFICIAL PHOTO—U. S. NAVY

Every Packard Worker is proud of the inspiring performance of the Navy's famous PT-boats. Powered by Packard super-marine engines, these swift, hard-hitting boats have seen plenty of action, have written glorious and heroic chapters in the naval history of the Allied Nations . . . from Subic Bay to the English Channel!

(*Continued from page* 81) instant, there's a sickening lurch, and I crash against the wall. What's happened is this: That first E-boat turns out to be a damned decoy. While we're blasting her, another slips up on the other side and sends a torpedo into us.

A British sailor named Jimmy is right on my heels. "We're hit," he shouts. I open a metal door at the end of the companionway. But I close it quick. There's a solid, roaring sheet of flame beyond. That torpedo did its devilish work speedily.

Jimmy and I take another route to deck. Already, flames have cut off the forecastle, and we're listing about 40 degrees. I seem to hear a thunderous rumble, but I'm not sure whether it comes from the fire or whether it's just in my own head.

About 20 men are jammed around my boat station. We try to launch a raft, but some fool has tied the pelican hook with a knot. After a couple of centuries, we get a landing net over and a boat, and we climb down. We're to windward, and we have to row like hell to get away from the ship. Suddenly, we hear a shout: "Help! Sharks are after me!" We row over to the voice and haul aboard a seaman who's been slashing at the water around him with a murderous pocketknife. His "shark," however, turns out to be a piece of wreckage. Even in our plight, the boys find time to give him a ribbing.

The other boats get off from the other side of the ship. They pick up about 15 men, including 5 who have been up forward and are badly burned. But the only casualty is one of the British soldiers stationed at the Bofors gun. A bullet from one of those treacherous E-boats killed him on the spot.

Every man in our boat is wondering whether some pal got off safely. When the others draw alongside, I hear Lawrence sing out, "There you are, Chief. Mighty nice to see you." It's mighty nice to see Lawrence, too. We know we're in no danger like climbing into lifeboats in the middle of the Atlantic or Pacific. Our chief worry is the enemy. Will they come out and take us prisoner? Or will Jerry swoop down out of the sky and spray our lifeboats with machine-gun bullets? That has happened.

We row around aimlessly for an hour and a half. Then somebody shouts, "Here comes a boat." We watch her come over the horizon, fascinated and fearful, until we recognize her as one of the destroyers from our own convoy. She heaves to about 50 yards away, and we all swarm up the short ladder.

We're hardly aboard when Jerry appears from nowhere and scores two hits on the flaming ship we've abandoned just two hours before. She literally disintegrates before our eyes. As she goes down, I curse roundly because I've just remembered that I left behind that zipper bag I packed so carefully.

It's a madhouse aboard the destroyer. She has already picked up the crews of two other cargo ships, and now there are 350 of us survivors. Every inch of the messrooms, cabins, and decks is occupied by sleeping or resting seamen. The ship had been on another assignment when she was ordered to join our convoy, so for a week the crew has been living on short rations of hardtack and bully beef. But the British sailors give us a cheery "Hi, Yank," and gladly share their food with us.

We plow ahead, firing intermittently at Jerry overhead. At 10:30 A. M. we meet another British destroyer, standing motionless beside several hundred square yards of burning oil.

In the center of it is one of our cargo ships. We go on, because one destroyer is enough to pick up everybody who lives through that inferno. That destroyer is still on the horizon behind us when, suddenly, I have to rub my eyes. Ahead, off the port bow, stands the indestructible Ohio, still alive but not kicking. What that ship has gone through!

For three monotonous hours we circle the helpless tanker. I figure we're frightening away subs that might be waiting to close in for the kill. Or perhaps we're just waiting for reinforcements to come up. Two waves of planes take a crack at the Ohio, but they can't do better than near misses.

At 3 P. M., we throw her a line and start towing her. Twice we cut the line with axes when Jerry comes over, and it snaps itself five times more. Something is wrong with the Ohio's steering gear, and we keep cutting from side to side to keep her heading straight. It's back-breaking work. When I finally bunk in on a table in the officers' mess, I don't believe we've made more than 10 miles.

FRIDAY—Malta is only 60 miles away. But before the day is over I doubt whether we'll ever get there.

At dawn, we're still towing the Ohio, at 3 knots. We pull alongside her at 10 A. M., and take her crew aboard. An hour later, her captain asks the crew to reboard the Ohio, and they return, to a man. Soon afterward, Jerry comes over and scores a lucky hit. A 500-pounder strikes the Ohio amidships. Why she doesn't blow sky-high, I'll never know. The bomb explodes all right, but it doesn't even start a fire. We pull up pronto and take the crew off again, most of them covered with asbestos blown off the pipes. The captain says he won't ask the men to go back aboard, regardless.

The destroyer that was standing beside the flaming ship we passed yesterday overhauls us at noon.

Now we try a new trick on the Ohio. Both destroyers run up alongside and make themselves fast to the tanker. Then we put on steam and drag her along between us. Harry Lawrence grins at me over a cup of tea: "Like being shackled to a drowning man, isn't it?" That's exactly it, and we don't feel any too comfortable. Here we are, 800 men or more, inching along and making a perfect target for the German planes. But the commanders of these two destroyers have plenty of nerve. They are going to get the Ohio in, or go down trying.

During the afternoon I begin to lose my affection for the Ohio. It looks as if she is going to cost us all our lives. Wave after wave of German and Italian planes dive at us. But I guess they figure we're such a setup that they don't sight accurately. Bombs straddle the three of us, scoring near misses but no direct hits. We send up a continuous barrage from both destroyers, and volunteers, including three men from our ship, go aboard the Ohio to man her guns.

The strangest sight I ever hope to see occurs while these attacks are at their height. Most of the survivors figure they're going to get the Ohio sooner or later. So we climb aboard her and start a systematic campaign of looting. My pants have split in the rear, and I'm overjoyed to find a brand-new pair of officer's pants in somebody's locker. I also grab a piece of that Stuka, as a souvenir. If and when, it'll help me throw a line to my grandchildren. Other men return to our destroyer, staggering under loads of clothes, cigarettes, and canned goods. A couple of them have armfuls of frozen chickens, and another lugs a bucketful of eggs. One seaman has acquired a chief engineer's four-stripe jacket, and his pals merrily salute him. Half a dozen men, who've got hold of cans of pimiento and coffee, are staging a regular picnic, complete with sandwiches.

All this gaiety—a kind of fiesta—while overhead the Nazis are busy dropping bombs that may send us all to Kingdom Come any second!

We're still celebrating when, at dusk, we get a real reason to celebrate. The first British planes, out from Malta, start circling protectively over us. What a cheer goes up from hundreds of throats! Harry pounds me on the back, shouting, "By God, maybe we'll make it, after all!"

Soon, British MPB boats are cutting circles around us, eyes and guns ready for any sub that tries to take a last crack at us.

SATURDAY—We've circled the island all night under escort. Now, at 8 A. M., we're heading for Malta's Grand Harbor. We learn that we're the tail end of the convoy. Some of our ships are at the bottom of the Mediterranean. Others reached Malta late Thursday. And now we are heading in—guardians of the Ohio, which the Nazis would rather have sunk than all the others put together. And she's lost only one tenth of her precious oil.

I'm on deck, watching. First, I see the old Moorish bastions and sea walls. As we get closer, I see they are black with people—the indomitable people of Malta. Across the water comes the rumble of a band. Soon, I hear people singing. Now, it's *God Save the King*—and now, incredibly, *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

I turn away, my eyes misty.

After we dock, the town authorities lead us into a subterranean air-raid shelter, where they hand us each a slug of rum and sit us down to the most sumptuous mulligan stew mortal ever tasted. Just then, Jerry comes over for one more pot shot at the Ohio. But the land batteries throw up a barrage that sends him hell-bent for Sicily before we can even unload. Our oil for the lamps of Malta is safe.

It's only during the next few days that I realize what we've done. At sea, in the face of bombs and torpedoes and death, you just do your job, minute by minute, hour by hour. You don't think of glory, or heroism, or even why you're there at all.

But here, in Malta, the faces of the ordinary people on the street tell the story. When they see our uniforms, shopkeepers refuse our money for the few trinkets they still have to sell. Barbers won't take a penny for our haircuts. Women run up and kiss the hands of our boys. The people speak Maltese instead of English. But wherever we go, children tag along after us, shouting, "Convoy . . . convoy!"

They make me feel proud and humble, these Maltese. Proud, because we've brought these courageous people the means to hang on longer and defy the Axis. Humble, because their homes and schools and churches have been bombed to rubble and yet they are grateful to *us*.

Now, for the first time, I see the meaning of what we've undergone in this Convoy to Malta.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: After a week in Malta, the author, with other seamen, was transported to Gibraltar, thence to Great Britain. Immediately upon his return to the United States, he signed up again. As we go to press, he is back at sea.)

THE END ★★

Burgundy or Golden Sauterne
with the Christmas turkey
If you haven't tried well-roasted tender turkey in company with California's red Burgundy or golden Sauterne, you've a treat in store. If you choose a white table wine like Sauterne serve it well chilled. The red table wines are best when served at cool room temperature
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WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

Wine ~ *for friendliness this Christmas time*

● THIS YEAR why don't you try the old warm-hearted custom of serving wine with your Christmas turkey? You'll find, when you do, that there's much in what famous cooks say—*that food is actually better when served with wine.*

More important, you'll discover that over good food and wine people draw closer together — find it easier to be good companions.

When wine becomes part of dinner, folks have an opportunity to ease up in a moderate way, and enjoy themselves. In fact that is what wine is made for — to help us all toward quiet friendliness, and group enjoyment of days like Christmas.

Excellent wines are now grown in our own land. Many of these await you this season at your wine merchant's. Sound wines. Surprisingly low in cost. Ask your dealer to help you select among them. Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.

HERE ARE THREE SMART WRINKLES IN HOLIDAY ENTERTAINING

1. Hot spiced Wine: To one bottle of Burgundy or Claret add 8 cloves, 4 tablespoons sugar, rind of 1 lemon, dash of cinnamon. Heat mixture to near boil, strain at once and serve in thick glasses or mugs. This serves 6 to 8 people

2. Champagne: For memorable occasions — either at dinner or in the evening. Bring Champagne to your table well chilled. A bottle of California Champagne costs surprisingly little and contains 6 to 8 servings

3. Port and Sherry with Buffet Suppers: Just set out on the buffet table a tray of small glasses and a bottle or decanter each of California Sherry and Port. Then let your guests serve themselves

HISTORY

WE DID IT BEFORE . . .

Here are two Champion Spark Plug advertisements of 1918. They dramatically portray the part that Champion played in World War I and are again playing in World War II against the same arch-enemy. Time has improved the type, the size, and the striking power of the engines of war as well as the capabilities and dependability of Champion Spark Plugs.

TO SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

REPEATS

WE'LL DO IT AGAIN!

Champion Spark Plug performance now as in the past is the result of the most exhaustive research, the most advanced engineering and manufacturing in the spark plug industry.

Today, as in the past, Champions are the only product of a company devoted exclusively to the production of better, more dependable spark plugs.

More and more of our output is being used in wartime engines—engines which present wholly new problems in design, performance and operating conditions almost daily.

But on every front today Champion Spark Plugs are winning new laurels for absolute dependability.

On the home front Champion Spark Plugs are serving too—keeping engines economical and dependable, and revitalizing engines which are, of necessity, being prolonged in service for the duration.

Now as then, Champion Spark Plugs excel and outsell throughout the world.

More Vital - More Dependable than ever!

CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

"To the spirit of Christmases yet to come"

CONSUL: We'll all join you in that, sir. To a champion Dickens' Christmas in England when, with your help, we've whipped the Nazi Scrooges.

ATTACHÉ: And I'd like to propose a toast to our host and to his bonny country. Yes, and this bonny whiskey, too, that deserves a poem by none other than Bobbie Burns.

HOST: I see you're a Scotsman, sir—and from you that's a real compliment for our American Golden Wedding. You see, Golden Wedding is five of our finest whiskies "wedded" into *one*. Each has been chosen for a special property—one for richness . . . one for bouquet . . . one for flavor . . . one for character . . . and one for tang. The result is the *one* truly mild whiskey that I like to serve to my friends.

You, too, will enjoy serving mellow Golden Wedding. For its smoothness and lightness make it the perfect whiskey today. Give Golden Wedding—it will win you the warmest thanks. And, remember—it costs almost a dollar *less* than you probably expect to pay.

Golden Wedding

FIVE GREAT WHISKIES "WEDDED" INTO ONE

A blend of straight whiskies—86 proof. The straight whiskies in Golden Wedding are 5 years or more old. Copr. 1942, Jos. S. Finch & Co., Inc., Schenley, Pa.
Tune In! Schenley's Cresta Blanca Carnival, Starring Jack Pearl and Morton Gould's Orchestra. Mutual Broadcasting System every Wednesday evening.

Keep 'em Marching, Giuseppe

(*Continued from page* 41)

letterhead of a governmental agency in Washington, D. C.

"See that!" Ben boomed. "There's somethin' proves how American I am!" Giuseppe just looked more confused. "Just as soon as this National Defense came up," Ben explained, "I wrote a letter to them people in Washington and offered to pitch in and help—told 'em just what I did, and could I do something? Well, sir"—Ben patted the letter importantly—"like they say in that letter, they ain't got nothin' for me to do right now, but thanks just the same for my patriotic offer." Ben pointed proudly to the signature on the letter. "Guess everybody knows who that is."

Giuseppe read the letter slowly and carefully. "Yes," he said, "that's a good letter."

"Don't hurt business none, either," Ben said. "Everybody that comes in here gets around to readin' it. Jim Baxter over at the grocery store has one almost exactly like this. He's got it plastered in the window, out front."

"Yes?" Giuseppe asked.

"Don't you get it?" Ben asked excitedly. "You got to write to this fellow and get a letter back—like this one. Then you paste it in your window and everybody knows where you stand." Ben slapped Giuseppe on the back.

ALL the way back to his shop Giuseppe ransacked his brain for the right words for his letter. He thought of Maria and hoped this news would bring a smile, no matter how short-lived, to her round face.

That night, in honor of the letter which was to be written, the delicious smells of Maria's highly spiced dishes once more wafted and stirred through the shop, pungently drowning out even the tangled odors of Giuseppe's glue and dye and leather. Waiting for his supper, Giuseppe leaned against his battered stitching machine and began composing his letter.

After the table had been cleared and the cloth removed, Maria brought forth a pen, a bottle of ink, and some paper. Then Maria sat down on the other side of the table and watched, not without anxiety and a certain amount of amazement at his daring, as her husband began to write very slowly.

Giuseppe had been writing for an hour, writing and crossing out and making small noises and writing again, before he looked up. "Maria," he said, "do you think I should put down how much I charge for the soles and the heels?"

Maria looked startled and then pleased that he should ask her advice. Finally, after concentrating on it for a full fifteen minutes, she said, "Yes, Joseph, you should put it in."

"I have already," Giuseppe smiled. "Ben said to tell them everything about myself."

The following morning Giuseppe took his letter to Miss Burns, a public stenographer in the Barsten House, whose heels he had straightened on more than one occasion. In a few minutes she typed the letter which it had taken him so long to write. He signed the letter, Miss Burns placed it in an addressed envelope, and Giuseppe hurried to the post office and dropped it into the slot.

When the first week had gone by and Giuseppe had not received an answer, he became so fraught with worry and despair that Maria had trouble getting him to eat. Twice the following week he went to see Ben Smith.

"These things take time," Ben reassured him. "Might be a whole month before you hear from them."

"A whole month?" Giuseppe asked forlornly.

"Yes, sir," Ben said. "They're mighty busy."

The night after Giuseppe's last visit Ben got into his car and collected six pairs of shoes from his relatives. Two pairs of the shoes hardly needed repairing, but, all the same, he took them to Giuseppe and insisted he wanted them done as quickly as possible.

Giuseppe was working on the last pair of those shoes when the letter arrived. The postman rapped on the glass, waved the letter, and slipped it under the door. Giuseppe sat as if he had frozen to his chair. "Maria," he said weakly. Then, in a louder voice, "Maria!"

Maria approached the letter gingerly. She picked it off the floor and handed it to Giuseppe solemnly. There was no stamp on it. In the upper left-hand corner, in plain black letters, was the same wording as that on the letterhead in Ben's office. It was addressed to:

Giuseppe Gusselli
Gusselli Shoe Works
Barsten, Mass.

Giuseppe carried it back into their living quarters and sat down at the table. He closed his eyes, opened them again, and, holding his breath, shakily slit open one end of the envelope. Maria sat down opposite him, her mouth slightly open.

Giuseppe read the letter aloud, beginning with the letterhead, and ending with the signature.

"Dear Mr. Gusselli," it began. "We are happy to inform you that your bid has been accepted. We are shipping you two thousand (2,000) pairs of regulation Army shoes, which are to be repaired and returned to Fort ——— within two weeks of the date on which you receive the afore-mentioned shoes."

Giuseppe read it again, this time to himself. When he came to the word "bid" he stared at it stupidly. When he came to the words "two thousand" he gasped, and his hands shook so that the letter rattled. He dropped the letter and got to his feet unsteadily. He moved around the room in a daze, muttering, "Two thousand pairs, two thousand pairs."

FOR the first time in years Giuseppe was nowhere in sight when the bells over the door jangled. Ben Smith found him seated at the table again, staring at the letter.

"What's the trouble, Joseph?" Ben asked.

"I don't understand," Giuseppe said in a small voice, pointing at the letter.

Ben picked it up and began reading, half aloud. His voice trailed off. "I'll be cussed!" he said at last. "This here is a government order—sort of." Giuseppe stared at him with unbelieving eyes. Ben scratched his head. "What the devil kind of a letter did you write them people?"

Giuseppe fumbled in his hip pocket and produced the carbon copy of the letter Miss Burns had typed. Ben studied it. Then he began to chuckle.

"Holy smokes, Joseph!" he said. "You got here how much you charge to fix shoes and looks like they figured you were making them a proposition."

Giuseppe shuddered. He stood up, standing as a condemned man would stand, and said, as if in prayer, "Two thousand pairs—"

"Why not?" Ben said gleefully. "You can do it, Joseph. Fact is, you're set for life!"

Giuseppe shook his head. "In a year," he said. "In a year, I could do it." His eyes widened with horror. "But two thousand pairs—in two weeks—!"

"Hire a helper," Ben said. "Get the other shoemakers in town to help you. They'll be glad to take some off your hands."

AND so, a few hours later, Giuseppe poked his small, worried face into the shop of his nearest competitor, Wickliff Carter, and, seeing he was alone, stepped inside timidly. The big New Englander, who looked more like a sea captain than a shoemaker, stared dubiously at the letter Giuseppe held out to him.

"Two thousand pairs, huh?" he said scowling. "You can't do it."

Giuseppe nodded and explained the purpose of his call.

Carter frowned and pointed at his shelves, which were packed with shoes of all sorts. Carter thought for a moment. "Tell you what," he said finally. "I'll take twenty-five pairs off of your hands."

"Twenty-five—" Giuseppe said hopelessly.

Carter shrugged. "That's the best I can do," he scowled again. "I got my own business to think about. Can't be neglectin' that."

Giuseppe thanked his rival and went on up the street to James Warren's shop. That bustling, round-faced man, whose shop bore evidence of even brisker business than Carter's, rubbed his mustache, swore, laughed at Giuseppe's plight, and finally agreed to take 30 pairs of shoes. His desperation mounting by the minute, Giuseppe hurried to Ben Smith's garage, where the two men sat for hours in frantic consultation.

"Tell you what," Ben said, by that time his own desperation almost as great as his friend's. "You go back and get rested and ready for work. I'll get you help on them shoes, if it's the last thing I do."

But that night Ben stormed into Giuseppe's shop, his temper at the boiling point. "I've seen everybody in town," he said bitterly. "Nobody's got no time to help you, Joseph. Even saw Williams, head of the bank." Ben shook his head. "He says puttin' up money for

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SPECIAL CHRISTMAS PRICES

See page 131

a factory is impractical, 'less you have more time and a larger order."

"A larger order!" Giuseppe breathed. "A factory!"

"Yeah," Ben said disgustedly. "I thought that was the answer. But it's no soap." He sighed. "Joseph, the only thing we can do is send them government fellows a wire and tell 'em you can't handle the job."

Tears came to Giuseppe's eyes. "I wanted to do that job for those government people," he said softly.

"It's impossible!" Ben exclaimed.

And so Giuseppe accompanied Ben to the telegraph office. After the wire was sent they shook hands and parted ways, two forlorn figures moving in opposite directions. . . .

FOR the first time in twenty-nine years Giuseppe didn't get up the next morning. Curious townspeople, having heard about the 2,000 pairs of shoes, gathered in front of the shop about noon, chattering and worrying. Several of them decided, after much discussion, that Giuseppe might have been miserable enough to have committed some harm to his person and that the sheriff should be called.

Sheriff Lowery had almost reached the shop, when the huge Army truck rolled up the main street and came to a stop before the crowd on the pavement. Several soldiers jumped off the back of the truck and one of them began pounding on the door. To the crowd's great relief, Giuseppe's frightened face appeared in the window. Then he opened the door.

"Gusselli?" the soldier asked authoritatively. Giuseppe nodded. "Got an order here for you—two thousand pairs of shoes. Where do you want 'em?"

"But—I—" Giuseppe began feebly.

"Well," the soldier boomed, "where do we put 'em?"

Giuseppe waved his arms and fled back to his bed. The soldier scratched his head.

"Guess he wants you to put 'em in his shop," a citizen suggested.

The soldier peered inside. "In there?" he asked. "Well," he said doubtfully, "we can try."

When Maria finally persuaded Giuseppe to get out of bed and take a look at his shop, all his equipment, his buffer, his stitching machine, his shoe-jacks, and his skiver were completely out of sight. There was only a narrow path from the living-room door to the street door. Like a sleepwalker, Giuseppe stepped unseeingly into that path, and, the next moment, was almost smothered in an avalanche of shoes, which slithered and bumped and leaped at him from hastily stacked piles that reached to the ceiling. Maria, wisely, stayed within the confines of their living quarters.

Frantically, his every movement bringing more shoes down upon him until he felt as though he had been caught in quicksand, Giuseppe fought his way to the street door. In all the crowd gathered there he saw only one face, Ben Smith's, and staggered toward his friend.

Ben caught him and held him up by the shoulder of his coat and stuck a telegram into his hand. "It just came," Ben said. "Don't worry, Joseph. Guess they'll take these off your hands, now."

Giuseppe fumbled at the telegram, but his hands were shaking so badly that Ben had to open it. He read it aloud, his voice booming at the start and then trailing off with incredulity:

"Cannot cancel order. Shoes arrive noon. Four thousand more pairs on way."

At first there was a hush over the crowd. Then everyone began talking at once. Giuseppe just stood there, looking first at one face, then another, but not really seeing any of them. Finally a youngster in the crowd giggled and shouted, "Hey, Ge-Ge! You'd better get busy, if you're gonna get those shoes done!"

"Attaboy, Giuseppe!" a skinny youth in a pork-pie hat yelled. "Keep 'em marching!"

A few people tittered.

Giuseppe looked at them. He swallowed several times. "Yes," he said in a small, birdlike voice, "I'd better get busy."

Some of the crowd broke into loud laughter. Then people began drifting away, most of them smiling and shaking their heads. Ben Smith followed Giuseppe inside and watched the little shoemaker as he began clearing shoes away from his machines.

"What are you doing, Joseph?" Ben asked.

"I have to get them out of the way," Giuseppe said, "so I can go to work."

"Listen!" Ben cried. "You can't finish all them shoes in two weeks. Not a chance!"

Giuseppe nodded. "I know," he said softly. "But I must try."

"But there's four thousand more coming!" Ben said.

"I know." Giuseppe shuddered slightly, but he didn't stop working.

"You just can't do it, Joseph," Ben said a little wildly.

"I must try," Giuseppe said, and there was a hint of stubbornness in his voice. "It is for our defense."

By the time Ben left the shop, after hours of hopeless argument, Giuseppe had cleared a little space around his equipment and, holding his small, bent shoulders as firm and square as he could get them, had set to work on the first pair of army shoes. He had only 1,999 pairs to go.

At first, the citizens of Barsten thought Giuseppe Gusselli's labor a huge joke. They gathered in front of his shop and watched him in amazement, chuckling and laughing and ridiculing him with such encouragement as, "Hey, Giuseppe! Think you'll get 'em done before the war's over?" But Giuseppe worked on doggedly and, when the last person in Barsten had retired for the night, the light in Giuseppe's tiny shop was still burning.

When three days had gone by and Giuseppe was still at his work, the temper of the onlookers changed. They stood in almost reverent silence, now and then whispering in wonder at the little shoemaker's unrelenting toil. Some of them were uneasy, muttering, "He'll kill himself, that little fool." But the tone of their comments had changed from scorn to respect.

Late on the fourth night, at the instigation of several prominent citizens, Sheriff Lowery tried to persuade Giuseppe to give up his backbreaking and impossible struggle against the shoes. The sheriff argued and pleaded. But the little shoemaker's thin, gnarled hands never faltered at their work.

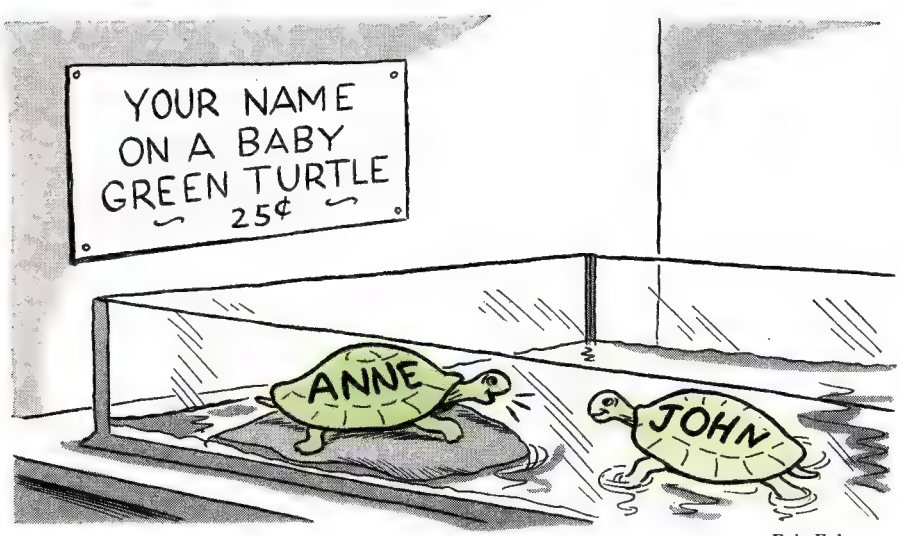
After the sheriff's failure, Carter and Warren were drafted, almost forcibly, into visiting their diminutive rival. But these two, in spite of pleas, bribes, and threats, interrupted Giuseppe's work only long enough for him, silently, to hand them the shoes they had respectively promised to repair.

ON THE seventh day of Giuseppe's labor, with the people of Barsten almost literally holding their collective breath in awe, a Town Meeting was called to decide what should be done to save the little shoemaker from working himself to death. For, on the morning of that day, two more Army trucks had appeared with the promised 4,000 pairs of shoes, which, had they been deposited in Giuseppe's shop, would have buried him or burst the walls. They had been stored in Ben Smith's garage, until, as Giuseppe had said weakly but bravely, "until I am ready for them."

The Barsten Meeting Hall was packed, the overflow gathering in the streets outside. Ben Smith was there and Mayor Burke and the banker, Williams, and Grocer Baxter and Homer T. Thrupp, who owned the town canning factory. From the platform they looked down into the anxious faces of good people who were thinking, even while Mayor Burke talked so eloquently, that Giuseppe might be keeling over in his shop at that very moment.

Ben Smith was the last to speak. He began with Giuseppe's first visit to his garage. When he got to the part about the boycott, he indulged in some deliberate and pointed cussing. And, for the first time since its erection in 1771, cussing was not only allowed but meekly accepted within the walls of this historic meeting place. Then, Ben's voice became a little softer.

"We're supposed to be Americans," he said. "We got names that sound American, and some of us have ancestors that roamed around these parts in 1776. These ancestors weren't natural-born Americans like us. Before they were Americans, they were just men



Eric Ericson

"They don't know it, but my real name is Oscar!"

and women who wanted to be free." Ben paused. "And they got to fighting for that freedom, and when they won it they were Americans.

"Sure—we put up statues to some of them Americans," Ben said. "We roped off places where they fought and died and put up signs saying what they did, but"—Ben's eyes grew hard and bright—"maybe we've got so much history and tradition around us that we take being Americans for granted. Maybe we don't remember often enough that them first Americans were real people, fighting for real things, and that they never knew what it was to quit until they got 'em!"

THERE was a hush in the hall.

"Then," Ben said, "along comes a little guy like Joseph and reminds us. You know," he said slowly, "I been figurin' and figurin' how a little guy like him could keep goin' like he has—seven days, now, with hardly any sleep. And then it come to me, how he's been doin' it. He's been doin' it because he ain't alone!"

Ben stood perfectly motionless, his eyes searching the crowd. "No," he said, "Joseph ain't workin' alone. He's workin' with the strength of all the guys in our past—with Washington and them soldiers at Valley Forge, with Tom Paine and Ben Franklin. And he ain't gonna lose," he said fiercely, "because we ain't gonna let him!"

Williams stood up, his eyes glistening. "I'll put up the money for a repair factory, Ben," he said.

Ben shook his head. "Won't do no good," he said. "You can't build a factory and get it running overnight, and that first batch of shoes has to be in by the end of this week."

"Well," Mayor Burke cried, "what are we going to do?"

"That," said Ben, "depends. Are there any Americans left in this town with a little of their time and money to invest?"

The noise indicated that such people were present. . . .

After midnight, Barsten is usually quiet and deserted. But, on this particular night, a few minutes after the Town Meeting was adjourned, the streets were alive with citizens streaming toward their homes. In a little while lights began to go on in the houses all over town.

On the main street, four men walked silently toward the small shoe shop. There Giuseppe was still working relentlessly, his face white and strained, his blue eyes fixed and bloodshot. When the bells above his door jangled, he looked up with a start into the determined faces of Ben Smith, Banker Williams, Jim Baxter, and Sheriff Lowery.

"We've come for you, Joseph," Ben said, kindly but firmly.

Then the four men bore down on him. Three of them reached the little shoemaker, picked him up, heedless of his struggles, and carried him to the street. They had to step over the prostrate form of Banker Williams, who in his eagerness had tripped over a pile of shoes and fallen flat on his face.

Giuseppe was carried to Jim Baxter's home, where he was divested of his clothes and, still struggling, forced into bed. And, just in case he might defy the social graces and flee, Lady-Godiva-like, back to his shop, Mrs. Baxter and three other similarly big-bosomed, strong-armed ladies were posted around the bed.

By the time the three men returned to Giuseppe's shop, the main street of Barsten was choked with automobiles, over 200 of them, jockeying for position. Not a horn was honked, and, miraculously, scarcely a fender was scraped as the long line formed. Every driver sat quietly in his seat, waiting for action.

The first car in line pulled up before Giuseppe's shop. Its occupant scrambled out of it, entered the shop, returned with an armload of shoes, which he deposited in his car. Banker Williams, standing at the curb holding a map of New England, saluted the driver.

"Lexington," he said. "Godspeed!"

The car leaped away and another took its place. When it was ready to go, Banker Williams looked at his map again.

"Concord," he said, and repeated, "Godspeed!"

ALL through the night the cars streamed out of Barsten, loaded with shoes, headed north, east, south, and west over paved highways and dirt roads. In Shrewsbury, a recalcitrant cobbler was reminded that he might not be there at all if General Artemas Ward had not once arisen from a sickbed there and ridden 100 miles through the night to win a battle in Cambridge. In Medford, a shoemaker complaining about being awakened at such an ungodly hour, was told about a man named Revere, who, at just such an ungodly hour, had once aroused the whole town. At Great Barrington, a man toiled unwillingly all night over shoes, while his guardian kept comparing him, threateningly, to General Burgoyne, who had once been similarly held captive in a house across the street.

As far away as Boston, near Bunker Hill, and on the street of the Old North Church and

And along with best wishes . . . a Christmas suggestion: *on your gift list, put lots of* PHILIP MORRIS *Cigarettes in gay Holiday packages* . . . fine to give, fine to get, America's FINEST Cigarette. CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS!

close by the Liberty Tree on the Commons, under the watchful eyes of Barsten men, busy shoemakers cut and hammered and stitched and shaped and polished on regulation, Government Issue, United States Army shoes.

As it has been shown, some worked not entirely of their own free will, even at Concord and Lexington, somewhat resenting being routed out of their beds in the middle of the night. Some worked good-naturedly, when those presenting the shoes took time to tell them the tale of Giuseppe Gusselli. A few worked because business was slack and they were glad to have even such impatient and demanding customers.

The first Barsten car returned thirty-six hours after the departure of Banker Williams, and its owner checked in the first batch of repaired shoes with Ben Smith. Banker Williams, having been the last to leave on the longest trip, was the last to return. He arrived just four hours before an Army truck rattled to a stop before Giuseppe's shop.

The sergeant in charge swung off the truck and pounded on Giuseppe's door. Finally, swaying a little and frightened, Giuseppe opened the door and stared at the soldier.

"I got orders to pick up two thousand pairs of kicks," the sergeant barked.

"Kicks?" Giuseppe asked blankly.

"Shoes," the sergeant said. "Where are they?"

"I have only these," Giuseppe whispered, stepping aside and pointing to a pile of 200 pairs or so.

"Quit kiddin'," the sergeant roared. "Where's the rest of them?"

"I don't know," Giuseppe said.

THE sergeant opened his mouth, shut it again, pulled off his fatigue cap, and scratched his head, glaring at Giuseppe. Giuseppe waited, resigned to his fate.

Ben Smith appeared, suddenly. "Right this way, Sergeant," he said. "They're all up in my garage—six thousand pairs, less these two hundred—as good as new."

The sergeant's mouth came open again. He squinted suspiciously at Giuseppe, whose mouth was also open. "You mean to tell me that little squirt fixed up all them shoes in two weeks?" he demanded.

Ben grinned. "Ain't it surprisin' what one little guy can do, when he puts his mind to it?"

The sergeant shook his head. "I don't get it," he scowled. "Anyway, I only got orders to pick up two thousand pair. The others'll have to wait."

Ben's scowl matched the sergeant's. "You'd better get a couple more trucks up here, fast," he snapped, "or them guys in Washington are gonna hear from the people in this town about holdin' up National Defense orders." . . .

Giuseppe now has a new shop, employing eight men steadily on the flow of shoes which the Government keeps sending him.

And that is all there is to the story of Giuseppe Gusselli, except to add that when the check from the Government arrived, he implored Ben Smith to give him the names of all those who robbed his place that night. Ben hasn't been able to remember a single name. But Giuseppe hasn't given up. He still stops people on the street and says in his high, small voice, "I am Giuseppe Gusselli and I'm sure I owe you some money." Then, not being able to get anyone to accept so much as a penny, he continues along the street, walking with dignity, as befits an honored citizen of a historic American town.

THE END★★

Love is an Ideal

(*Continued from page* 33)

happiness came over her. He was so handsome. So *smooth*, James *darling*.

"You're wonderful," she said.

He smiled down at her. "Am I?"

She was a little piqued. He should have said, "No, you're the one that's wonderful." But maybe men *never* said the things you wanted them to. Not even James. She managed to smile back. "Indeed, you are."

THEY did moderately well until the last race. James had three or four horses he liked equally well in that one. "I can't make up my mind, chick. I tell you what—you buy the ticket this time, and don't even tell me which one we've got until the race is over."

She felt very worldly, standing in line at the five-dollar "straight" window, the money nonchalantly in her hand. "Two tickets on Number Eight, please," she said. It was a horse called "New Day," and the more she thought about it the more like a real hunch it began to seem. New Day. New day indeed for her, since James had come into her life.

James had stood with her in the line for a little while, but now he was off having a drink at the bar. She glanced hurriedly into her purse. There was a $5 bill there. Why not bet that, too?

And New Day won; he came pounding up from far back in the stretch and won going away! Barbara stood on her chair and screamed till she was hoarse, and at the end she was so choked and bursting with excitement that it took her moments to tell James about the extra ticket. He shouted with laughter and hugged her to him. "My little handicapper," he said jubilantly.

They collected $110 on the race. James let Barbara get it all, but she insisted on keeping only one third of the money.

"All right," he said, "but we're going out and celebrate with the rest."

They had dinner at an amazing restaurant, all decorated in pale chartreuse and gray and silver and the loudest pink Barbara had ever seen. They drank champagne with their dinner and, afterward, a funny, sweet liqueur that James said was made from prunes. She caught a glimpse of the check and was horrified, but James laughed at her.

"We're rich, darling. We're big spenders now, remember?"

They went on to a musical comedy and then to a night club. Barbara had told him that she'd never been to a night club before, and she told him now she was disappointed. "The people all look so grim," she said. "And they're all a million years old."

He looked at her quizzically. "Everyone over twenty-one looks a million years old to you, don't they?"

She could have kicked herself. "Oh, James, you know I didn't mean *that*. But these people are really old—forty or fifty. *You're* not anything like that." She saw that this was scarcely making things better.

James was laughing now at her confusion. "I know, I know. Don't be so earnest."

"But I am earnest, because I'm in love with you."

James stopped laughing. "Don't talk like that."

"But I am, you know I am. Aren't you in love with—?"

He interrupted her quickly: "Now, chick, that'll be enough of that."

She saw that he meant it and she stopped. But if he only *would* say it sometimes—

There was a floor show beginning and it was pretty vulgar. James set his lips. "Come on; let's go somewhere else."

"Because of me?"

"Because of both of us."

They taxied to another night club, a much smarter one. This one was all done in deep, bright blue and crystal, and crimson flowers—real ones—were latticed upon its walls. The headwaiter seemed to know James and led them to a table right off the dance floor. The women were all magnificently dressed and coiffed and Barbara felt young and shiny-faced and uncombed.

"Don't be silly," he told her. "You're the prettiest girl here."

She glowed again with happiness. He could make her feel so awful when he wanted to. And he could make her feel so wonderful—when he wanted to.

She saw a famous movie star and a famous Communist, and James pointed out a well-known politician and a great dressmaker and some Broadway names. And she saw, surprisingly, some people she knew.

"Oh, look," she said excitedly, "there's Steve Johnson and Paul Denby."

James looked up at the two couples threading their way from the bar to the dance floor. "Friends of yours? Oh, yes, I remember them from the Club. Funny to run into kids like that here."

"Kids?" she repeated with some annoyance. Steve Johnson had always seemed pretty remote and glamorous to her.

"Well, how old are they?"

"I don't know exactly. About twenty-one or so."

James continued to look amused, and something made her add, "That's four years older than I am, you know."

But she got no rise out of him. "Is it now? It's so hard to tell about a woman's age these days."

STEVE JOHNSON had to go right by their table, and he saw her. "Why, hello! Imagine seeing you here."

"Imagine seeing *you*," she said, a little nettled. Or hadn't he meant it that way? My, men were difficult. "You know James, don't you?"

"Sure." They shook hands, and Steve introduced Paul and the girls. Steve's girl was tall and thin and sleek-looking. She gave James quite a look, Barbara noticed with pride.

"How about having a drink with us later?" Steve asked. Barbara started to say yes, but James said, "Sorry, but we're leaving soon. We've had a long, hard day and I've got to get this child home before her old man starts gunning for me."

For a moment she almost hated him. . . .

It was the end of summer before James started on her portrait. By then, Barbara had about abandoned hope for it. At the begin-

ning, when she saw that he liked her and wanted to spend so much time with her, she assumed he would want to paint her picture. When he said nothing about it she even resorted to hints. But James, she was to learn, was thoroughly hint-proof.

And then one day as they were finishing a round of golf, James said, "Would you like to sit for me, chick?"

"Oh, *yes*, I'd like it very much."

He grinned. "Don't be too sure. I may not make you look the way you think I ought to."

"I don't expect you to flatter me," she said stiffly.

"Of course you do. Women always do."

"I'm not a woman. At least, that's what you're always saying."

"Am I?" He leaned over and tousled her hair. "Well, if that's what I say, it must be the truth."

The picture went slowly, and Barbara found it dull work to sit still so long. She amused herself mostly by studying, out of the corner of her eye, the two big portraits that dominated the room, James's portraits of his two wives.

"Is the one in the riding habit Marta?" she asked him.

"Yes."

"She's beautiful. But I think the blonde is even more beautiful. What was her name?"

"Lois."

"Oh." Barbara thought she looked a little like Madeleine Carroll, only much more gay and glamorous. "Why did you paint her holding a champagne glass?"

James hesitated, and she thought he wasn't going to answer. It didn't matter; she had just been making conversation.

But James said, finally, "It was a sort of joke." He smiled at her, as though inviting her to share the humor of it, and she smiled back because she adored him so, but she didn't see anything particularly funny about it.

AT FIRST, he had trouble with Barbara's picture, and she could tell from the way he looked that he wasn't happy. And then, suddenly he was. Sitting there before him, so still and obedient, she watched his shining eyes, listened to his involuntary humming, and hugged herself for secret joy.

And finally he was finished, and he showed it to her.

She stood and stared at the picture for a long time. She was confused and disappointed and she didn't know what to say to him. At length, "It's very good, James."

He roared with laughter. "Why don't you say what you really think? You think it's perfectly rotten, don't you?"

"No, of course not," she retorted. "Only—it isn't very *pretty*—"

"It wasn't meant to be. It's a person, not a candy-box cover." He said it gently, and his hand reached out for hers in a little half-pleading gesture.

She pulled away petulantly. "I guess you think that's a comfort to a girl for not being pretty! And you've made me look so much older than I am."

His voice was curious. "Maybe that's the way I see you, Barbara."

A fine way to see her—old and not pretty! Was he making fun of her again? "Well, anyway," she said, suddenly wanting to hurt him back, "I don't think it really looks like me."

"It's not supposed to." He sounded angry now. "Let's say it looks the way you could look."

She began to cry. "Oh, James, what a cruel thing to say!"

"What are you crying for?" he asked impatiently. "You haven't the faintest idea what I'm talking about."

And he was right. She wasn't crying about the painting or her unprettiness or because of anything he had said. She was crying, suddenly, for the end of summer, for the end of the best thing she had ever had in life. In a few weeks, she was going away to school. She was going away, without James once having said he loved her. And while she was away from him, James would forget her. Margaretta Manning and Jenny Flagge would see to that, or, if they didn't, some girl in New York, someone he would meet somewhere, would have James all to herself.

"It's all over," she told herself, "and it'll never be the same again. He won't want to pick it up next summer; he's tired of me now. Look how he's painted me." . . .

THE night before she was to leave for college, Barbara and James had their final date. They drove to an enormous sea-food restaurant, nearly deserted now that all the summer people had gone. James was very gay, but Barbara, as she had been ever since the day in his studio, was sad-eyed and solemn.

"James, there's something I've got to say."

He didn't look directly at her. "Is there?"

"Yes. I'm in love with you, darling."

"No," he said gently. "You're not, chick."

The tears, nearly always just below the surface these last days, were close to flowing now. She said, "If you don't love me, you don't—but that doesn't stop me from loving you. Oh, darling, if you do love me at all, won't you say it to me just once before I go away?" He sat in awful silence. "Please, darling, just once—I'm not trying to pin you down to anything. I won't even mention it again if you don't want me to, I'll go right on and talk about something else, I won't be a pest—but, oh, James, if you'd only say it, just this once."

He crushed out his cigarette with a sort of desperation, and then he looked at her, and it was all there in his eyes, everything she'd dreamed about that whole long, lovely summer. He said, "I love you, Barbara."

All the way home, she sat close to him, silent and deliriously happy. She hugged it to her, repeated the words soundlessly; she shut her eyes and saw him again as he had said it. "*He loves me*," she thought over and over; "*he loves me*. He said the words."

And then she thought, appalled, "But how can I go away, how can I possibly leave him now?" And suddenly she knew. She was not going to college! She was not going away at all! She would do anything—leave home if necessary, get a job somewhere—anything, just so she could be near James. And, then, when he saw how much he really meant to her—

She glanced up at him shyly, a little afraid to tell him of her great resolve. He was looking straight ahead at the road and his face was grim and unhappy. "Unhappy because of me!" she thought, thrilled.

They pulled up before her house and James turned off the ignition. He took her in his arms and held her to him. Then he said, "You're very dear to me, Barbara. I'll miss you."

She said, "Oh, *James*," and she touched his cheek and prayed for him to go on.

"About us, Barbara—I want to say so much to you but I don't have all the words, and I want to be sure they're the right words. The next time I see you, darling, I'll have the words. When is your first vacation?"

"Thanksgiving." Her heart was pounding now. What did he mean? Was he going to talk to her father, get his affairs in order, all those funny, formal things men used to do in the old-fashioned novels and maybe still did before they got *married?*

She couldn't bear to spoil this magic moment. How surprised he would be tomorrow when she called and told him she wasn't going off to school, after all! It tickled her now to keep up the fiction. "Do you want to make a Thanksgiving date?" she asked.

"Every night you're home."

"Oh, James, *yes!*"

He smiled at her and there was no mistaking the tenderness in his eyes. They kissed and she said, "I'll be seeing you, darling," and giggled at her own joke.

But once inside the house, facing her father, she somehow forgot the calm, adult little speech she had planned, and she found herself going all to pieces, crying hysterically, and making large, wild threats about how George could beat her or starve her or turn her out into the cold—she didn't care what happened to her, just so she didn't have to go away.

Her father was angry at first, and then he became unaccountably gentle. She didn't have much experience in opposing him and, though she seemed to be winning all of the arguments, somehow in the end, without her understanding just how it came about, her tears and hysteria petered out, and she went headachingly to sleep. And in the morning, feeling faintly martyred, but not knowing what else to do, she rose and dressed and suffered herself to be put on the train for Northampton.

At first, Barbara wrote James every day. Then she got engulfed in campus matters and the letters began to thin out a little. Then she seemed to get up fresh steam, and they began to arrive two and three a day.

James's letters—well, they were like James himself—never really saying what she wanted him to say, but always with a hint of it between the lines. In one of her letters, a long one, she complained about not having a picture of him. James wrote back saying that he was sorry but he didn't have one and that he took terrible pictures, anyway.

She answered stiffly, "Of course, if it's *too much trouble* for you to have a picture taken, you have only to *say so*. I'm sorry I suggested that you put yourself to *all that inconvenience*."

So James called up a photographer and made an appointment, and a week later sent her a picture. "Here it is," he wrote. "Something to frighten little girls with. I'm afraid I look like something out of a police line-up."

It was quite true. He looked tired and almost ugly, and old. She was appalled. . . .

IT WAS three weeks before Thanksgiving when her father got Barbara's letter about not coming home. It would be her first Thanksgiving away from home, and he would miss her; but she was going to Princeton for the week end, and he knew what that week end meant to her. Smiling, he reread her letter:

"This is my first real bid to *house parties* and a big football game, and I'm so *thrilled!!!* And just imagine Steve Johnson asking me, after all these years. I've always thought he was *darling*, but I never dreamed he'd pay any attention to *me! ! !* I certainly hope I make some real time with him—pray for me now!"

There was a scribbled postscript: "If you happen to see James, would you *explain* to him about my not coming home, and tell him I'm *horribly* sorry—I know he'll *understand*."

George was terrifically amused by it, by the wild, girlish enthusiasm and the underlinings and blottings and hysterical punctuation, and he knew James would be, too.

So he drove over to James's house—to the

side-splittingly funny, extravagant house Marta had built and mortgaged—and he sat with James in the enormous, Marta-decorated living-room and watched him read Barbara's letter.

It seemed so foolish and remote now, all the worryings about James and Barbara. It was odd that James, the sophisticate, the sought-after, the spoiled, had gone out of his way so long to squire an adolescent girl who, when you got right down to it, must have seemed pretty unexciting to him after women like Marta and Lois. George supposed he would never quite understand, but the really remarkable thing was Barbara keeping her head so well in the face of such flattering admiration, and coming out of it so healthily now.

JAMES seemed to be taking a long time to read the letter, and George got up and began wandering around the room, looking at the portraits on the walls. On the left wall, Marta, her hot, tempestuous, beautiful face looking, laughing, down at you, a riding whip in her long white fingers. Ironic reminder, that, of all the race tracks and dopesheets and horses that had composed their brief, gay time together. On the right wall, Lois, so blond, so even-more-beautiful, offering you a cool and merry toast.

And over the fireplace, the portrait of Barbara, looking almost plain amidst all this beauty, looking earnest and honest and earthy and achingly you-can-trust-me. Looking, George realized, very little like Barbara.

He was so startled that he turned quickly to James, in time to see James put down the letter and square his shoulders and arrange a smile on his face.

And, all at once, George knew.

He knew James's gay marriages had not been gay. That it wasn't gay to have a wife who lived only to gamble, and it wasn't gay to have a wife who lived only to drink, and if the whole world thought it was and thought you were having a wonderful time, it was only because you were the kind of man who would keep his secrets and his loyalties intact.

And he knew, at last, as the gossiping, baffled town would never know, what James had seen in Barbara. Innocence and simplicity, and love that was love for him, not for some outside, material thing he could provide.

This was what James had always wanted, and this was what he never got from the glamorous, predatory women who had always been his for the asking. This was what he had thought he had, and hoped to have, from Barbara. And this was where she, too, had failed him.

WHY, he had never needed to worry about Barbara. The town had never needed to worry. It isn't the young who get hurt. They're resilient; they glow and enthuse and laugh and weep and dramatize themselves—and then lose interest and move on. No, Barbara had always been safe. It was James, the experienced, the worldly, who got hurt. He was the one they should have worried about all along.

Neither of the men had spoken a word, and the silence was quick with their understanding and defeat. Then George forced himself to smile and speak.

What he would have liked to say—George, the gentle, the tolerant—was, "Damn women, anyway."

What he did say, of course, was, "Let's have a drink."

THE END★★

Black Brain Trust

(*Continued from page* 37)

not lie. It is a lie to pretend that we are happy about receiving the same sort of treatment we are asked to spare the anti-Axis world."

Axis propagandists are working frantically to cash in on the Negroes' dissatisfaction. But Negroes don't bite. Recently four Negroes and one white man were indicted for trying to launch a pro-Axis organization among Harlem Negroes called the Ethiopian Pacific Movement. After declaring that the campaign had been notably unsuccessful, the Federal District Attorney said:

"The colored people have been as quick as any others to repudiate all efforts to win them over to the Axis line by propaganda. Responsible leaders have expressed the indignation of all loyal Negroes at this attempt to identify Jap propaganda with the legitimate campaign against racial discrimination."

ON THE other hand, American Negroes today are virtually 100 per cent behind the Black Brain Trust in prosecuting this "legitimate campaign." A couple of days after the victory over poll-tax congressmen, I talked with Walter White, secretary of the aggressive National Association for the Advancement of the Colored People. When I asked him how he felt about the outcome, he shrugged, "It's a straw in the wind, but such a little straw. What we desperately need today is forthright action by President Roosevelt in collaboration with the leaders of the darker races—Chiang Kai-shek, Gandhi, Nehru, and Azad of India, Manuel Quezon of the Philippines, and Haile Sellassie of Ethiopia. They should draft a Pacific Charter to implement the Atlantic Charter. Nothing less will convince the brown, yellow, and black peoples of the world that the four freedoms really apply to them. Nothing less will give them a real cause to fight for and die for."

A towering figure in the Black Brain Trust, Walter White is so pale-skinned—one anthropologist figures he has only $^1/_{64}$ Negro blood in his veins—that he could easily pass for white. But, as a child, he saw Atlanta, Ga., race riots in which "seven men died because their skins were black." A little later, White tells you, his father, gravely ill, was taken by mistake to the white ward of an Atlanta hospital. While indignant attendants were trucking him across the street to the black ward, he died in agony. After that, young White never thought of passing himself off as a white man, except, as he puts it, "where it would serve my race." In 1918, after being graduated from Atlanta University, he joined the staff of the NAACP as an investigator who looked white enough to circulate among lynching mobs.

In the Black Brain Trust, White performs the double function of front man and lobbyist. Former Senator James F. Byrnes of South Carolina, now Director of Economic Stabilization, paid tribute to his power during a debate on an anti-lynching bill a few years ago. "If Walter White should consent to have this bill laid aside," he declared, "its advocates would desert it as quickly as football players unscramble when they hear the referee's whistle."

Congressmen listen to him because his organization now lists a total of 600 branches, many of them in states where Negroes have an unimpeded vote. Ninety-one new branches were opened last year.

Probably the most telling action of the Black Brain Trust led to the second presidential executive order dealing with Negroes in American history, 78 years after the first, President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.

Early in 1941, Negroes throughout the country were grumbling about their exclusion from defense jobs. The Brain Trusters decided to take direct action. A. Philip Randolph, president of the International Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, an A. F. of L. union with about 11,000 Negro members, proposed a mass march on Washington. Soon there were reports that an army of 50,000 Negroes would march on the capital and picket the White House on July 1.

As the deadline approached, politicos put the screws on Randolph. "Don't do it," they argued. "You'll just inflame Southern senators and you'll be worse off than ever." A few years back, that argument probably would have prevailed, but Randolph was adamant.

"The march must go on," he said. "I am sure it will do some good." Finally President Roosevelt himself summoned Randolph, White, and several other Negro leaders to the White House. Besides the President, Secretary of War Stimson, Secretary of the Navy Knox, and key officials of the then existing Office of Production Management attended the conference.

RANDOLPH told his story bluntly. He reported that doors of defense plants were being closed to Negro workers, and feelings were running high. He wanted a presidential antidiscrimination order "with teeth in it." A few days later, Randolph was called in again and shown the draft of an order committing defense industries only. "Not enough," said Randolph, in effect. Unless the order included government agencies as well as defense industries, he was sorry but the march would take place as planned. The Negroes stood pat, and the administration gave ground. Executive Order 8802 was issued:

". . . that it is the policy of the United States to encourage full participation in the national defense program by all citizens in the United States, regardless of race, creed, color, or national origin . . . that all departments and agencies of the Government concerned with vocational and training programs for defense production shall take special measures appropriate to assure that such programs are administered without discrimination . . . and that all contracting agencies of the Government shall include in all defense contracts hereafter negotiated by them a provision obligating the contractor not to discriminate. . . ."

"It was purely a knock-down-drag-out affair," Randolph told me when I talked with him in his union office above a drugstore in a Harlem loft. "I don't want anyone to think I called off that march on Washington permanently. That's still our ace in the hole. We

could rally thousands of Negroes to stage it next week."

As head of an all-Negro union, Randolph has waged a campaign to persuade the American Federation of Labor to force every local to remove clauses and ritualistic practices excluding Negroes from membership. "So far we have failed," he said, "but we haven't given up.

"The threat of the march on Washington proved one thing: The Negro gets only what he has the power to take. Sure, we're a pressure group. In the march-on-Washington movement, we have the support of the two big Negro organizations, the NAACP and the National Urban League. But more important, we have the masses on the street behind us. And that gives us the power to make conferences produce something."

TO THE thousands of Negroes now in the Army, the No. 1 Black Brain Truster is undoubtedly Judge William H. Hastie, soft-spoken, diplomatic civilian aide to the Secretary of War. He occupies a spacious office, staffed entirely by Negroes, in the huge Munitions Building in Washington. Like other members of the Washington branch, Judge Hastie is a race-relations adviser. As such, he suggests, recommends, petitions.

White officers in the War Department told me that Judge Hastie has won the respect of everybody from Secretary Stimson down. One white colonel said, "He never makes a suggestion before he has gathered all the facts and figures. Usually his proposals are so darned reasonable you can't do anything but accept them."

When I interviewed Judge Hastie, he minimized his own accomplishments, but other Black Brain Trusters credit him with playing an important role in liberalizing the attitude of the Army toward Negroes. The chief advance today, they say, is the acceptance of Negro officer candidates at the same schools with whites. Both black and white officers report little or no friction at the mixed schools.

Negroes are now being trained for the Air Force, but the Black Brain Trusters are disappointed that they are segregated at the all-black school at Tuskegee, Ala., where only a few pilots can be trained. They hope that facilities will be expanded if these pioneers make good.

Less spectacular, but no less important to Negro soldiers, is the recent regulation establishing Negro Military Police in areas heavily populated with Negro soldiers. For this order, Negroes unanimously give Judge Hastie credit, and heartfelt thanks.

Tall and slender, with tapering fingers and a black earphone button in his left ear, Judge Hastie is typical of the new generation of Negro leaders. His education and experience have carried him to a position far beyond the dreams of most Negroes, but he uses his opportunities more for his race than for himself. At Amherst College, in Massachusetts, he won high honors and starred on the track team. Amherst later awarded him an honorary degree, but meanwhile he had picked up a law degree from Harvard in 1930 and a doctorate in law two years later.

In 1937, President Roosevelt appointed him Federal Judge in the Virgin Islands—the first Negro to reach the federal bench, and probably the youngest federal judge in American history. He resigned after almost two years to become dean of the Howard University Law School, which granted him an indefinite leave of absence when he was appointed civilian aide in November, 1940.

Today, in his official capacity in the War Department, Judge Hastie holds aloof from political activities, but he maintains close relations with many other Black Brain Trusters. So far, none of them has persuaded the Army to adopt the project closest to their hearts—the establishment of a volunteer mixed unit of white and Negro soldiers. Negro leaders insist that one such unit would do more than any other step to make Negroes genuinely enthusiastic about the war.

Nowhere have the Negroes been more active than in their effort to obtain war jobs. The federal War Manpower Commission recently showed me figures listing increases in Negro employment in selected war industries between May 1, 1941, and September 1, 1942. Here are a few typical cases: At an Ohio powder company, Negro employment jumped from 0 to 625; at a Maryland shipyard, from 50 to 1,600; at a California aircraft plant, from 0 to 300; at a Missouri cartridge company, from 0 to 800; and at an Ohio aircraft plant, from 0 to 1,100.

Obviously, all employment has advanced tremendously in the last 16 months, and there is a genuine demand for any kind of labor, black or white. But that the position of the Negro worker has changed is due, in no small measure, to the Black Brain Truster next in importance to Judge Hastie in Washington—Dr. Robert C. Weaver. He was director of Negro Manpower Service for Paul McNutt's over-all War Manpower Commission, when I went to his office to interview him. I found him talking long-distance with a WMC West Coast representative.

"Listen," he said; "I hear that the Blank Co. is hiring white skilled workers as far east as Ohio. Don't they know they're supposed to hire all the available workers in the locality, black or white, before going outside? Find out whether the company or the unions are turning thumbs down on Negroes, and, if so, we'll go after 'em."

Dr. Weaver, 34 years old, holds the only Ph.D. in economics ever awarded to a Negro by Harvard. In 1934, soon after he was appointed to a post in the Department of the Interior, he and Judge Hastie, then an assistant solicitor, struck a preliminary blow for Negroes in Washington. Together, one noon, they entered the Department's cafeteria, from which tradition had always excluded Negroes.

Flabbergasted, the girl at the door finally admitted them after taking their names. Some officials were shocked, but when word of the incident reached Secretary Ickes, he supported the two Negroes. After that, Weaver and Hastie continued to eat in the cafeteria.

TODAY, these two men are the pioneers of the Washington branch of the Black Brain Trust. Often they invite the other members to their homes for evenings of poker and informal discussion. Both are sons of minor government officials, and both had their eyes on government posts from the time they went to high school together in Washington. Like Judge Hastie, Weaver obtains his ends diplomatically. When one Southern city, running short of workers for war contracts, started importing them, Dr. Weaver approached the city fathers through WMC field representatives.

"Look," they said, in effect; "if you bring in all these men, you'll have to build houses for their families, and schools, and sewers, and hospitals. That'll cost your taxpayers a lot of money, to say nothing of using up strategic materials, if you can get 'em. After the war, you'll have a lot of idle workers asking for relief. Now, lots of Negroes are already right there within a few blocks of your factories. They already have homes, and schools. Don't you think it might be a good idea to give them a chance?"

This approach didn't work a miracle, Dr. Weaver said, but it cracked the wall of anti-Negro prejudice. A year ago, one plant in that city employed only 37 Negroes in menial jobs. Today, it employs more than 300 Negroes, many of them skilled workers.

"If we'd gone in there and talked about abstract justice, we'd probably have got a polite brush-off," Dr. Weaver smiled. "But they start scratching their heads when we give them sound economic proof that the Negro is entitled to a real post in industry."

I FOUND Black Brain Trusters working with equal determination in other departments across Washington. Six-foot-three William J. Trent, Jr., son of the president of a Negro college, is race-relations adviser to the Federal Works Agency. Recently, FWA advanced $67,000 toward a $75,000 project in a Deep South town. "The mayor wrote us he wouldn't hire any Negroes as skilled workers," Trent told me. "Said we were trying to force social and economic equality on the South. I reported to my superior that the terms of the offer, under the President's anti-discrimination order, required that at least 12 per cent of the skilled workers be Negroes, if they were available—which they certainly were. He backed me up, and we held up the money."

In Elmer Davis's Office of War Information, Ted Poston, ex-reporter for Negro papers in Pittsburgh and New York, supervises the news stories that go out to the Negro press. He helped spread the Negroes' nationwide Double V for Victory campaign—victory abroad and victory at home. Dr. Frank S. Horne, originally trained as an optician and now race-relations adviser to the Federal Public Housing Agency, looks out for Negroes' interests in war housing projects and fights "segregation of whites and blacks in areas where they previously lived peacefully together."

One Black Brain Truster occupies a unique position—Mrs. Mary M. Bethune, mother confessor to the whole group. At 67, Mrs. Bethune is director of Negro Affairs in the National Youth Administration. Although decades separate her in age from the other members of the Black Brain Trust, she apparently agrees with their thesis that new times call for new techniques. When she was young, the Negro who wanted to advance his people looked around for benevolent and generous white people. "Seek ye first some kind white folk," went the old Southern adage, "and the Kingdom of Heaven will be yours." But today she gives her blessings—and shrewd advice—to the younger men who stand on their own feet, and work for, instead of begging for, their future.

These—and other Black Brain Trusters—insist that they are wholeheartedly for the victory of the United Nations. They readily admit that the lot of the Negro in the United States has improved tremendously in the last ten years, particularly since Pearl Harbor. They argue that their campaign is to carry out to the letter President Roosevelt's ban on prejudice and discrimination. But their critics, in the South and elsewhere, reply that they may be jeopardizing not only the future of the Negro but the future of the war itself, by demanding "too much, too quickly."

THE END ★★

"But, Sahib, these gifts *are* mine!"

MAN: Plainly, Macleod, this substitute St. Bernard has been walking too long in the snow. It has confused him. Who would give Christmas gifts to a camel?

CAMEL: Ah, but Master, I'm the *Paul Jones* Camel—the living symbol of *dryness* in whiskey. And these gifts are tokens of gratitude—for telling puzzled shoppers about a *perfect* Christmas present—*dry* Paul Jones whiskey!

MAN: Who ever heard of a *dry* whiskey? Macleod, why do we stand around here with the snow going down our necks, listening to such talk?

CAMEL: Effendi, go to *any* liquor store! You will find, in the wondrous Paul Jones, a whiskey whose *dryness*, or lack of sweetness, permits you to enjoy its *full* flavor! Its *full* richness and mellowness! A jewel among whiskies, Prince, whose moderate price and rare flavor make it a *perfect* Christmas present!

MAN: Did you say *any* liquor store, Camel?

CAMEL: *Any* liquor store, Master.

MAN: And that Paul Jones is moderately priced? It spares the purse?

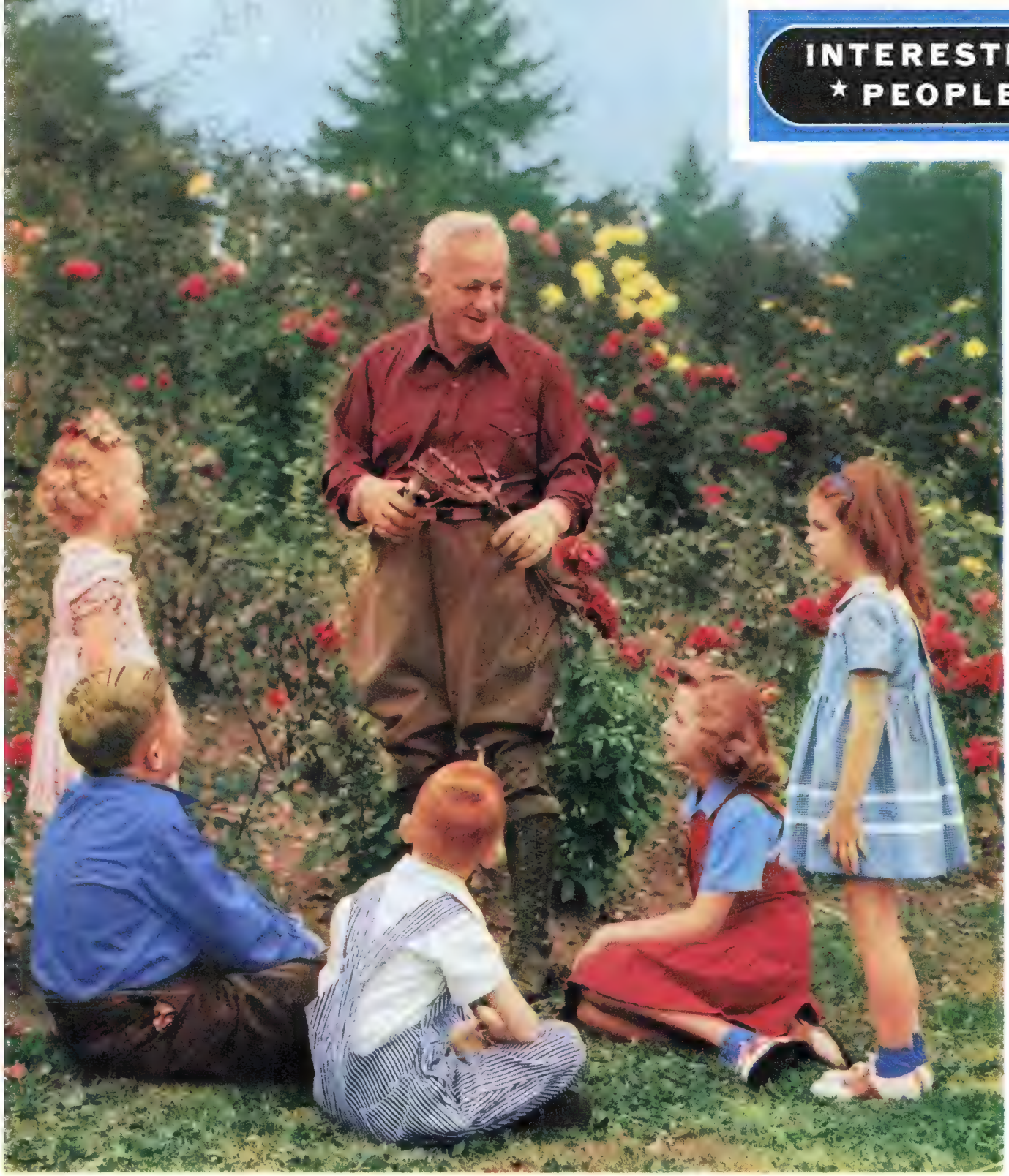
CAMEL: My very words, O Emir.

MAN: Macleod, how long shall we stand here with the snow going down our necks? Do we not have to buy some of this fine dry Paul Jones? And the biggest bale of hay in the entire world for this good camel? Come, Macleod!

The best CHRISTMAS BUY is the whiskey that's DRY

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM B. GRUBER FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Roses for Christmas

THOUSANDS OF YOUNGSTERS in Portland, Ore., will have roses blooming in their yards this Christmas. That's because Attorney Dave Robinson hands out two handsome rosebushes to each of the 1,500 boys and girls who line up at his front porch every spring. This gesture is the traditional climax of Robinson's career as a civic leader. Years ago, while handling juvenile court cases, he set out to discover how he could help young Americans grow into better citizens. Father of three children himself, he decided that the best way to develop character and responsibility early is to give a child something living and beautiful to care for. To Dave Robinson, nationally known for his luxuriant flowers, a rose is the most beautiful thing in the world. So ten years ago he started his own festival of roses. In our picture, he is surrounded by young rose enthusiasts (l. to r.): Marlene Daniels, Jack Walborn, Donald Larson, Myrtice Weiss, and Audrey Gill. A Portland judge tells us that Robinson's gifts "develop good character and definitely tend to combat delinquency."

Amazons of Aberdeen

MOST BOMB-BLITZED SPOT in America is at Aberdeen, Md. Buildings tremble for miles around as the Army tries out its new cannons, tanks, and "block-busting" bombs. In the midst of this tumult, 400 calm, grim women test Uncle Sam's weapons of war before they go to the boys at the front. They fire big berthas, drive tanks over shell-torn terrain, toss 60-pound shells around as if they were biscuits.

Tough babies, these gals? Well, hardly. Most of them are housewives, many of them mothers, one is a grandmother. Another used to be a beauty parlor operator before she began operating an ack-ack gun. An ex-nurse took over the field artillery. A girl with a rose-petal complexion who once sold cosmetics is a rifle expert. And an 18-year-old who used to shoot skunks on a Piney Creek, N. C., farm now tests antiaircraft guns. (If they are accurate she can blast the bull's-eye six times out of seven.)

The ladies first stormed the Ordnance Department last March. Seems that a spunky, redheaded gal named Arlene "Mickey" Leppert, who had studied to be a secretary in Oswego, N. Y., came to Aberdeen, said she wanted to test tanks. Officers listened because too many of their trained men were leaving to shoot Japs and Germans. Mickey

Two mothers test a tank at Aberdeen, Md. Up top is Mrs. Jean McMullen, of Perryville, Md., and climbing in side door is Mrs. Gloria Montgomery, of Delta, Pa.

was the first of the 400 women hired. They get about $25 a week. Only a couple have been replaced as unfit.

The Army wasn't optimistic at first, feared that women would be rattled by the constant ear-splitting concussions. They were jumpy in the beginning, but now many take rest-period naps under the muzzles of cannons. The other fear was that, being women, they couldn't keep secrets, and there are some big ones at Aberdeen. But never in nine months has one of them been suspected of being loose-lipped. The director of the grounds says they do the toughest tasks "extremely well."

A 40-year-old grandmother, Mrs. Ruby Barnett, of Delta, Pa., tests a .30-caliber machine gun

Miss Eva Ford, of Northeast, Md., totes some shells to firing range on a tricycle ammunition cart

After driving an army truck deep into mud pit, Jean McMullen tests a new winch for towing the truck out again

Feminine crew locks rammer of a 90-mm. antiaircraft gun. Left to right are, Edna Griffith, Aberdeen; Barbara Farrington, Jefferson, N. C.; Verna Geer, Nottingham, Pa.; Minnie Rinier, Havre de Grace, Md.; Mary Fultz, Lewistown, Pa.; and Elsie Szamborski, Aberdeen

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. EUGENE SMITH FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

FULL-COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY A. L. WHITEY SCHAEFFER FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

She took off her spurs and danced with Astaire

THE MASTERMINDS at the studio were in a dither. The script called for a starring actress who could sing with Bing Crosby, dance with Fred Astaire, and emote convincingly besides. In all of talent-packed Hollywood they couldn't find such a girl. Then the chorus director found a name in his file that sounded familiar—Marjorie Reynolds. Oh, yes, he'd used her in a routine five years before. Card said she could sing, too. Turned out she was the same Marjorie Reynolds who had starred in 42 Westerns and was currently Hollywood's best-paid cowgirl, earning $750 a week. Paramount tried her out for the singing-dancing-acting role in *Holiday Inn*. She clicked so resoundingly that she was assigned new Class-A starring roles in *Star-Spangled Rhythm* and *Dixie*. Born Marjorie Goodspeed, in Buhl, Idaho, she married Jack Reynolds, a film official, in 1936. He's in the Army, so she lives with her father, a doctor.

Double trouble for Hitler

THE BOYS in the Messerschmitts and Focke-Wulfs are seeing double trouble swirling about them in air battles these days. Marvin and Melvin McNickle, hard-flying twins from Dolan, S. Dak., are causing the confusion. They're the only twins fighting over Europe for Uncle Sam. Below, Melvin is at left, Marvin at right. In their fighters, they tangle with Jerry over the Channel, escort bombing squadrons to occupied Europe. At 28, both are majors and both are bachelors. (It's a family tradition that McNickles never marry before they're 30.) They're so alike that they swap uniforms from boots to helmets, comb their hair identically to hide identical bald spots. Their widowed mother says she never could tell 'em apart over the telephone. Favorite pastime is befuddling commanders by pretending one is the other. After being graduated from the University of South Dakota together, flew in a fighter squadron together, then commanded twin squadrons. Separated for the first time last year, when Melvin went to England, they were recently reunited there. Both have had to bail out after mid-air collisions—but on different occasions. They have two other brothers, Miles (older) and Marshall (younger). Mrs. McNickle explains that she gave them all first names starting with M so there could never be any quarreling over the family silver.

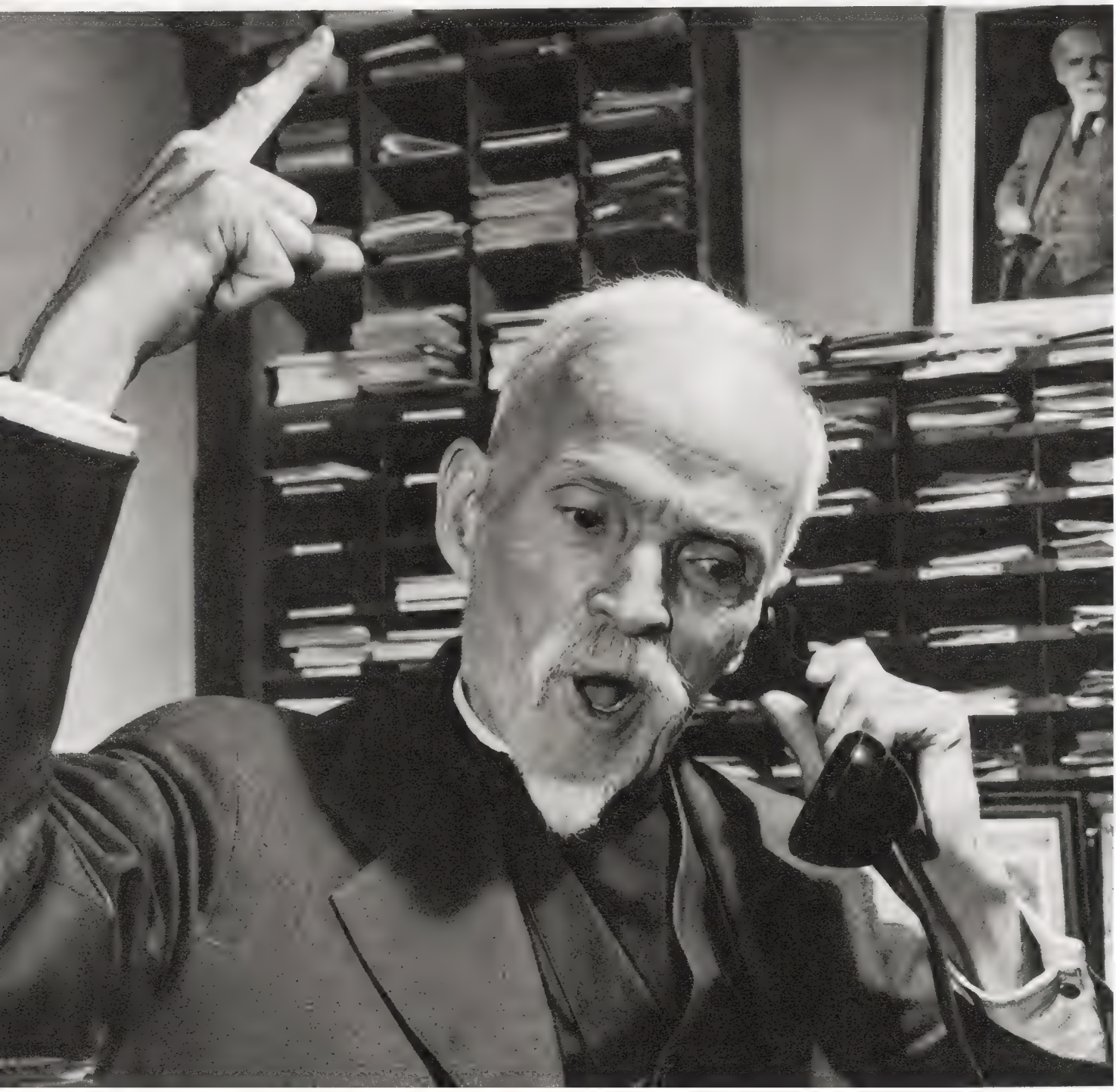
PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT CAPA FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

CIRCLE 6-6483, New York, is one of the busiest telephone numbers in America. It's held by Rev. J. J. D. Hall, retired Episcopal clergyman who gives one-minute sermons to all who phone him. Several hundred call daily. Despite "busy" signals, 140,000 have reached him by phone in the last 20 months.

It all started in 1940, when the Rev. Mr. Hall was abed recovering from an illness. The phone rang. A distracted wife trying to locate her wayward husband was on the phone. When she heard an unfamiliar voice, she mumbled, "Sorry; wrong number." Mr. Hall recalls: "In a flash I shouted, 'Hold on, sister; you've got the right number. Do you read your Bible and pray?' " They talked a while. By midnight 15 of her acquaintances had called him, confiding their troubles. His fame spread by word of mouth.

"Dad" Hall, formerly of Birmingham, Ala., lives near his phone in a cramped apartment off Times Square. He's 79. Three elderly women relieve him by giving some of the phone sermons. Most callers are lonely, have troubled consciences, or want him to arbitrate family quarrels. Some are hysterical, say they are going to jump out the window. To these Mr. Hall lectures thus: "Brother, you can't kill yourself. All you can do is change your location." Ends all talks by urging callers to "pray, read your Bible, and walk with the Lord." Endowments from hundreds of admirers support his work.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THILL-SARRA FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



Hello, Central, give me Heaven

IN A GREAT MOVIE THEATRE, *an audience of thousands —carried out of their everyday lives—look, and listen, to the drama pouring from a strip of photographic film about one inch wide. Everything is on this—not only the living, moving scenes of the story, but on the tiny "sound track" at the left, the sound: whispered words of love . . . a terrified scream . . . the nerve-shattering roar of a dive bomber . . . an enchanting voice crooning a lullaby. Film carries it all.*

Most Hollywood movies are on film made by Kodak

FROM the time when Thomas A. Edison and George Eastman worked together on the early, flickering movies, the improvement of materials for professional motion pictures has been one of the chief fields of Kodak research. Kodak has been the pacemaker, and is by far the largest supplier of Hollywood.

From "the flickers" to art

Kodak's original production of transparent roll film, the key to motion pictures . . . specialized negative and positive films . . . the production of high-speed panchromatic materials . . . the modern color phase, now rapidly expanding . . . these are important scenes in the advance from "the flickers" to today's work of art, in which Kodak has played a leading role. And there is another . . . The success of "sound" pictures hinged on making the spoken words, or music, or "sound effects," a basic part of the picture. That is what you have today, because . . .

Sound, too, is pictured

With special fine-grain emulsions, Kodak "sensitizes" film for sound recording. In effect, sound is changed into light, and this light is recorded on the film, simultaneously with the recording of the scenes. Lips move—a voice speaks. Yet the voice is also a "picture"—an effect of light on film. The voice changes from a whisper to an angry roar—each tone is a series of "light" pictures, different in quality.

As you sit in the theatre, the process is reversed—the "light pictures" on the sound track are changed back into sound . . . The "sound" newsreels are made in much the same way.

Movies for everybody

For children, movies are education. For normal men and women they are the grandest form of entertainment, reaching almost everyone. For those distraught by worry or sorrow, they are wholesome escape. For our service men on ships or in distant camps, they are a little of everything that is needed to give a man a "lift" . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

SERVING HUMAN PROGRESS THROUGH PHOTOGRAPHY

Milkweed down keeps sailors up

UNTIL DR. BORIS BERKMAN, of Chicago, came along, milkweed wasn't good for much except for children to blow. Today, this much-cussed farm pest promises to become an important American crop. Hundreds of farmers recently harvested thousands of acres of it in northern Michigan, and this spring Midwestern farmers will plant the weed for profit. Reason: The U. S. Navy sent Dr. Berkman an urgent SOS for 200,000 pounds of the weed's floss. It will be used in life jackets at sea, and in the lining of high-flying airmen's suits. For 10 years Dr. Berkman tried to convince the world of the wonders of milkweed, but nobody would listen. Then the fall of Java cut off America's supply of kapok, long used in life preservers. U. S. officials promptly began beating a path to Dr. Berkman's lab. The floss, they found, is six times as buoyant as cork, warmer and six times lighter than wool. They saw his patented milkweed gin. Russian-born Dr. Berkman, a medical diagnostician, became interested in milkweed when he started diagnosing farmers' economic ailments. Dust storms were ruining many U. S. farms. He noticed that milkweed was a fine soil binder, began his long search for products that would make it profitable to plant.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LANGE-SARRA FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

The voice in your kitchen

PHOTOGRAPH BY LANGE-SARRA FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

IRNA PHILLIPS, of Chicago, makes $250,000 a year writing radio stories that 10,000,000 housewives listen to while they mind their babies, cook the dinner, and wash dishes. She dictates annually 2,000,000 words—enough to fill 27 books—and has 4 radio serials running at once *(The Guiding Light, Road of Life, Lonely Woman, Right to Happiness)*. Twelve years ago Irna, then a schoolteacher, went on a tour of a broadcasting studio. By mistake she fell in line with some actresses, landed a job. Decided the radio dramas she acted in weren't like life, and wrote a serial describing how her widowed mother had reared 10 children. It was a success, and she's based her "soap operas" on actual people and events ever since. Most popular of her 50-odd characters is Dr. John Ruthledge, a small-town minister who for five years has been preaching the Golden Rule, Irna's own philosophy of living. Another favorite is Dr. Brent, who mends broken legs and broken hearts with equal skill. Unmarried, Irna keeps house for herself, has adopted a year-old boy. Right now she's building a new serial around the problems of a lone woman with a child. In the picture, Miss Phillips is dreaming up a plot while her secretary, Rose Cooperman, takes notes.

Shipbuilders' hero— he used to work in a hothouse

A FEW YEARS AGO Henry Dionne was a florist. Today he is a home-front hero of the war—the world's champion riveter. Took the title by driving 3,701 rivets into a ship's hull at the Todd-Bath Iron Shipbuilding Corporation plant near Portland, Maine, in one 7 ½-hour workday. That meant averaging 8 ¼ a minute! Most riveters go home dog-tired from the jarring, deafening ordeal of driving about 1 a minute, or about 450 a day. Henry knew his feat would help sink the Axis, so he felt prouder than if he had kayoed Joe Louis. A mere 145-pounder, he wrested the title from a 203-pound ex-heavyweight boxer in Brooklyn who had driven 3,464 in a workday. Now, every day, America's top-flight riveters are shooting at Henry's title.

Because he works on a piecework basis, he earned $142.06 the day he won the championship. But nobody —not even Henry—could take such a physical beating every day. Usually he contents himself with about 650 rivets a day. His hands, once delicate from handling gardenias, are now covered with calluses, but Henry insists riveting is as much of an art as handling flowers. "You just have to have rhythm to work that rivet gun," he says. Henry's attractive wife can't stand the din of riveting, wonders how long it'll be before the rivet gun shakes him to pieces. Henry winks at this, says he is in perfect health. He isn't related to the Dionne quintuplets, but of their papa he says, modestly, "His record will probably stand a lot longer than mine."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR GRIFFIN FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Modern Christmas Carol

I was feeling pretty low that night
And sort of on the shelf
For I wasn't looking forward
To a Christmas by myself.
When the doorbell rang and
There was Tom, a package in his hand.
(It was Seagram's mellow 7 Crown
So long my favorite brand.)

"Merry Christmas, Joe," he shouted
Well, it didn't take much art
But his simple, cheerful greeting
Warmed the cockles of my heart.
And as he and I sat savoring
That noble Seven Blend
I knew Christmas wasn't lonely
When a fellow has a friend.

• • •

Serving Seagram's 7 Crown to Christmas callers is a pleasant custom that never fails to bring about a genial warmth of good will and Yuletide cheer.

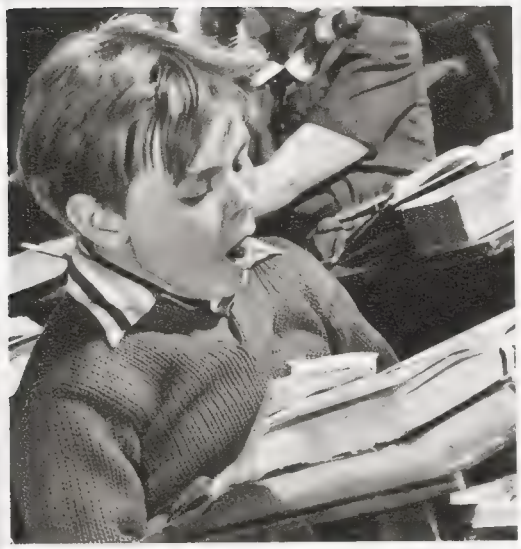
Seagram's 7 Crown

... a sumptuous gift ... Seagram's proudest American offering ... eloquently rich, without the least bit of heaviness ... blended from rare whiskies ... smoothed and toned with pedigreed soft-stilled neutral spirits ... gratifying to the "giver"—as well as the recipient.

MOST PLEASING *to the Palate* – **LEAST TAXING** *to the Taste*

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 65% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York

Where every pupil is a star



Student Jackie Ayers, 11, stars in three weekly radio programs, has acted in five Broadway hits

HIGH IN A NEW YORK office building is one of America's strangest institutions of learning, the Professional Children's School. Its 248 students, all between 6 and 16 years old, are actors, models, or entertainers who lead topsy-turvy lives that can't be reconciled to ordinary school hours. Classes start at 10 A. M., so the scholars can sleep late; end at 2 P. M., so they can dash off to rehearsals. Six-year-old tots toil at arithmetic, make-up fresh on their faces for an early matinee. A call from a theatrical director or modeling agent is the one airtight alibi for absence. The school is a stamping ground for movie, radio, and stage talent scouts. They often drop in to pick a kid for a part. Method is to watch 'em studying, select the most diligent pupils. Reason is, brainy babies make smoother actors.

Twenty-nine years ago the school was set up by a group of stage folk to satisfy sharp-eyed truant officers. Today these professional young-

Deep in their algebra lessons at Professional Children's School are high-school students (l. to r.) Suzanne Kalish, Shirley Poirier, Claire Visconti, Carol Wanderman, all photographers' models; and Harriet Katz, concert violinist

sters are about a year ahead of the average child in school, thanks to the memories they've developed from studying scripts. The kids aren't taught acting and dancing in the classes; they get a straight dose of academic studies. Well paid professionally, they prefer putting on school shows, for nothing, to any other after-class activity. Among the students are a girl who rides a unicycle as she juggles dishes in the air, 16 redheaded boys who've had roles as sons in the Broadway hit, *Life with Father,* and a pair of twin bareback riders who travel with a circus. The twins, along with 44 other tiny troupers, study lessons sent them by mail each week. Director of the school is Mrs. Harriet Nesbitt, wife of an engineer. Old grads, like Ida Lupino and Gene Raymond, often send her passes to their performances.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Phyllis de Bus, who has a leading part in the stage play, Lady in the Dark, *gives an impromptu floor show for her third-grade classmates. Another third-grader who performs for classmates is Ice-Skater Twinkle Watts*

Ann Blyth stars in the road company of Watch on the Rhine

The redheaded boys on the right in this spelling bee have all appeared in Life with Father. *From the front, they're Ted Donaldson, John Grinnell, Jackie Ayers, Billy Saunders, Jack Irwin. Girls are Claire Foley, star of Broadway show,* Janie; *her understudy, Anne Herman; Carolyn Alman, a dancer; Nedra Crowell, of the San Carlo Opera troupe; Radio Actress Maureen Moore*

Love's dream come true

NANCY HARKNESS LOVE long dreamed of the day when the U. S. Army would permit women to ferry military planes from factory to airfield, releasing men for the fighting fronts. Today her dream is coming true. She recently became uniformed commander of the Women's Auxiliary Ferry Squadron based near Wilmington, Del., and she and her WAFS (50 originally) are already chauffeuring light planes to domestic airfields. They're doing such an expert job that the generals are considering letting them pilot big bombers to war zones. Nancy may be in trousers for the duration, but she's as feminine as a scented handkerchief. Only 28, she's been flying since she sneaked a ride in a plane at Houghton, Mich., 12 years ago. Soloed after five hours' instruction. Since then she has test-piloted, entered air races, helped develop the tricycle landing gear for bombers, run up 144,000 air miles without mishap. After she married Bob Love, they became Love, Inc., operating a flying school. Now both work for Uncle Sam. He's a lieutenant colonel in the Air Transport Command.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB LEAVITT FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Keep your smile bright . . . but

DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT

An overwhelming number of boys in uniform have made Pepsodent their first choice . . . they are taking nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we make.

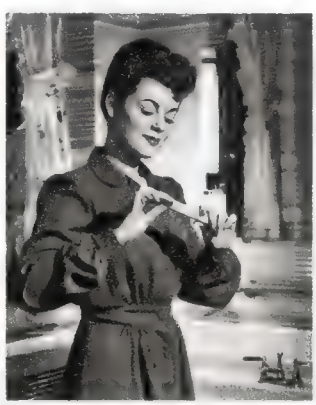
Civilian demand, too, is the greatest ever.

But, wartime restrictions keep us from making more.

And so . . . we urge you: Don't hoard Pepsodent. Use it sparingly. If you help save enough for others . . . there will be enough for you.

DON'T LET Pepsodent run down the drain. Always wet brush before applying paste. Then finish brushing before rinsing brush.

DON'T USE more tooth paste than you need. One-half inch on your brush is enough. Pepsodent multiplies itself many times in rich lather.



DON'T SQUEEZE tube carelessly. Roll it evenly from bottom. Replace cap. Save empty tube to exchange when you buy paste again.

DON'T POUR Pepsodent powder on your brush. Pour it into the cupped palm of your hand. Enough to cover a 5-cent piece is plenty.

DON'T RUB — Dab moist brush in powder. This way all the powder is picked up by the brush. Always measure out powder for small children.

DON'T USE a worn or wilted brush. Keep new ones efficient by hanging them up to dry. Bristles stay firmer, last longer this way.

DON'T BLAME your druggist if he has to disappoint you the first time you ask for Pepsodent. He will have it for you in a few days.

REMEMBER . . .

only a little Pepsodent is needed to make your teeth bright, your smile sparkle, because Pepsodent's exclusive formula contains patented ingredients recognized among the safest and most efficient known to dental science. So . . . keep your teeth bright . . . but don't waste Pepsodent. Help save enough for others . . . and there will be enough for you.

Everybody's prop girl

INTERESTING ★ PEOPLE

TO AMERICA'S THOUSANDS of amateur actors, Jean Rosenthal, of New York, is an angel undisguised. She enables 2,500 little theaters across the nation to set their stages with honest-to-goodness Broadway props. Created Theater Production Service three years ago, which now takes in $45,000 annually furnishing stage supplies by mail order to amateur theaters in everybody's home town.

Army camps, colleges, and lodges over the country call on her for such theatrical indispensables as exploding ladyfingers, stuffed ostriches, snakes that wiggle though dead, wire bird cages that sprout American flags when a button is pushed, peg legs, papier-mâché skulls, rainstorm sound effects, and brick walls that won't crush actors when they collapse.

In our picture, taken at her warehouse, she appears amid a mass of props, including a genuine medieval suit of armor suitable for haunted houses. Props are another product that have a new purpose these days. Everybody orders them to whoop up War Bond buying. Jean's toughest job was persuading a patriotic dressmaker to sew up a dozen Nazi flags for a "hate-Hitler" skit at a bond rally. Army camps, too, keep this popular prop girl busy. She's sent stage supplies to 60 posts, from Alaska to Panama.

Formerly a Broadway stage manager, Jean had to scurry so hard to achieve dramatic effects that she decided somebody should give stage managers a break by setting up a central prop bureau. Today, she has two associates, fills a hundred orders a week. Estimates she rents or sells enough props yearly to fill a nine-block-square warehouse.

Twenty-eight years old, she's been hopelessly stagestruck ever since she produced a nursery show for neighborhood tots at the age of five.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KARGER-PIX FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

"We're bears on gifts...we know the trends
This year it's Calvert's Happy Blends!"

1. Yes, we bear gifts galore each year;
We stuff the stockings with good cheer!
And lo! Our biggest gift success
Is CALVERT Whiskey... nothing less!

2. For CALVERT (if you'll hark a minute
Has only traits that *blend* well in it—
In fact, it's such a Happy Blending,
It's tops for Yuletide elbow-bending!

3. The secret is—some whiskey traits
Are enemies, while some are mates.
So CALVERT ousts the fighters, *fast*—
Hence makes a blend that's unsurpassed!

4. If in your Yuletide shopping search you
Seek a gift with *every* virtue—
You'll tickle all your friends no end
By giving CALVERT's Happy Blend!

Clear Heads Choose
Calvert
The gift with the
"Happy Blending"

Calvert Distillers Corporation, N. Y. C. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Ambassador for 4 million war prisoners

TRACY STRONG is responsible for keeping up the spirits of more than 4,000,000 prisoners, both Allied and Axis, in 16 countries. He's World Director of the Y.M.C.A.'s War Prisoners Aid Committee, centered in neutral Switzerland. The job gives him the right theoretically to enter Germany, Japan, or any other nation at war with the United States. So far, he hasn't taken advantage of the opportunity, but may have a chance to before many months. He was one of the first to hear of the capture of U. S. airmen by the Germans: the tip-off came when his agents received a request for baseball bats. Strong's Y.M.C.A. men visit thousands of prison camps, talk to the men, distribute musical instruments, garden tools, and the like, plan athletics, theatrical and musical programs, recreation, and study. In one German camp, they gave 25 battle-blinded British prisoners a chance to learn Braille and acquire new skills. He works through neutral agents. In Germany, for instance, the "Y" man is a Dane. A son of a Mt. Vernon, Ohio, preacher, Strong has been a "Y" worker for 34 years. He now lives in New York. Besides a daughter, he has two sons who are following in their father's footsteps in welfare work.

$5,000,000 Belly Laugh

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the skinny one, is twelve years older than Costello, which makes him crowding fifty. But about him there is a happy-go-lucky manner that suggests perennial youth. He is a soft touch and a loose spender. If heaven is like Hollywood he'll be perfectly happy.

He, like Costello, started with a $15,000 suburban home, but soon turned it into a $52,000 one, surrounded by two acres of lawns, gardens, and a miscellany of smaller buildings intended for human habitation. That's where I found him when I went to call. The sign on the gate reads, "Hi-Neighbor Ranch." That's his trade-mark in show business—"Hi, neighbor." He started saying it years ago because he can't remember names.

Abbott was sitting on the veranda of a long, low building that houses a rumpus-room, as I drove in on a sunny afternoon. "Hi, neighbor," he greeted me. "Have a chair."

I did, and we just sat there, sprawled in the sunshine. He sighed deeply, the contented sigh of a man in paradise. "Neighbor," he said dreamily, half to himself, "it's beautiful. Honest, now, isn't it beautiful? Just like I always dreamed it would be."

People began to appear—Mrs. Abbott, in loose lounging pajamas; two or three sisters, some nieces and nephews, an uncle or two, and some old friends from show business who, it seems, had been visiting the Abbotts for several months.

Mrs. Abbott, plump and pleasant, said she had met Bud at Washington, D. C., when both were playing there in burlesque. She was a dancer, but quit the stage when burlesque began to get racy. "I couldn't compete with those strip teasers," she said; adding hastily and loyally, "not that there's anything wrong with them, you understand. Most of them are nice girls. And beautiful."

Before I left, Abbott insisted on taking me for a tour of the fancy outbuildings. All around the neighborhood, dotting the sunny slopes, are little ranches the boys have bought or built for their parents, parents-in-law, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, and pals from the "old days." That's how they are.

They seem to remember every good turn they received in the hard-up days, and are always ready to go out of their way to reciprocate. Hollywood is buzzing with such legends about them. One concerns Frank Elliott, who runs the famous Steel Pier at Atlantic City, N. J. A few years ago, when the Costellos were flat broke and expecting a baby, Lou had to pawn his car to get money for the hospital. Elliott heard about it and gave the boys a job. Last year, when Abbott and Costello had become sensational attractions and their stage salary was $10,000 a week, Elliott gingerly asked what they'd charge to make a personal appearance for him. "Write your own ticket," they wired him. Elliott insisted that they name a price, so they named one—a dollar a day!

Last winter they were guests of honor at a fashionable club dinner at Washington, D. C. Squirming unhappily in their tuxedos, they stayed as long as politeness demanded, then disappeared. Later the smart set learned they had made a beeline for the local burlesque theater, barged onto the stage, and clowned for an hour, free. Why? Because it was the manager of that theater, Jimmy Lake, who introduced Bud to pretty Betty Pratt, who became Mrs. Abbott, back in 1918.

One of their proudest boasts is that they never told a shady joke. They never hesitate to repeat themselves, and they have a weakness for jokes that have stood the test of time. "That's why we know they're funny," Abbott explained seriously. "They have lived. Only bad jokes die young."

One of their favorites is the side-splitter known as the mustard routine. Maybe you remember it. They are supposed to be in a restaurant. Abbott tries to persuade Costello to put mustard on his sandwich. Costello protests that he doesn't like mustard. Abbott insists, and they get into an argument during which they break up the furniture, bore holes in the walls, and get smeared with catsup. All because Costello doesn't like mustard.

The technique of pictures gives them a chance to get laughs from situations, rather than out-and-out gags, but they lard all their ludicrous situations with gems from their reservoir of 29,000 jokes. Here are a couple that never miss:

ABBOTT: "Oh, why don't you get an encyclopedia?" COSTELLO: "Not me! I'm too big to ride on one of them things."

COSTELLO: "Abbott, where do all the little bugs go in the wintertime? ABBOTT: "Search me." COSTELLO: "No, thanks; I just wanted to find out."

They carry thousands of jokes in their heads and can go on for hours without rehearsing or looking at a script. They have only one gag writer, John Grant, a veteran of burlesque who first introduced them.

Oddly, both are natives of New Jersey. Costello, whose true name is Louis Francis Cristello, was born at Paterson on March 6, 1908. His father, Chris, was an insurance man. By 1925 Lou had absorbed all the education he could hold and was yearning to go to Hollywood. He finally made it in a broken-down jallopy and worked as a laborer to get into the studios. Shortly, because he was young and tough, he became a stunt man.

In 1927, impersonating Dolores Del Rio, he plunged through a second-story window of a burning house and woke up in a hospital. That ended his movie career for the time being. He limped back home and became a ham comedian in vaudeville and burlesque.

ABBOTT: No smoking.
COSTELLO: Who's smoking?
ABBOTT: You are.
COSTELLO: What makes you think I'm smoking?
ABBOTT: Well, you've got a cigar in your mouth.
COSTELLO: Got my shoes on, but I'm not walking, am I?

Abbott, whose real name is William, says he was born under a Barnum & Bailey circus tent, but that's a figure of speech. Actually, he was born in a small hospital at Asbury Park, N. J., his mother, Ray Abbott, having taken a few days off from her chores as a bareback rider. His father, Harry, was an advance publicity man for the big show. The first thing Bud remembers is the flapping of circus canvas during a windstorm.

He went to school sketchily in Brooklyn, N. Y.; then worked for his father, who had taken on a small chain of burlesque theaters. Bud took tickets and sometimes worked as a comedian when regular actors didn't appear. He was taking tickets at the Empire Theater in Brooklyn in 1930 when Costello was booked in to enliven a girlie show called *Legs and Laughter*. Costello needed a partner. John Grant, who was there, suggested Abbott. They decided to try it for a week. They've been together ever since.

They stuck together because they thought they were good. They worked for as little as $65 a week, the two of them. It was eight years before they got a break.

COSTELLO: Hey, Abbott, look at that bunch of cows.
ABBOTT: Not bunch—herd.
COSTELLO: Heard what?
ABBOTT: Herd of cows.
COSTELLO: Certainly I heard of cows.
ABBOTT: I mean a cow herd.
COSTELLO: What do I care if a cow heard. I didn't say anything I'm ashamed of.

In 1938 they were booked in a New York theater. Fate was sitting in the audience in the person of Ted Collins, producer of the Kate Smith radio show. He needed a comedy team, and sent the boys an invitation to audition, and signed them up.

The Smith show made them a name but not a fortune. The boys were invited to Hollywood for a tryout. They went—and nothing happened. They wandered around looking at the scenery and worrying about groceries.

Finally they were given comedy roles in something called *One Night in The Tropics*. They were considered just barely funny enough to warrant another chance. The studio, Universal Pictures, took a few nickels and dimes and made a quickie called *Buck Privates*. It turned out to be one of the smash hits of the year, and it rocketed Abbott and Costello into the Big Time. It was the jack pot at the end of their rainbow.

Since then they have made *In The Navy*, *Ride 'Em Cowboy*, *Keep 'Em Flying*, *Pardon My Sarong*, and, most recently, *Who Done It?* Betweentimes they were borrowed by another studio for comedy roles in *Rio Rita*. They're working on a horse-racing comedy right now. No stars have been created more quickly. Today, any producer would be glad to offer them a trifle such as, say, a million bucks, for their exclusive services.

If you want to be analytical, you may credit their success to the war. If you want to be sentimental, you may get a thrill out of the picture of these two hard-bitten troupers doggedly battering their way from obscurity to fame. But if you're like me in these troublesome times, you won't worry much about whys and wherefores. You'll just be grateful Abbott and Costello are on hand to keep 'em laughing.

THE END ★★

BEHIND THE

Hirohito—"Just a puppet of the military, but, to his millions of subjects, a god"

DRAWING BY ARTHUR SZYK

I AM one of the few Americans whom the war trapped in Japan. We had been expecting trouble for weeks, but the final crack-up was just as much of a surprise to us as it was to 70,000,000 Japanese.

Before the war, I lived with the Japanese, studied them, and reported all I could about that empire to the newspaper readers of the United States. But it took six months of association with them in prison really to give me an insight into their patience, their determination, and their willingness to sacrifice anything and everything to win this war.

I was arrested at 6 A. M. (Tokyo time) the morning Pearl Harbor was attacked. Later, I received a suspended sentence of 18 months in prison (for sending stories which the Japanese said were detrimental to their diplomacy), but I was released from prison on June 2, 1942, and soon was deported to the United States.

During my entire stay of a year and a half in Japan I tried daily to find out something definite about her army. But the most tangible fact I obtained was that even the Japanese themselves know nothing about the strength of their army and navy. And they know better than to ask questions.

Japan's preparation for this global war caused the neglect of many ordinary

JAP FRONT

From inside Tokyo—a shocking, eyewitness account of how the slaves of Hirohito are pouring their lifeblood into Japan's war machine. Under the whip of the war lords, they shoulder all-out hardships in a mad bid for conquest . . . Can we meet their challenge with the sacrifices of a free people?

by Max Hill

Former chief of the Associated Press Tokyo Bureau

phases of living which are nonessential to plain-living Japanese, but quite conspicuous to a foreigner accustomed to the plenty of America.

In Tokyo, when I arrived, the busy main streets were as rutted as a little-used country road in our Midwest. Why didn't they repair them? Well, asphalt is useful for runways for bombers, and concrete is a satisfactory material for throwing together jerry-built factories to manufacture war materials.

The few automobiles on the street, gasping for power from the charcoal-burning apparatus attached to the rear end, would have been piled on junk heaps in America months before. Did that mean the Japanese didn't have gasoline, ordinary and high-test, for airplanes? No, indeed! Day and night, formations of military planes roared over my prison cell. Even the army used charcoal burners on its trucks *in* Tokyo; the gasoline goes to the fighting front in China and all over the Orient.

One day I saw three disabled army trucks, all fueled by charcoal, being towed to garages by three other charcoal-burning army trucks. I smiled to myself; so this is Japan's vaunted strength. Perhaps American military and naval attachés were as amused.

But one Sunday afternoon, months before my arrest, I had a glimpse into another side of the motor power of Japan's army. I was on a railroad train, returning to Tokyo after spending Saturday night at a seashore resort near Yokohama. A cloudburst about midnight had washed out the main line in several places.

Men and machines for war move at night in Japan, and even the Japanese seldom see them. But this time the army was in a quandary. You can't just drop a string of freight cars into your pocket and go on about your business.

A few miles out of Yokohama, we passed a train of at least 30 flatcars on a siding. They were loaded with sturdy steel landing boats and new army trucks. and all of them were equipped to use gasoline, not charcoal. The Japanese in my car regarded me with open suspicion and steady stares which suggested I should start studying the floor instead of looking out the windows. In all, we passed five such trains before we ground to a stop in Yokohama station.

By a rough count, those landing boats, each capable of holding 20 soldiers, could carry an attacking force of at least 1,500 men, and they were the same type as those used in the Philippine campaign.

Remember that this occurred when the Japanese, with characteristic Oriental duplicity, were still talking peace in Washington. They had already set up some 15 production zones for war materials, scattered through Japan and as far away as Manchuria. They had stopped the manufacture of all goods and articles for civilian use which weren't absolutely essential, and diverted this energy and the factories to preparation for the coming war.

I had a long talk one afternoon in the lobby of Tokyo's Imperial Hotel with a German whose business at home was building tanks. He had once worked in the United States, and was in Japan to speed up production. He had just returned from a village far in the interior.

"It was raining when I got there," he said, "and it rained for several days. I had to walk through mud almost up to my calves on village roads, but the tank factory was modern and busy. There is a railroad spur track on one side, and you can be sure they don't have any trouble getting finished tanks out where they are needed."

Our bomber pilots will need luck to find that secluded factory and many others like it in the innocent-appearing Japanese countryside.

Besides using essential materials down to the last scrap, the Japanese are skillful in substituting an available product for one which is scarce.

One day in prison I waited in a side room while the authorities questioned another foreigner. There were about a hundred boxes in the room, some of them open.

I investigated. They were packed with trench-type helmets. A few discreet taps disclosed that they were molded not

of steel, but of heavy papier-mâché. Don't laugh, as I did.

As we were being repatriated aboard the Gripsholm, an American army officer told me, "Papier-mâché helmets will ward off a glancing blow in an air raid just as well as steel ones. And if the hit is direct it doesn't matter."

The home front took the substitute; the troops in the field got the steel. This is typical of Japan's entire economy.

I hadn't been in Japan many days before I learned the Japanese didn't want the news of their country covered by foreign correspondents. They set up what they blandly described as a Board of Information. Those of us who had to deal with its members promptly dubbed it the Board of No-Information.

Official spokesmen of the staff were deliberately kept in ignorance. Once, at the regular press conference, I asked Koh Ishii, an official spokesman, whether the Russian government had replied to a certain note sent by the Japanese. No, he replied, adding that the Japanese were getting pretty mad about the delay. But that afternoon the Russian Embassy told me that they had sent a blunt reply a couple of days before. I still think Ishii was honest in his answer; he just hadn't been told.

JUST how much the Japanese resent any and all news about their country being published abroad is illustrated by the wrath of Inspector Takehara, who often questioned me during my imprisonment, over a story I had sent out on the construction of air-raid shelters in Tokyo. The information had come from a handbill distributed to hundreds of people.

Takehara was furious. Didn't I know, he asked, that I was disclosing a military secret? —This, regardless of the fact that everybody in Tokyo, foreigner and native alike, knew Japan was building air-raid shelters.

Then he showed a sense of humor rare in a Japanese. "Why were we building these shelters?" he asked.

"To prepare for war, I guess," I answered.

"War? Against which country?"

I hesitated. He laughed, rubbed his close-shaved head with a fat hand, insisted I answer.

"The United States," I responded.

He turned to another subject in good humor.

I have heard a lot of loose talk about starving the Japanese out. I don't believe it can be done.

After my incarceration in Sugamo prison, Yamada, an official with big, yellow buck teeth and a chronic cough caused by the inferior cigarettes the Japanese smoke, told me coolly, "Hill-san, you can't starve us out. A little rice, a piece of fish—that's all a Japanese needs to eat."

He was right. Yamada, who was graduated from the University of California, might have liked to vary his diet with bread and potatoes, but he knew he couldn't. Potatoes make industrial alcohol, and so does grain.

A few months before the war, more chickens appeared on the market than the remaining foreigners could buy. We wondered why we had fried chicken every night, and a few weeks later no eggs for breakfast. The reason? The army needed the grain to turn into alcohol. With nothing to feed their chickens, the owners sold them. After that there just weren't any eggs. This may annoy the Germans and Italians still in Japan, but it certainly won't weaken the war effort.

But the Japanese have one real problem. Through 2,000 years of the most intensive cultivation known to man, their soil is exhausted. Until a few years ago Japanese depended upon a combination of chemical fertilizers imported from Chile and Germany. Today that supply is cut off.

In prison, my lunch or supper plate often held a thin portion of beans in the pod. There were pods, all right, but no beans. By the time the vines had grown and the pods formed, the soil had lost its vitality; thus the beans themselves never materialized.

Japanese once used great quantities of sugar in their cooking. They don't any more. Today they get about half a pound per person each month. I thought of these humble, patient Japanese the day I arrived back in New York. Broadway was busy that morning. At the street corners, automobiles and taxis roared their impatience at traffic lights. I was accustomed to a land where gasoline is "precious as a drop of blood."

So, I thought, this is gasoline rationing!

I entered the breakfast-room of a large hotel, hungry for bacon which didn't taste like fish (Japan's few hogs are fed on fish meal and bones) and for fresh eggs and butter and white bread. All around me were people in clothes that were clean and new, shoes that fit and boasted stout leather soles. The Japanese wear suits of substitute materials and paperlike shoes without complaint.

Twelve Gifts in ONE...

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SPECIAL CHRISTMAS PRICES

See page 131

Just a few more words on food. The Japanese diet literally starves a white man. I lost 25 pounds during my first two months in prison eating Japanese food which would have made a native fat. American prisoners from Guam are in a prison camp at Zentsugi, where they are losing weight; their teeth are going bad, and they go to bed hungry every night. But they receive the same food on which the Japanese army fights—rice and fish, a slice of pickled radish called daikon, and a soup best described as weed-and-water. I had plenty of it in prison. . . .

THE reverence in which the Japanese hold their emperor is fantastic to us, but it is what holds the empire together. Emperor Hirohito is just the puppet, actually, of the military. But to his millions of subjects he is a god.

I am sure that the emperor, personally, and his closest palace associates opposed war until they could hold out no longer. But a little thing like opposition from Hirohito (newspaper correspondents, including many Japanese, privately called him Charlie) wouldn't deter the men who really rule Japan—the military men and the publicity-shy dictators of the secret societies.

But you couldn't mention this to the average Japanese. Day after day, riding to work in Tokyo, I would pass the palace, distant and secure behind its moat and protective screen of trees. All of the Japanese riding with me would face this holy place and bow. They don't understand, and never will, that the emperor must abide by the wishes of others.

He is the most convenient shield any group of thugs ever found to ruin a country. He provides the reason there probably will never be a revolt in Japan. To the populace, the emperor is never wrong; he just wasn't properly advised. The misguided men responsible may be liquidated, and new lieutenants take over, but the emperor still sits on his puppet throne, secure and serene.

The secret societies are ruled by a stern, white-bearded patriarch named Mitsuru Toyama, whose Black Dragon Society spawns other countless secret organizations.

Before every recent war in which Japan has been involved, elite, sinister zealots, calling themselves nationalists and super-patriots, have turned up in the country which was to be their victim and ostensibly engaged in ordinary pursuits. They were all Toyama's henchmen. I am sure great numbers of them were busy in the United States. In fact, Tetsuma Hashimoto, leader of the resolute right wing Shiunso and intimately associated with Toyama, traveled throughout the United States in 1941. The reports he collected from his agents would make interesting reading now for the Federal Bureau of Information. But they are safe in the archives of the War Ministry in Tokyo. . . .

THE Japanese are the most suspicious people I have ever encountered, but in their peculiar way they are also the most honest. Even their burglars have a code of honor. Should a thief break into your house in Japan, he will limit his pilfering to a token payment placed in some conspicuous place for him, provided, of course, that you have remembered to provide for him. Otherwise he will ransack the place. It's a polite form of blackmail, and it works.

Japanese aren't suspicious only of foreigners. They spy on themselves. The 30,000 members of the Black Dragon Society and its affiliated organizations comprise an elite group of secret agents. Besides, there are the regular police and the army gendarmes. The police spy on the people. The gendarmes and the Black Dragon zealots watch not only the people but also the police.

As one result of this official prowling, at least 50,000 young students disappear every year in Japan. They have done nothing really improper. They merely have studied the wrong books, or expressed an opinion contrary to what the government thinks. In Sugamo prison I found many of them, underfed and poorly clad.

I had a chance to talk with one of them in prison. A clean, intelligent chap from a good family and an honor student in school, he insisted that his only crime was to think out loud —the wrong way. "I didn't agree," he whispered furtively, "with all that was going on."

Before war broke out, we Americans in Japan felt the police bothered us, but we had an easy time of it compared to the Germans. I couldn't go around the corner for a package of cigarettes without some detective's making a notation in his little black book. But no less than five specially selected officers trailed staff

members of the D. N. B. (German News Agency) for months, peering through their windows, rummaging through their papers, and questioning their Japanese servants.

Even the Nazi ambassador, General Eugen Ott, saw his protests tucked away in a police pigeonhole with no more than a "So sorry" for his pains. If the Japanese guessed the private thoughts of these Germans it wouldn't do the cause of Axis solidarity a bit of good.

Side by side with Japanese suspicion of everything and everybody marches a spirit of brutality which can't be stemmed. They are brutal both abroad and at home. On the Gripsholm, I talked with a woman who saw unarmed and helpless Canadians bayoneted in the back after the surrender of Hong Kong. She, herself, had stood with her arms in the air facing a wall for an hour while Japanese soldiers argued whether to shoot her.

As I stood on the deck of the Asama Maru off Singapore, I watched Japanese seamen torture a monkey hour after hour. You find an occasional American or Englishman who is cruel. But it isn't a universal trait. It is with the Japanese. Every seaman on the water tender alongside us enjoyed tormenting and abusing that monkey.

Cruelty and suppression are nothing new to Japanese women. They have been trampled on for centuries. Woman simply doesn't count, even with Japanese educated in America. Once they get back home the men revert to type. Not long after arriving in Japan I was invited to a dinner at the home of a friend. Another guest was Goro Murata, a Nisei, or American-born Japanese. Because a foreigner was going to be present, he brought along his wife.

We met at the dingy, red-brick Tokyo station. Goro was magnificent with his English clothes, spats, and stick. Placidly waiting five paces behind him, wearing her best kimono, was his wife. Timidly she moved up to be introduced. That, in itself, was a concession on Goro's part. According to Japanese etiquette, she should have remained back where she was. All of the way to the home of our friend, she kept her proper distance, five paces behind her husband, while he grandly stalked along with his stick.

IT IS futile to try to reconcile the Japanese way of thinking with our own. But we must remember this: They didn't enter this war believing they were licked to begin with. They waited until they felt sure they had a good chance, and then they struck.

They haven't changed their mind about that chance. They sit smugly in Singapore and Hong Kong and in the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies. They will depart only by the force of superior arms and manpower.

In a neighborhood shop in Tokyo, I was talking one day, before my arrest, with the frail, poorly clad owner. The China Affair came up in our conversation. His grandchild, a friendly little chap with wide brown eyes and thick black hair, toddled into the store. He stooped over, picked up the child, and held him in his arms.

"It isn't for me that we are fighting," he said, "or for his mother. It's for this boy, my grandson."

We Americans must realize that, too. It is not for ourselves alone that we are fighting, but for our future—for the future of America. The two systems can't mesh, can't be reconciled. It's either Japan, or America. One must go down. It's our way of life, or theirs.

THE END★★

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Was I Like That?

(*Continued from page* 49)

put the twins to bed," the girl said, with her jolly laugh.

"Whose twins?" Eddie said.

"Mine."

"Th-that's silly!" Eddie protested gallantly. Then, though Kirke wasn't looking around to see, Eddie must have leaned over and picked up the end of the long, bulky scarf the other girl was knitting. "Kind of hot for Australia, isn't it?" he asked.

"It could be Iceland, couldn't it?" the other girl said, and Kirke heard her voice for the first time, cool and yet alive and beautiful.

He turned back to the long lounge, and set his cup down, murmuring, "Thank you." Then he said to Eddie, "Better be moving, hadn't we?"

"Here's your passes for the show, and this is the address where they're having the dance," the golden-haired girl said.

Eddie walked over to the bulletin board, where a bulletin mentioned the names of two-dollar hotels. Another said there were a few free beds available at such and such an address.

"Hey, Kirke—if we had a free bed, we'd have a little left over for the dance," he called back, as if he'd made an exciting discovery, quite as if he hadn't had a free bed the last time he'd been in town.

Kirke, though he tried his best not to do so, looked at the girl with the red hair. She did not look at him, but seemed absorbed in her knitting.

"Look, sister," Eddie said; "fix it up for us down at this place, will you? You know how it is with us—and payday isn't for another couple of weeks!" His round face was most appealing.

She reached for the phone. "It's all right," she said, and made out a couple of tickets for that.

Then Eddie thought they'd ought to be ambling along. "See you girls at the dance," he said, in parting. "Save a rumba for me and a waltz for Kirke—he's the Waltz King of Pine Camp. . . . Oh, you left your cigarettes, Buddy! Don't leave gold lying around like that!"

HE PICKED up the package and they went out and down the winding back stairs, across the station floor toward the restaurant. At the restaurant door Kirke looked back. The tall girl with the red hair stood on the balcony. The light came through the door directly on her dark red hair.

They went in and sat down at the counter. "There's always the thought that we might get stood up for lunch and have to subsist on apples and coffee," Eddie said. He ordered two eggs and toast and waffles and sausage and doughnuts and a piece of pie. Kirke ordered coffee and toast. Eddie pulled at his ear and said again, "What *is* this? What's eating you?"

"Nothing. I've lost my appetite, that's all."

"She's got twins. No use losing your appetite over her. Not a bad trick, though, was she? Kind of a picklepuss with her." He pulled out a worn little black book and shuffled through its pages. "Helen—Myrtle—Genevieve—Genevieve's the one. Home girl; home cooking. Want to be careful about picking up office girls—they expect you to take them out to lunch. . . . Hell, I forgot to use the phone up there! It's kind of hard to use your personality on a public phone booth!"

When they came out of the restaurant Kirke did not look toward the balcony. They thumbed their way part way downtown. Then Eddie said, "This looks possible. Just hang around five minutes, will you?" And, without more ado, Eddie went briskly up the steps of a private house and rang the doorbell. Kirke walked on past the house but he knew Eddie's approach. He had used it himself on occasion. "Sorry to trouble you, madam, but would you mind letting a soldier boy that's broke use your phone?"

Kirke walked up and down the street. He liked Eddie and they'd been on some times together, but the fun had gone out of the day for him. Eddie came running down the steps, looking pleased.

"Everything's jake. Genevieve's going to come right down and pick us up. We can save the downtown joint till tomorrow," he announced.

IN FIVE minutes Genevieve's red car pulled up beside them, and in five minutes more they were at Genevieve's house. She had sent out a call, it seemed, and the house, comfortable and hot, was full of young people, all wanting to serve Uncle Sam *somehow*. They ate a hearty lunch and danced. Kirke kept his eye on the clock. At a quarter to three, he got up, went over to Genevieve, said, "Take care of Eddie for me till I get back, will you? I've got an errand to do."

"Hey, where you off to?" Eddie demanded.

"I'll be back," Kirke said evasively.

Eddie followed him to the door. They had always done things in a team and Eddie's brown eyes looked a little hurt. He fumbled in his pocket and pulled out the little black book. "Need this?" he asked. Who could do more for a friend than that?

Kirke grinned. "No, thanks. I've got a private line of my own to pursue," he said.

He went off, faintly ashamed, but, after all, Eddie was well provided for.

He had to thumb his way again. But there was never any trouble in getting a ride. He had figured ten minutes would get him to the station, but it was five minutes past three when he pushed the heavy door open. He could see figures moving beyond the thick, opaque glass of the U S O lounge, but they were indistinguishable. Then when he had just decided that he was too late, the two young women came through the door.

He stepped up to the tall girl and said directly, "Could I talk with you for a few minutes?"

She smiled briefly but not with friendliness. The eyes of the golden-haired girl twinkled a little and she said, "I've got to run; I must pick up the boys at school! See you later, Jennie!" And Kirke watched the bright head for a minute and its smart little blue hat before he turned to the girl waiting patiently but somewhat indifferently beside him.

"Where could we talk?" he said then. "Will you walk a little way with me?"

She walked in silence toward the door with him and they went out of the station into the spring sunshine. It was not exactly the place for a talk or a walk. All around was the bustle that surrounds a big station.

"Well," the girl called Jennie said, "what is it?"

"It would be pleasanter in the park or somewhere," he said with difficulty, "but I haven't taxi fare—nor even bus fare."

"I gathered that," she answered.

"Yes, I know you did." Then he couldn't seem to go on.

Surprisingly, she said suddenly and more gently, "My car's right here beside us. Suppose we drive up to the park and perhaps you can think of what you want to say."

They said nothing at all as she drove expertly toward the parkway, along it toward the park. It was some distance, but they did not talk at all. They crossed Main Street, drove into the park, around it some little distance. Then she stopped the car, opened the door. They got out and walked along the path near the old quarry, which was just beginning to put up its early green in the rock garden that had been made of its steep sides. The green benches had just been put out and when they came to one, Kirke said, "Let's sit down here." They sat down.

"It's really spring," he said at last. "They'll be doing the spring plowing."

"Farm boy?" she asked.

"Yes."

"You don't look it."

"Well, that's what I am."

"What did you want to talk with me about?"

"I wanted to ask you what made you look at me the way you did up in the U S O."

"You don't need to ask me, do you?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I was suddenly so tired of your kind that I hated you, if you want it stated."

"Of my kind?"

"You don't get much pay, I grant you, but does that give you a right to cadge off the rest of us for the duration?"

"I don't know. Doesn't it?" His voice was sometimes hard, like his face, and it was hard now. "You girls that sit in U S O offices and hand out good will aren't exactly fighting this war, are you?"

"Even so."

"It doesn't seem to me that a few cigarettes are much to give for a life," he said in that same hard voice.

"You've still got your life," she said.

A BLUEBIRD perched on a red dogwood shrub near by. Though Kirke didn't look at her he was aware of the red of her hair curling smoothly against her shoulder and of the bluebird that seemed to make a picture that went with the red hair.

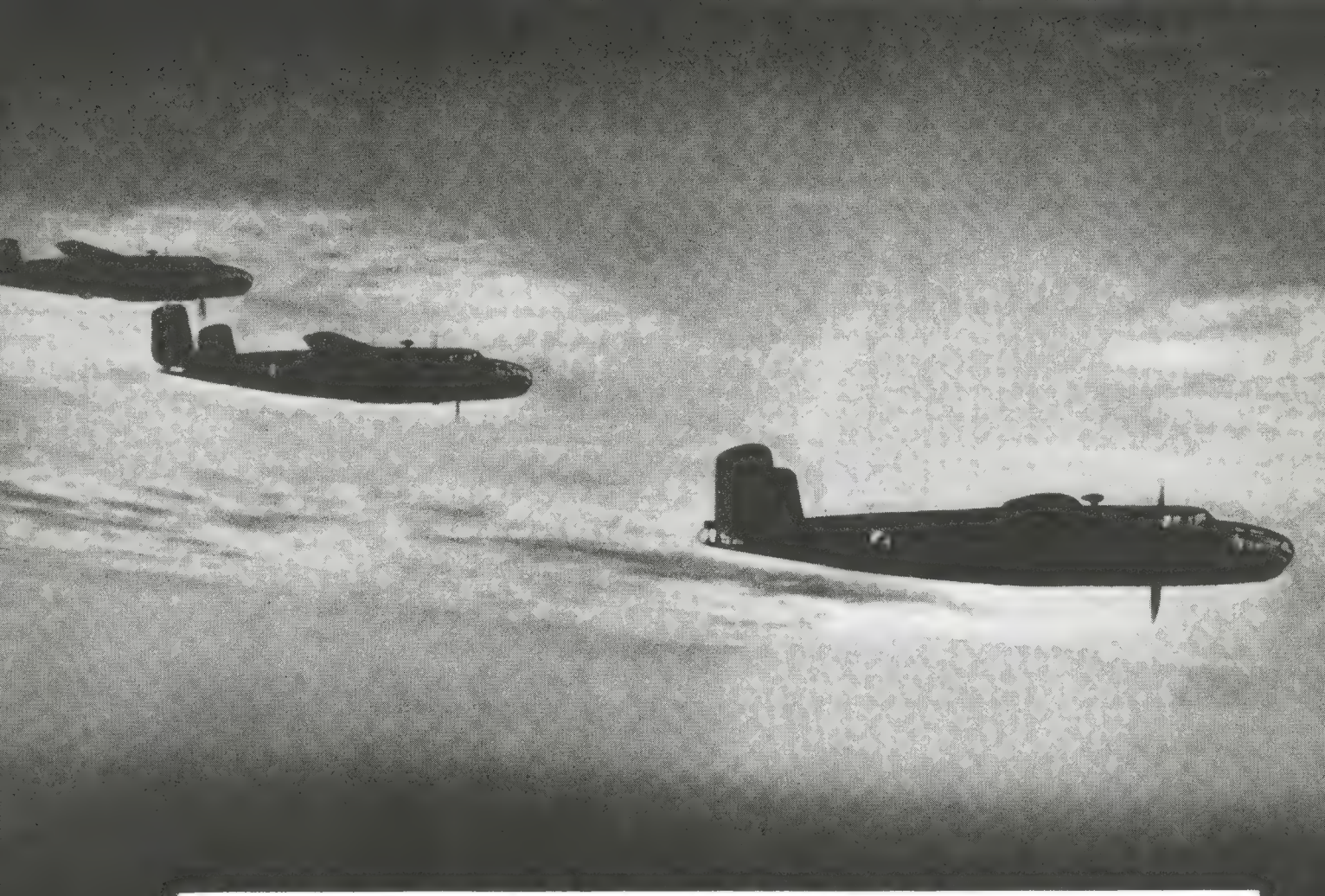
"Have I? It doesn't seem so to me," he answered.

"Feel sorry for yourself, don't you?"

"Why not? I just got myself through college and—well, my father's getting old and he can't make the farm pay any more. I had to take hold or it would be gone in a year or two. It isn't easy to make a Vermont farm pay. . . . The chance is gone now and it won't come back. I just don't think cigarettes are very important in the present scheme of things."

She stood up somewhat abruptly. He looked up at her directly, and she did not avoid his glance. She had taken off her glasses, and he saw that her suit was very good, and smart, to boot.

"I don't think we're getting anywhere by this conversation," she said. "Anywhere at all. You see, I do think cigarettes are important—not the cigarettes, of course, but your taking them, more than you needed. How can you believe in your country or in people when there are so many men like you? Suppose you



Dawn Patrol . . . YOURS!

The crews are called in the dark hour before dawn . . . historic hour of lingering death and sudden ambush . . . the hour before the cockcrow heard by Peter—and Pearl Harbor . . . They stumble sleepily down the hangar road, shivering in the bitter blast thrown back by the props of the ready planes . . . climb aboard.

The ships move clumsily across the field, take off in threes, roar away in the darkness . . . And as the light comes up, the dawn patrol begins the constant scrutiny of land, sea, and overhead sky . . . the long hours of monotonous watch and unremitting vigilance that are the price of protection and security . . .

As a nation, we are emerging from another dark hour . . . into a new day the like of which no man has ever known before . . . Day of danger and battle . . . of country turned quartermaster and armorer . . . of shops shy of goods, leaner pantries, unlighted streets . . . of rations and restrictions, perils and problems, work and worry . . . Day of duty and new definitions . . . Day before the best possible tomorrows of all time.

For Americans who have the most to lose—and to win—today and tomorrow . . . for "the people who give a damn" . . . who make up the national mind, set the standards of thinking and living . . . this magazine acts as your dawn patrol . . . It scans the world at war, surveys the present scene, intimates the important, searchlights the significances, brings to you the things you must know for your own understanding and your country's guidance . . .

And apparently, if risen response from readers, wider quotation in the daily press, climbing circulation, and increased advertising mean anything . . . The American Magazine has succeeded in being of more usefulness and greater value during this past year of its self-imposed assignment and special effort . . .

IN THE SERVICE OF THE NATION

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT YARNELL RICHIE

THE American MAGAZINE

have lost your farm? You're young, aren't you? You're strong. You can start again. I know you're in the Army, but if there weren't so many people like you we might never have needed an army. There might never have been a war. Take—take—take. I don't like you, Mr.—Short, was it? And the worst of it is, I find I don't like much of anybody any more. . . . Now, if you'll excuse me—or can I give you a lift somewhere?"

"No, thank you." He stood up. They were two handsome, tall young people standing there near the red dogwood bush. Spring was beginning all around them but they seemed unaware of it.

She nodded to him coolly, walked toward her car, got in, and drove away, leaving him standing there by the park bench without a cent in his pocket.

HE GOT back to Genevieve's house somehow, and it was time to go to the dance. They picked up three others and drove downtown.

"Holding out on me, eh?" Eddie asked.

"No."

"Not Goldie-locks, was it?"

But Kirke didn't hear him. He saw, standing near the piano talking to the boy with the drums, a tall girl with red hair. The music started up and he walked over, said briefly, "Dance?"

"Oh, hello—no, thanks. . . . Milly, this is Mr. Short. Dance with him, will you? He's the Waltz King of Pine Camp."

Kirke danced off with Milly, who was nice enough, but he had little to say to her.

"You're so talkative," Milly said at last reproachfully.

"What's Jennie's other name?"

"Oh, so that's it? Randall. But, just for your own good, you might as well not try to make any time with Jennie. She's choosy!"

"I like 'em choosy!" Kirke said, trying to grin at her.

Eddie cut in, and Kirke went back to the side lines, took out a cigarette, looked at it an instant, put it back. The girl Milly was laughing suddenly and having a very good time.

Kirke did not dance at all, though he had plenty of opportunities. He wanted to smoke, but didn't do that, either. He stood, back to the wall, looking on, pretending not to see Jennie Randall. When the last waltz began he went up to her and said, "Any rules about your dancing?"

"None," she said coolly.

"Well?"

She gave him an odd look, and then, to his surprise, she was dancing with him. It was wonderful to be dancing with a girl so tall. But he had little to say to her. Or she to him.

"Take you home?" he heard himself say to her. As if he hadn't let himself in for enough snubbing already.

"I have my own car here," she said.

"Could I ride along with you, then?"

"You mean you want a lift somewhere?"

"No, I mean I want to ride home with you."

"I live in the country. It'll be a long way back to a free bed."

"I'll get back."

"I have to help clear up."

"I'll help you."

But when at last she had finished, and they had walked to the parking lot, she said, "I really don't believe we have anything more to say to each other, Mr. Short."

"Probably not. All the same, I'll ride along, if you don't mind."

She shrugged, got into her car, and he slid in beside her.

"What would be safe to give a sailor?"

At that moment a girl who had been at the hall came running up to the car. "Jennie, they just called you from home," she said. "They seemed awfully anxious to get in touch with you."

"From home?" Kirke saw her capable hands still on the wheel. "Well, I'll hurry. Did they say—?"

"No, they just wanted to know if you were here."

She began to drive, very fast. She went through two lights. It was late and there wasn't much traffic. They passed the city line, drove for another mile and in at the driveway of a big, white country house. She seemed hardly to know he was with her, but he got out and followed her into the house. He felt a sudden angry hardness going all through him. This was a far cry from the farmhouse in Vermont. What right had a girl who lived like this to talk to him of what was ethical and what was not? But a tall man was coming from the back of the house.

"Dad—what is it?" Jennie demanded.

He only nodded as if she had said, instead, "Has it come? Is it *that?*"

She stood still, all the color gone from her face, so that she looked almost plain. Then she put up her hands, took off her hat slowly, put it down on the arm of a sofa. The tall man was very still, too. Then he gave a glance at Kirke, standing there awkwardly silent.

"Mr. Short, Dad," Jennie said briefly.

"How do you do? . . . I think Carrie has made the usual sandwiches, Jennie. Carrie's gone to bed, but I'll get you some coffee."

"But, really, sir—" Kirke began.

Then Jennie put out a hand and gripped his arm. "Let him go," she said in a sharp whisper.

They were alone in the big room. It was a beautiful room, with spring flowers here and there, all very cheerful and comfortable.

"Won't you sit down?" Jennie said.

"I think I'll run along. I think you want to talk with your father about something."

"Sit down!" she said almost fiercely.

"Is something wrong?" he asked.

She did not answer. She walked away. She had a good deal of grace for a tall girl.

MR. RANDALL came into the room with coffee and sandwiches on a tray. He set the tray down, poured coffee for all of them, then sat down and asked Kirke friendly questions about the camp. Kirke saw that he didn't eat anything and only pretended to drink his coffee.

After a little, Kirke thanked them politely for their hospitality and said he must go.

Jennie walked to the door with him. "Thank you for staying," she said. "Good luck to you." She held out her hand. The color had not come back to her face and her eyes were darker than he had thought.

"Miss Randall—I did want to talk with you again," he said. "I must. Could you come to the park in the morning?"

"I hardly think so."

"Please. It is—important."

"Important," she repeated after him flatly. Then, with an obvious effort: "I'll try."

He went away. He slept in the free bed. Eddie was already there.

He didn't sleep very well, though the free bed was soft enough. He woke very early and got out of bed quietly. He dressed; then he went out into the early spring morning.

He walked across the street to the downtown U S O, accepted a cup of coffee but no free lunch ticket, went out, and began to walk uptown. It was four miles to the park, but he

was used to walking. He asked for no free rides.

It was warm this morning and the robins were thick. Crocuses were showing here and there in the yards. He came at last to the park, walked around till he came to the quarry, took off his coat, and threw it over the back of the green bench. He sat down, watched a squirrel for a long time. He tried to think but didn't. He wanted to think of words to say to a choosy girl who had presumed to make him feel small. A girl who lived in luxury such as he had never known, a girl who begrudged cigarettes to a fellow who had given up all the hopes he had ever had for fifty dollars a month. But the sentences wouldn't seem to come.

HE SAW the car draw up beside the road, but he wouldn't look that way. He sat there, leaning forward staring at the squirrel, when she said, "Good morning."

He jumped up. "Good morning," he said.

"I have only an hour," she said quietly. She had on lipstick and no glasses, but he thought she seemed still pale. The anger died out of him and he had nothing to say to her. She sat down beside him on the bench.

"I shouldn't have asked you to come. You'd had bad news," he said miserably.

"My brother has died in Egypt," she said.

He couldn't believe he had heard the words. "What did you say?" he asked.

"My brother has died in Egypt," she repeated in the same flat voice.

"Oh, I— That's terrible," he said. "I—I wouldn't have asked you to come . . ."

"It has nothing to do with you."

He could think of nothing to say, nothing to ease the shock of her words. A robin sang cheerily close by them. The little plants of the rock garden seemed to have popped up inches since yesterday. It was all new green about them, and peaceful in the Sabbath stillness. But Kirke, though he looked at the rock garden, seemed to be seeing the tall man sitting there pretending to drink coffee, courteously asking him questions about camp.

"It has, though," he said at last. "It's got a lot to do with me."

"I don't think so. . . . What did you want to see me about?"

"Listen—we haven't much time. I shouldn't be taking any of your time, I realize that. You will want to be with your father and mother."

"My mother is dead."

Then she turned toward him, even smiled a little. She had seemed so poised before this, but she looked suddenly younger, not so sure of herself. "I'm sorry about yesterday," she said gently. "The cigarettes didn't matter—they didn't matter at all."

"I'm afraid they did."

"They don't seem to now. Yesterday they mattered more. I came to tell you I knew, really, how you felt."

"I don't feel quite the same as I did then. . . . You were quite right, you see. I was cadging. I did feel the country owed me anything I could get. I was bitter about what I was giving up. I suppose I still am bitter at the necessity—but I'm not quite so sure about anything as I was yesterday."

"Yes, it's hard to be sure of anything," she agreed.

And then they were silent again. Everything was so full of life. The squirrel—was it the same one as yesterday's?—scampered up a big oak.

"I've always been honest enough," he said at last, groping in his hard Vermont voice. "I came up the hard way. . . . But, all of a sudden, something happened to me."

"I know," she said. "I do know. It happened to all of us."

"But, you see, I didn't know that. That's what I didn't know. It was just my little war—It was *my* farm gone, *my* future ruined. Oh, I knew others were going through it, too, but . . ."

"I know."

"Now it all begins to come back—the hard way, I mean. You don't take what you don't earn. You can't raise potatoes without a little fertilizer and a good deal of sweat and backache. Nor countries, either."

Again the quiet and the birds' songs.

"Let's walk, shall we?" he said abruptly. She rose without a word and walked with him across the new green grass. "Tell me about your brother. Was he like you?"

"Yes, we were just alike," she said. "The same red hair and all. We were twins. Only he—well, he had more courage."

"I don't think he could have had."

"But he did. He did. He always sailed the boat in—he always took the steepest hills to ski on—he had to learn to fly. . . . But he was sweet—he pretended I dared. I only copied, that was all, to make him love me more. I—I haven't any courage at all today. And I'm sorry—so sorry I was so cruel yesterday. I'm so sorry."

"There's no reason to be. I'm glad."

"I'm afraid I have to go back now. My father had an errand but I want to be there when he gets home."

She held out her hand quickly. "Good luck to you!" she said again, as she had last night. "You'll have your farm yet—you see!" But her eyes were suddenly full of tears.

"Will you come to see it when I get it?"

"Yes, I'll come," she said gravely.

"Will you write me?"

"If you want me to."

"I want it more than I want anything I can think of." He let her hand go, took a paper out of his pocket, wrote his name and outfit on it. "Now write your address for me," he said.

She wrote it, holding the paper against her handbag.

"You're wonderful," he said then.

"I?" Her voice mocked him a little, but only a little. "Good-by," she said quickly.

And she was gone, walking away from him toward her car. He heard the engine, saw the car go swiftly away from him, around the curve of the parkway. He stood there a long time, then he began to walk toward his meeting place with Eddie at the city line.

EDDIE was waiting for him. Not alone. A girl with dark curls was laughing with him.

"We're going to get a lift halfway to Watertown," Eddie said shamelessly. "Bessie's going to take us; and she knows a girl up the line who'll take us another leg on the way."

"So?"

"Pile in. We can all sit in the front!"

"Oh, you sit in the front," Kirke said. "I want to get a little shut-eye."

Eddie raised his brows at him, but climbed in beside Bessie. Their laughter drifted back to him and now and then one of Eddie's audacious remarks, but he watched the fields flying past and scarcely heard the others.

"Oh, don't mind Kirke," Eddie said suddenly. "But don't think you can stir the cockles of his heart, either; he just doesn't like women. They're all alike, he says."

Did I ever say that? Kirke asked himself wonderingly.

THE END ★★

Don't Catch Me

(*Continued from page* 17)

buy it? Do you want me to lie awake all night?"

I tilted an eyebrow.

"Well, I will! And by morning I'll be so consumed by curiosity that there won't be anything left but a question mark, and then who will you get to burn your toast and throw out your socks when they get holes in them?"

"You really want me to buy the chair?"

"Certainly I do! Haven't you any curiosity except about things that happened before 1800? Andy, this is a chance for you to stop acting middle-aged."

I took a strong stand and said it was ridiculous and wasteful and out of the question, and then bought the chair. Hazel was pleased.

I put the chair in with the spoils of my trip, hoping that it wouldn't infect the other pieces, and we drove home. Arab and I spent the next few hours going over every ugly inch of the chair. It contained no compartments hiding the family jewels. There was no carved map showing buried treasure. And yet I couldn't get away from a feeling that this chair meant something.

We were only half through dinner when the old cowbell at our door rattled. The visitor was a mild, elderly man who identified himself as J. M. Banks, a C. P. A. with an office in town, who collected antiques as a hobby.

"A friend recommended you as a reliable dealer, Mr. Blake," he said. "I've been trying to pick up a slat-back rocking chair for my collection. One of the early ones, with the rockers as long in front as in back."

"I think I could find one for you," I said.

"The trouble is," he said, "I want one with the original varnish or oil finish."

I told him that would be a lot harder to find, but that I'd look around. We chatted a while, and he admired a Hepplewhite chair, commenting on the three feathers carved on the back. Most people don't know that those feathers are a reminder of a bitter political fight in eighteenth-century England. The feathers were the symbol of the Prince of Wales. They show that Hepplewhite belonged to the prince's party in the days when Englishmen were trying to force mad old George the Third to abdicate. Banks knew all about that, and I decided that here was one amateur who knew antiques.

THEN he proceeded to ruin his reputation. "I've been admiring your Chippendale," he said, nodding at the nightmare I'd bought.

I didn't want to hurt his feelings, so I merely said, "Yes, it's rather unusual."

"I've never seen one outside of a museum with such intricate carving."

"This isn't quite a museum piece."

"Perhaps not. But I've taken a fancy to this chair. Would you consider selling?"

I shuddered. "I don't know . . ." I began.

"I might go two hundred dollars."

Two hundred! That's the sort of profit

dealers dream about. Of course, I couldn't take his money. . . . At that moment a movement in the hall, behind my visitor's back, caught my attention. It was Arab, doing a dance to make me look up. She shook her head.

When I didn't answer at once, Mr. Banks said, "I might even make it two-fifty."

He worked up his offer to three hundred, but I kept on refusing. Out in the hall Arab was shaking her head violently enough to bring on concussion. Mr. Banks gave up at last. We chatted a few minutes longer, and then he left, after getting my promise to give him a call if I located the slat-back rocker.

THE moment the door closed, Arab hissed, "You'd have let him."

"Let him? I'd have helped him!"

"But don't you understand? It's all part of the mystery!"

I don't like mysteries. I don't even like them in book form, where at least you can sneak a look at the last chapter to see how things are going to come out. "There isn't any mystery," I said firmly.

"There is so! Your girl-friend's boss found the chair was gone, got your address from her, and sent that man to buy it. He wants it back, badly. Anybody could see that!"

"It could be a coincidence."

"Piffle! That man knew too much about antiques to be taken in by a fake."

"Maybe," I said, "he's just nearsighted."

Arab looked scornfully at me, and grabbed the telephone books. There was no J. M. Banks listed in the suburban book; no J. M. Banks in the Philadelphia book; no J. M. Banks in the classified under public accountants. It made me very unhappy.

It was late when we went up to bed. Arab blossomed out in crimson pajamas and I promptly forgot all about our mystery. Crimson gives a boiled-lobster tint to the skin of some blondes, but Arab can get away with it. She stood in front of the mirror, and her hair looked like candle flames as she combed it, and her legs were as slim and lovely as anything Sheraton ever made.

I kissed the back of her neck, and said, "I think there's a man in your bedroom."

"Is he man enough," Arab said, "to go warm the icy sheets on my side of the bed?"

Romance began to die. "I warmed them first last night," I growled.

"You missed the foot of the bed, though."

Well, I let myself be exploited.

Three hours later I awoke, to find Arab shaking me. She was whispering, "Andy! Andy! Wake up. Please wake up!"

"Uh?"

"They could move our house right away and you'd sleep on!"

"The way you steal my covers while we're asleep," I said. "One of these mornings you'll have to get me up with an ice pick."

"There's a burglar downstairs! Listen!"

The wind was pawing stealthily over our farmhouse. Ancient beams and joists creaked. An overnight guest would have been unable to tell whether there were a dozen burglars or none in the house. But after you've lived in a restless old house for a while, you sense the pattern behind the usual noises. Right now the pattern, the rhythm was wrong.

"What shall we do?" Arab whispered.

I said crossly, "If you'd take your icy feet away from my back I might think better."

"My feet aren't on your back."

This turned out to be true. My vertebrae were twining into ice cubes all by themselves.

"Andy, you've got to do something! I know he came for that chair!"

I took a deep breath and got up. I put on my bathrobe quietly. I bent over and kissed Arab and said firmly, "Don't worry, darling." Then I marched across the room, shut and locked the door, and came back to bed. "See," I told her; "you're safe with me."

"You mean that's all you're going to do?"

"We could yell 'Police' out the window, but there aren't any other houses for nearly a mile except the Oakleighs', and they're away."

"All right. Then I'll have to do something."

She got out of bed, put on a robe, and went to the closet. I shivered. Arab, as I have said, was runner-up in the North American women's small-bore skeet shoot. She has two shotguns and a few rifles and a revolver, and maybe even a couple of hand grenades, around the house. She brought out a shotgun from the closet, broke it open with a vicious click, and rammed in a couple of shells. I sighed. If I left this to her, she'd probably kill the poor guy.

"I'll handle this," I said.

She held out the gun. "Remember that the trigger pull is a little draggy."

"I wouldn't touch it for a million bucks."

"Shame on you, Andy! Four years of field artillery at Princeton, and you're afraid of a shotgun."

"I used to get jittery when we fired the seventy-fives, too," I said. "But a field gun still points straight no matter how much a guy shakes. Keep the bed warm, will you?"

I went out.

Some men might make a complicated business of going after a burglar. It was simple and easy, the way I handled it. I crept quietly downstairs and into the dark living-room, and parried a blackjack with my head.

Arab came down to investigate, a few minutes later, and brought me around. The burglar was gone, and so was the fake Chippendale chair. I didn't feel sorry about that, either. When our local one-man police force arrived, I didn't even report the chair stolen.

BY MORNING I could have hung my hat on the lump on the back of my head, but otherwise nothing was wrong. I wanted to get myself a name as a very durable guy, and so I hopped the train into Philadelphia. I checked my shop, found everything quiet, and decided to spend the day hunting for a very special lowboy which my best client wanted.

In colonial days, wealthy people usually ordered a highboy and a lowboy at the same time, and the pieces were made in a matching pattern. My client had a fine walnut highboy which had been made by Jonathan Gostelowe, of the Gentlemen Cabinet and Chair Makers of Philadelphia. Gostelowe had undoubtedly made a lowboy to match my client's highboy, but the two pieces had been separated some time in the past. If the lowboy could be found, the value of both pieces would be increased.

I've given this long explanation to show that my actions had no connection with the case of the fake Chippendale chair. It is not true, as Arab later claimed, that I was playing detective without letting her in on it.

I spent the day visiting the shops of other dealers. I would go in and drop a casual reference to my need for a number of articles, including a bandy-legged walnut lowboy decorated with fan carvings. I had to be careful, because the price would skyrocket if word got around that I was trying to match a collector's highboy.

It was after three o'clock when I got around to C. Emerson Platt's place off Rittenhouse Square. I didn't know much about Platt, except that he was a man to watch at auctions. If you outbid him on a piece he really wanted, he would make life miserable for you by bidding you up on pieces you wanted, and then stepping out just as you hit your limit. He had a genius for figuring out how high you would go. He was an overstuffed sofa of a man.

Platt wasn't in but would be back any minute, his clerk said. I waited, amusing myself by looking over the display. The first few pieces I examined weren't bad. Then I found a nice looking-glass, one of the so-called

Frank Beaven

"How's that, Pop? I'm studying to be a commando!"

"Bilbao glasses" which sailors out of Marblehead used to bring back from the Bay of Biscay. Usually you find them in New England. I happened to run my finger around the bevel. I frowned. The bevel was sharp. That meant it was a modern reproduction, not an antique. On old looking-glasses it's almost impossible to feel the edge of the bevel.

That started me prying discreetly among other antiques on display. I found a few marks of a circular saw on a chest-on-chest said to date from 1750. Nobody had circular saws then. I found two chairs of the early Georgian period which had flattened lion masks carved on the forward bulge of their cabriole legs. That was suspicious. Chairmakers of that period didn't go in for flattened masks. They allowed enough wood to make deep carving possible. These chairs might be early Georgian, but the flattened lion masks were late Duchess of Windsor. The legs had originally been smooth, and the masks had been carved recently to increase the value of the chairs.

A voice behind me said, "Well, well, well, Mr. Blake. This is a real honor." And then went off into a toneless rattle of laughter.

I turned. "Hello, Platt," I said. "Hope you don't mind me looking over your display."

"Not at all. You find it interesting?"

"Uh-huh. Unusual."

His glance worked over me in quick little jerks, like an ant trying to get a hold on a straw. "We might go back in my office."

"Sure."

On the way back he stopped to pat a blackened oak chest. "Hadley piece," he said. "About 1685. Ought to bring plenty."

I ran a finger over some marks on the top. They were worm channels. Lots of amateurs think wormholes mean something. They don't. You can infect healthy wood in six months if you know how. And if you haven't got six months you can use bird shot.

Platt said, watching me from the edge of his eyes, "What tales this chest might tell us, if it could speak."

"I wouldn't believe this chest," I said, "if it took an affidavit."

He gave that riveting laugh, and said, "Surprising how many people insist on worm channels. Let's go back and have a drink."

WE WENT into his office and he brought out a bottle of whisky and filled two jigger glasses. The glasses were in keeping. They looked like two ounces, and maybe held seven-eighths of an ounce. We gabbed about this and that, and I noted something odd. Platt didn't ask about the reason for my visit. He seemed to be leading up to something of his own.

Finally he said, "Odd, you dropping in. Because I was about to give you a call. One of my clients is interested in Spanish mission furniture."

"He must be difficult. There isn't enough antique mission furniture around this city to crowd a telephone booth."

"The difficult ones are the best, Mr. Blake. My client wants me to take a few weeks and comb the Southwest—New Mexico, Texas, perhaps even California—for good pieces."

"You better not tell anybody his name."

"How true. The trouble is, I can't make the trip. I couldn't trust many people with the job. I thought of you."

"Thanks," I said. "What would it involve?"

"You take three weeks or a month in the Southwest, photograph likely pieces, air-mail the photos back to me. Take Mrs. Blake."

"For how much?"

"Say, a hundred a week, plus expenses. In advance, Mr. Blake."

"Um-m."

"My client might even go to a hundred and a half."

No dealer ever offered another dealer anything like this, I began to figure things out. "That's swell," I said, "only I can't go for a month yet."

"Oh, it would have to be right away!"

"Sorry; it's out, then." Just to be nasty, I added, "I've got a special job of my own to handle first."

Platt said slowly, "Wonderful climate in the Southwest. Very healthy. Healthier than Philadelphia."

"Thanks," I said. "I'll still take Philadelphia."

AS SOON as I left his shop I headed for a phone booth, and called Arab. "Guess what," I said. "Somebody wants to get me out of town so badly he'll pay me a hundred and a half a week all the time I'm away. Plus all expenses. He says, take you too."

"Andy, it's the chair! Tell me all about it!"

I gave her a summary, and added, "Platt must be Hazel's boss. When he found I'd bought that chair, he had a fit. Because that chair means something. When he finds me poking around his shop, he's sure I'm on the trail of what he's doing. And he tries to buy me off. Something big is up. Really big."

"What did you say to his offer?"

"Oh, I gibbered at him evilly and said I had a special job to do before I could leave town."

Arab said happily, "I knew I could trust you."

"Sure. That'll pay him back for having our house burgled."

"Pay him back? That's just the first installment!"

"I don't think he'll dun me for any more."

"You mean you're not going ahead with this?"

"If possible," I stated, "I am going into reverse."

Arab said bitterly, "I hope you back into a pincushion," and hung up.

On my way home I realized I had made a mistake telling Arab about Platt. I was going to have to do a lot of talking to calm her. I marshaled my arguments: (a) It wasn't our business to go prying around. (b) We had no idea what was cooking. (c) We had no way of finding out. (d) I didn't feel well. . . .

It was a swell argument but I never got a chance to use it. Arab was out when I arrived home. She had left a note telling me what to have for dinner and asking me not to worry about her. That was all I needed to start working up to a nervous breakdown. I had an awful suspicion that she was getting a second installment to pay to C. Emerson Platt.

At ten she telephoned, as happy as a kid with the largest firecrackers in the neighborhood. "Andy," she chortled, "I've got something for you to do! It's about the chair!"

"Mr. Blake," I snapped, "is busy studying the beginner's course in wife-beating. You better come home before he gets it down pat. Where are you?"

"In Paoli. And I've got a date for you with Hazel."

"*What?*"

"Hazel, darling. The slinky brunette who dazzled you into buying that chair."

"You made me buy that chair!" I shouted.

"Andy, please don't waste time. They might leave."

"What do I care if somebody leaves somewhere!"

"Andy, please listen. I drove out to the farmhouse where you bought that chair. I

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wanted to talk to your friend Hazel. She sounded like a good sort. But there were some men around and I was afraid to go up and ask for her. Then a half-hour ago Hazel and two men came out and got in a car. I trailed them. They're in a taproom on the Lincoln Highway in Paoli. North side of the road. It has a red and green neon sign. After they went in I hunted up a phone near by, to let you know."

"What am I supposed to do?"

"It's easy, darling. You meet me outside that taproom and we walk in, and you see your long-lost pal Hazel and greet her, and we sit down at their table."

"Wonderful," I sneered, "and then she tells me secrets about the fake chair."

"What can we lose?"

"Two hours' sleep. You come home."

She cooed, "Wouldn't it be funny if you didn't come out and if the odd man in Hazel's party happened to pick me up."

"How could I get out? You have the car. What's the idea using up our ration card?"

"It was only five miles, darling. And you can get here on the fast line."

"Well, I'm not going to!"

"I'll wait outside the taproom a half-hour, darling," she said, and hung up.

I was willing to bet she was bluffing about letting the man pick her up. I *knew* she was. But I got there well under the half-hour.

ARAB met me just outside the tavern. She wouldn't listen to reason, and I took a minute to study the trio inside the taproom before going in. Hazel was worth a little eyestrain. She wore a pale blue pullover sweater which kept track of every inhale and exhale.

I liked the looks of one of the guys with her. He was a young fellow with shoulders that would fit a T-square, and hair as floppy as a black spaniel's. That ought to be Duke, the kid she wanted to coax out of the racket. The other one had watered-down hair. His ears were small, pressed flat. So was his nose. His face made you think of stones worn smooth in a brook. He stood up alone at the bar, clinking the ice in a highball and looking bored, while Hazel and the big kid with floppy hair danced out a nickel's worth of juke-box music.

The music ended, and I sighed and said, "Okay; let's go in."

I walked toward the bar, then rushed forward like an old night-club buddy of hers. "If it isn't Hazel!" I yipped. "Gosh, I haven't seen you since the Colony closed!"

She had just started a cigarette and had blown one perfect smoke ring. She said coolly, "I don't think I remember you."

"Sure, you do," I said. "Don't you remember me drinking all those Cuban cocktails, and we broke a chair, and I had to pay five bucks for it? *Don't you remember that chair?*"

She got pale. "I—I'm not sure."

A toneless voice said, "She don't remember you, stooge. Beat it."

I turned. It was the one with flat ears. Scar tissue had thickened the skin around his eyes. This baby had done time in the ring.

I watched his eyes and hoped I still remembered how to duck. "How would you like to stay out of this?" I said.

He looked pleased. His left shoulder inched forward to cover his chin, his right shoulder dropped to free his shoulder muscles for a hook. "A tough guy," he said. "Do you want to walk out quiet or do you want to hunt for your teeth on the way?"

Hazel cried, "Al, stop it!"

The young fellow with Hazel said, "Yeah, I'll take care of my own dame."

"Duke, I don't like his face," Al said.

"Lay off," Duke said. "I'm not getting mixed up in any taproom brawls. When my number comes up at the draft board, I got to have a clean record."

"You and your Army," Al said. "It's getting so you're no use for anything. But you're not mixed up in this brawl. This is mine. This guy here—" His glance left the point of my jaw and slid back over my shoulder. The flat nostrils twitched. He looked back at me and said, "Maybe I got you wrong, pal. Let's have a drink and forget it." Then he brushed past me and said to Arab, "What'll it be, kid? The name's Grasser. Al Grasser."

Arab flicked me a demure look, invented a name for herself, and said she'd have just a coke, please.

We got introduced all around, and Hazel decided to remember me. She was jittery, though; so jittery that her boy-friend, Duke Smith, told her in a worried voice that she ought to quit smoking. She replied snappishly that he didn't own her yet. Duke looked like a puppy doused with cold water, and moped off to play the pinball machine.

Hazel leaned close to me, and whispered, "I'll pay you back the five dollars, but please forget about the chair, and leave."

I saw that Al Grasser had no time for anybody but Arab. He wasn't likely to spot us whispering. I muttered, "Who slugged me last night and swiped that chair?"

"I—I don't know."

"What's the chair all about?"

"Honest," she whispered, "I don't know anything about it. All I know is that I made an awful mistake selling it to you. The boss—"

"Let's call him Platt."

"You know too much for your own good! Please, Andy, get away from here. Duke wouldn't start anything, and, besides, he doesn't know any more than I do. But Al's in on everything. If he found out who you are—"

"IF THE chair business is so hot, how come you didn't get in trouble selling it to me?"

"Platt thinks you were too tricky for me. Besides"—her lip curled—"he doesn't want to think I crossed him. He'd go on the make for me, if it weren't for Duke. . . . Andy, you've got to go! It's not only the chair business. Al Grasser is spoiling for a fight or a girl or both. You ought to take your wife away."

"Then I'd have to fight her. Al looks easier."

"He's been in the ring."

"I've been in a few myself. At college. He can be hit, look at the flat nose."

"Sure, he can be hit," Hazel said scornfully. "But not by a college light-heavy." She looked me over. "Especially not one with ten years' dust on his diploma."

"If Al is in the market for a girl, why doesn't he try to take you from Duke? Your boy-friend isn't any pro."

Her eyelids flickered. "Al doesn't like guns."

I looked at Duke with respect. He was hunched over the pinball game, and there was a flat outline in one hip pocket.

"This joint's terrible," Al said loudly. He slapped my shoulder. "Let's all go back to the farmhouse and have a few real drinks."

"Lovely!" Arab cried, refusing to look at me. She had put Al up to that.

LIFE'S LITTLE TEMPTATIONS

by Philip Hummerstone

Rubber Plant

The Stamp

Raid on Japan

You'll meet LIFE'S LITTLE TEMPTATIONS again in an early issue

"We better not," I said.

"We can't take anybody there!" Hazel gasped. "What would happen if the boss—"

"He won't be out tonight," Duke said, covering the pinball game. "Let's go."

That left Hazel and me outvoted. I tried to drag Arab away, but she whispered to me, "You played detective today without me. This time I'm going to be in on things. Come on!"

So we went. I didn't have a chance to give her a much needed lecture during the short trip, because Al stuck right with us.

We swung into the driveway of the farmhouse following the taillight of Duke's car, and I parked carefully so I wouldn't be boxed in if we had to leave without saying good-by.

"I hope nobody will mind," Arab said.

"Nah," Duke assured her. "The boss is away. There's an older guy who lives out here too, but he's asleep. He don't count. He's just sort of a high-class carpenter. He—"

Al said, "They ain't interested. Let's go in."

I had a hunch that Duke's "sort of a carpenter" was probably a skilled cabinetmaker. Maybe he was the J. M. Banks who had tried to buy the chair from me.

As we walked up to the porch I caught a glimpse of a big, well-built barn in the rear. If I hadn't been a guy who minds his own business I'd have given plenty to poke around in there. It was the logical place for a cabinetmaker's workshop and storerooms. And, the first time I'd met Hazel, she'd said there was some more stuff locked up in the barn.

We entered the house. Duke tuned the radio to a swing band, and went to make setups. Al sat on a couch and pulled Arab down beside him. His eyes had a hot, black glitter. "We got a lot to talk about, baby," he said.

I went over to the fireplace and hefted a poker. Just this once I was going to forget the intercollegiate rules. Suddenly I realized it wasn't going to be necessary—anyway, not right now. Arab had decided to take Al's remark literally. She began to talk. She aimed a breathless stream of chatter at him, turned the faucet on full, and threw away the handle. Probably there isn't any more effective defense against a guy with ideas. You could see Al wilting. His eyes lost the hot glitter and took on the burned-out look of dead cigar stubs. He picked up a newspaper and hid behind it.

I PUT down the poker and asked Hazel for a dance. We did a few unsatisfactory turns around the room. It was like dancing with something you had to wind up with a key.

She missed a step completely, gave me a wan smile, and said, "How do you like moving pianos?"

"Swell," I grinned. "If I didn't have Arab, I'd even want to learn how to play the scales."

"Can't you take her home? I don't want anything to happen."

"I'll try. Fix things so I can be alone with her."

"I wish I could get Duke out of this, too. He doesn't know what's cooking here."

"Do you?"

"No. Except that it's something Duke and I shouldn't be in. Duke really doesn't have a record. But he's going to, if he keeps sitting in this game. He—"

She froze suddenly. Her smoky brown eyes were wide, staring at Al. He had just turned another page of the newspaper, and he was spelling out stories to himself. There was a nice, big, two-column cut of Arab on the back sheet of the newspaper. The caption was big enough to read from where we stood: FIGHTS OFF INTRUDER.

Al rattled the paper and started to turn it. I stepped forward and snatched the paper out of his hands. "Come on, Al," I said. "This is some party, with you reading papers. Can't you hurry up those drinks?"

He got up. "All right," he said. "And see if you can get this dame of yours talked out."

Arab complained, "I was just trying to keep you interested and—"

"Hell," he said. "You don't have to talk to keep a guy interested." He went toward the kitchen, an injured man.

Hazel said, "Maybe Duke couldn't find the glasses." She looked meaningly at us, and followed Al.

I grabbed Arab's arm. "This is where we came in," I said.

She held back. "You mean we ought to sneak away?"

I WONDERED how to start foaming at the mouth. "Look!" I hissed, slapping the newspaper photo. "You were just about to make an entrance, in person!"

Arab peered at it. "Not a good likeness," she objected.

"Good enough. He was just turning to it. See what just missed happening?"

"But it didn't. I knew you could be quick-witted, darling. You're getting rid of some of your rust."

"The next time," I moaned, "my wits may be so quick they'll leave before I do. Come on!"

"I'm not going. Why, Andy, we owe it to ourselves to—"

"Not responsible," I said quickly, "for debts of wife."

"I don't care. We're going to stay. We haven't prowled around even a little bit yet."

I said foolishly, "The place to prowl would be in that barn out back. And they'd never let us alone long enough to take a look in there."

"They might let one of us. I can keep Al occupied."

"No sale."

"All right, then. *I'll* sneak away and look in there."

"You'll do no such thing!"

She smiled sweetly. "I'll give you half an hour to work up an excuse to sneak away," she said. "After that, I'll do it. Nobody's going to wave a mystery under my nose and get away with it."

"Listen," I said; "I'm getting tired of these half-hour time limits. Couldn't you make it twenty-nine minutes, or—"

Duke came in with glasses on a tray. "Ice cubes aren't ready," he said. "You two got to have ice?"

"Only on my head," I sighed.

Hazel walked in, ready to be astonished by our absence, and got a shock. I snatched two glasses from the tray and bolted over to her. I whispered, "Arab wouldn't leave. It's an adventure to her."

"It's a headache to me. I'm the girl who knows who you are all along, so where do I stand if you're found out?"

"In the middle, I guess."

"Correct. And I like my flowers in corsages, not memorial wreaths."

Duke was coming over to us, and I said in a natural tone, "I can't take this whisky warm. How are chances on even a little ice, Duke?"

"I'll see," he said. "Maybe the bottom tray is done."

As soon as he went out I whispered to Hazel, "I thought up a story for you to use."

"It better be good."

"You figured I couldn't snoop much, with you knowing me and watching me. You didn't know what my game was, but I might be thrown off the track if you acted innocent. You didn't want to tell Al for fear he might do something hasty and bring on a real jam. How does that fit?"

"It bulges at the seams. Is that the best you can do?"

"The best?" I said plaintively. "Listen, lady; that's *better* than I can do! I didn't know I had it in me."

She sighed. "All right."

We went into the kitchen and hurried up the ice and came back. I gave myself a few minutes to relax. I was a little dizzy. There were too many things going on here, too many angles to watch. I felt like a kid learning juggling on his mother's best stemware, and finding he has one more glass in the air than the lesson calls for.

I downed my highball, and shuddered. It was pretty strong. Al kept filling my glass every time he got a chance and urging me to drink up. I got the idea. Good old Al thought the party would balance better if I passed out. I did some fast work switching glasses, and encouraged him to keep on playing.

With five minutes of my half-hour remaining, I got up unsteadily. "I feel rotten," I mumbled. "Gotta take a walk. Fresh air."

"You ought to lie down," Al said. "Just go upstairs and park in the first room to the right. Take a good sleep."

"Fresh air," I said stubbornly. "I'll be in the car outside. Gotta get fresh air."

Once outside, I got in our car and pretended to slump down in the front seat. Al was watching from the living-room window. I stayed there until his silhouette vanished. Then I grabbed a flashlight from the glove compartment, slipped out the far side of the auto, and sneaked back around the house to the barn.

The barn was locked. A window at one end, cut into the original toolroom, was also locked. I smashed a pane with the butt of the flashlight, unlocked the window, and got in. I masked the flashlight with my fingers and let a thin blade of light slide through. Shavings and sawdust from oak, walnut, and mahogany lay in drifts on the floor. Two nice reproductions of Sheraton chairs and a copy of a Duncan Phyfe tier table stood against one wall. Their joints were nipped together with padded wooden clamps. I could smell the fishy odor of fresh glue. In one corner was an authentic block-front Chippendale bureau. The original maker had been economical with his carving, but somebody had recently been more generous. In another corner was the torso of a Chippendale side table, which had been stripped of cabriole legs to make a beautifully faked pair of chairs.

I moved quietly into the main part of the barn, flicking the light around the walls, and immediately fell over something. I'm a direct sort of guy when it comes to detective work. If I were trying to recover a rare jewel, I'd probably crack a molar on it in a hunk of cherry pie. What I fell over, of course, was *the chair*. The badly faked Chippendale. The one that had already cost me a tap from a blackjack.

THE flashlight beam picked out a dozen more pieces of furniture: bow-front desks, lowboys, highboys, tables, and chairs of English Chippendale and Chinese Chippendale types. I whistled softly. Every one had been faked in exactly the same unconvincing way as the chair I had bought. The proportions were perfect, but the wood was new, the carving rough, and there had been no attempt to produce a patina.

I kept on looking at them, and didn't have any spare breath for another whistle. Now I

knew what had stirred in my memory when I first saw that chair.

One chair had merely jogged a sleeping memory. These dozen pieces kicked it out of bed and threw it under a cold shower. I knew the originals of these twelve pieces of furniture. They formed part of the famous Meredith Collection of Early American Furniture. Mr. C. Emerson Platt, Antiques, was having copies made of the Meredith Collection. And you could bet he wasn't doing it for fun.

The fake Chippendale was a copy of one of the most famous pieces in the collection; Meredith had paid something like twenty grand for the original. No wonder Platt hadn't wanted me to study the fake. I might have tumbled to the idea that he was copying the Meredith Collection. Platt knew I was familiar with the collection; hell, I had sold Meredith a half-dozen pieces seven or eight years ago, before he stopped collecting.

I pried around the barn some more and found one side completely filled with scores of empty furniture crates. The ordinary furniture crate is knocked together with nails. These were more elaborate. They were held together with screws, and a side of each crate was fitted with hinges and a hasp for a padlock. The inside of each crate was carefully padded. They looked tailormade for individual pieces of furniture. The crates also were copies, and I knew where the originals could be found: In one of the storerooms of Philadelphia's huge Parkside Museum, awaiting the time when a new wing might be completed. The stencil lettering on each crate provided information I didn't really need. It read: H. P. MEREDITH COLLECTION.

THERE was nothing more to be learned here. I started back toward the workroom. My shielded light groped ahead of me into the black doorway. I had a sudden, unpleasant thought. The doorway was just the size of an upended coffin, and here I was sauntering into it. Maybe it wasn't a good idea. I had bought chips in a fast game and it might be worth while to take it easy going through black doorways.

I paused, feeling silly, and pretended to examine a chair. I let the light flick through the doorway a few times as if by chance. It picked out nothing remarkable. Nothing, that is, except dust motes filtering down in the air of the workroom. That was easy to explain. Some of the sawdust in that room was probably as fine as flour, and could be stirred by a draft coming through the broken windowpane. There had not, however, been much of a breeze when I was outside. Hardly enough to stir up so much powder when the only opening into the room was a ten-by-sixteen-inch pane. But of course the wind might have freshened.

That was the easy way to account for it. There was a hard way. If I wanted to be unpleasant, I could say that somebody had unlocked and opened the workshop door. But it was ridiculous to think that anyone had become suspicious in the short time I had been away. I marched toward the doorway. Halfway through, I switched off the light, and froze motionless, just in case.

There was a faint whisk in the air. Your hand makes a similar noise in brushing a mosquito away from your ear. The noise had been very close to mine, but unfortunately I hadn't done the brushing.

A flat voice said, "You're in the doorway. Out of six slugs, a couple will nail you if you move. So don't do nothing nervous."

(To be Continued)

Gift of Laughter

(*Continued from page* 21)

fallen between them like a wall, and since they were both shy, neither could surmount it.

"Good-by, Dicken." She put out her hand. "I shall think of you and wish you luck."

"Thank you, madame," he said, and took his hand hastily away. . . .

ON THIS Christmas morning there were actually only old Henry and old Anne in the house. "And old me," she added, with a melancholy sort of humor.

It was now that she really acknowledged that she actually was afraid of this Christmas Day. For she was always aware in her secret sensitive soul that there might come one day a moment when, looking about on her life, she would decide it was not worth while. Had she inherited the light hold on life that had always been hers? Or had it been since Ranald's death only? Her father, just before he was sixty and for no reason that anyone could discern, had suddenly ended his life. It had seemed incomprehensible when she was young, but she understood increasingly as time went on why he had done it. It did not need a catastrophe to make life not worth the effort. The simple accumulation of disappointments might become too heavy. There simply was a point of time when the balance went over to the other side. It was only Ranny who had made life worth while. All her life had been in Ranny since the day he was born, and now he had been taken from her.

She thought of her friends, and shrank from each of them. There were three or four like herself. "If I were really kind," she thought, "I would invite poor old Marnie Lewis and the others here for Christmas Day." But she knew she would not do it. She would go to church, and then come home and write to Ranny and tell him how lonely she was.

Now her fear narrowed down to one point: What would she do when she had come home from church, had eaten her dinner, and had written her letter to Ranny? What, positively, would she do then? She felt tears come smarting up under her eyelids and she quivered. Then she got up slowly and put on her quilted robe and her slippers and went to the bathroom and brushed her hair. On her way back to bed she stopped at the window and looked out. The day was clear and cold. There was no snow. Ranny, when he was little, had always prayed for snow at Christmas. Even when he had grown up he had always complained when there was no snow to look at on Christmas morning. She smiled, and old Anne, bringing in the breakfast tray a moment later, caught the faint trace of her remembering smile and smiled back.

"Merry Christmas, madame," she said. She had put a bit of holly on the tray. The two great hollies by the front door were very fine this year. They had been planted the year Ranny was born, twenty-seven years ago.

"I was thinking how angry Ranny would be with no snow this morning," Mrs. Barclay said gently.

"Wouldn't he just?" old Anne agreed.

She spread the pale yellow satin cover over the great bed, and put the tray down.

Old Anne went away then, and Mrs. Barclay began eating her breakfast. It was, of course, barely possible that Ranny might send her a message today. But he had told her in his last letter that she must not be worried if she did not hear from him for a long time. Since she had had a card two weeks ago, she must not, of course, expect anything today.

She lay thinking, over the half-empty tray, of how Ranny always filled the house with his friends on Christmas Day. Why had he never married? But of course she was glad he had not. "Nobody's good enough after you," he always said. She assumed from his tone that he was not quite serious but, after all, perhaps it was a little true. They had always been so close, and he knew that after his father was killed in France there had been nobody else but himself. She had indignantly refused an offer of marriage when Ranny was thirteen, made her by Topham Stokes, who had been Ranald's friend and business partner. She had told Ranny all about it. To her astonishment and secret hurt he had been rather sorry.

"I like old Toppy," Ranny had said.

"But I couldn't do it, Ranny," she had said coldly. "You don't understand. Besides, if I should put someone in your father's place it seems to me it would be an insult to you."

"It wouldn't be in Dad's place, exactly," Ranny had said. "Toppy's only Toppy."

"We won't talk about it," she had said.

Certainly she could not reproach herself that Ranny had not married. She had always told herself that of course a young man ought to marry and when the time came she would be brave. And she would be unselfish, too, and not expect all of Ranny's time and devotion. She had tried delicately to make it clear to him that at any time, especially after he was twenty-five, she would have understood.

"Really, I would welcome a pretty daughter-in-law," she had said, smiling. "Someone, say, like Alicia?" Alicia was the daughter of an old friend, a pale, fair, exquisite creature.

He had shaken his blond head and laughed. "Sorry I can't seem to fall in love with Alicia, Mother," he had said.

RANNY was doing so well in the business by then, that Topham Stokes told her that he had all of Ranald's brilliance at law. He was enormously popular besides. But it seemed true that he simply did not fall in love. . . .

She glanced at the clock. If she got up now and dressed slowly she would be just about in time for church. So she got up, taking the bit of holly from the tray and putting it under Ranny's picture on her dressing table. He looked back at her, his handsome face good-natured and gay under the soldier's cap. He was such a good boy, she thought, the sort one could trust, wherever he was. But goodness never *saved* anybody. And who would take care of her if Ranny never came back? Simply having money wasn't enough. She had always been a very feminine sort of woman; Ranald had said he loved her dependence on him. And Ranny had somehow come to take his father's place. How could she manage without him if he, too, never came back?

She leaned for a moment on the table, all her soul in her eyes as she gazed at her son's face, and then she pulled herself together. No,

she had no feeling that Ranny was dead. When—that is, if—he were killed she would know it instantly—or would she?

"But I feel you are alive, Ranny," she whispered. She imagined—of course it was only imagination—that his eyes grew bright with life. "Help me," she whispered. "Help me—when I come home alone today!"

The moment she entered the house after church she knew that something had happened. Old Henry had let her in the door, looking upset.

"What's the matter, Henry?" she asked.

"There's a young woman in the library, madame," he said.

"A young woman?" she repeated.

"You'll see, madame," he said.

"But why did you let her in?" she demanded.

HE HELD out a bit of paper that had been crumpled in his hand. She saw Ranny's handwriting: "Henry—Admit this one, for Tigger's sake."

"Tigger!" she repeated. "Tigger" had been the name Ranny had called himself when he was small. It was a mispronunciation of "tiger," learned when he was beginning to read. He had pounced upon Henry one day from the upper balustrade.

"I'm a tigger!" he had screamed, and had felled Henry to the floor. After that it had been a game for Henry to pretend that he was desperately afraid of the "tigger." But no one outside the house had known of the game.

"Yes, madame," he now said gravely. He met her clear gray eyes. "Shall I stand by, madame? While you see her, I mean."

"No," she said. "No, I am quite able to—Henry, what is she like?"

"She's sort of like a—like almost anybody, if you know what I mean, madame. One sees a lot like her—young girls, I mean. She might be—anything."

"I see," she said slowly. She gave him her furs and her coat, but she did not take off her hat. It was a pale blue toque, very becoming to her white hair, but it made her look stern.

She opened the door to the library and saw the girl sitting there in one of the high-backed oaken chairs. She was looking with appreciation at the shining Christmas tree old Henry had trimmed.

"Yes?" Mrs. Barclay said in her clear, clipped voice. "Did you want to speak to me?"

The young girl rose quickly and clutched her little bag. "Are you Tigger's mother?" she asked faintly.

"Tigger?" Mrs. Barclay repeated.

"Are you Mrs. Barclay?" the girl asked.

"I am," she replied, and did not sit down. She was a good deal taller than the girl, who, she perceived, was sinfully young, surely not twenty, very small and soft and dark, and now obviously trembling. She was not noticeably pretty, but her eyes, large and black were compellingly beautiful.

"Tigger—that is, Ranny—sent me."

"My son?" Mrs. Barclay said. She felt suddenly cold. "Sit down. Why do you say my son sent you? He is far away."

The girl's pale face flushed. Then she gathered her courage. "Ranny told me exactly what I was to do before he went away. He said I was to come to you on Christmas Day."

Mrs. Barclay listened without bending. "Why should I believe you?" she asked coldly.

For answer the girl put her hand in her pocket and drew out an envelope. "This is his last letter," she said, and tore off a first sheet and handed it to Mrs. Barclay.

"Little Tiggress," the letter began, "I am writing this with my feet in a bucket of hot water. The splashes you see aren't tears—though I could shed them, my sweet, when I read your—"

Mrs. Barclay handed the sheet back to the girl. Ranny— What had Ranny to do with this girl? Ranny had told her nothing. All the time she thought she had Ranny she didn't have him at all. Pride rose up and sealed her lips. She would ask nothing of this girl that her son had not wanted to tell her. Let them keep their secrets! She felt a pain that was deep and deadly. Now she really was alone.

The girl put the letter back in the pocket of her suit.

"Aren't you going to ask me—who I am?" she said.

"No," Mrs. Barclay said. "No, I shan't ask."

"But—but he told me to come today—Christmas," the girl faltered. "He told me to—"

"Why?" Mrs. Barclay asked swiftly. "Why on Christmas, of all days?" She paused and then said what she meant: "Christmas is hard enough anyway."

The girl leaned forward and clasped her small, childish hands. Her black eyes filled with large tears, clear like those of a child. "Isn't it simply terrible?" she whispered.

Mrs. Barclay did not answer. Nothing could be as terrible for this girl as it was now for her. The girl moved quickly and fell on her knees by Mrs. Barclay's chair.

Mrs. Barclay shrank back. "No," she said, "I don't want to know anything about you."

The girl rose slowly. "You mean—you really want me—just to go away?"

"Please," Mrs. Barclay begged, "please—just go away."

"But Tigger said—"

"Please," Mrs. Barclay cried, "please, please!" She buried her face in her hands and began to weep aloud, her whole body shaking.

Beside her, the girl stood quite still. Then Mrs. Barclay felt a touch on her shoulder.

"Don't cry," the girl said. "You don't have to cry. I'm going away. I wouldn't have come in the first place if he had not told me I must. 'You get there,' he told me, 'at twelve o'clock. She'll be home from church about then.' 'They won't let me in,' I told him. So he tore a leaf out of his little notebook and gave it to me. I was to give it to the old man at the door. Then I was to wait for you, and I was to tell you, and when we'd both got acquainted I was to give you his Christmas present for you."

MRS. BARCLAY took her hands away from her face. "His Christmas present for me?" she exclaimed.

"I've kept it ever since he went away," the girl explained. "He bought it the Saturday afternoon before he went. I was with him. It took a long time—nothing seemed good enough for him to give to you. 'It's got to be just right, Tiggress,' he said. "That's what he calls me."

"You aren't married to him?"

"Certainly not," the girl said quickly.

"Then," Mrs. Barclay said, gathering her dignity, "why are you here?"

"I told you. Tigger told me to come and give you his present," the girl said calmly. "Here it is. And I'll give it to you and go away." She opened her little brown bag and took out a small package. "Open it, please. I want to tell him how you like it."

Mrs. Barclay hesitated and then opened it. Inside a small, satin-covered box was an old-fashioned locket of filigreed gold set with pearls. Inside the locket on ivory was a miniature painting of Ranny's face when he had been a year old.

"So that's where that picture went!" Mrs. Barclay exclaimed. "He must have used it as the model for this."

The girl took an envelope from her bag. "Here it is," she said. "He told me to be sure to give it back to you."

Mrs. Barclay took it without seeing it. She was gazing at the baby face in the locket. "It—it brings home to me again—my baby—"

"That's what he said it would," the girl said coolly. Her eyes meeting Mrs. Barclay's were so large and cool, indeed, that Mrs. Barclay felt vaguely angry with their look.

"He was sweet, wasn't he?" she said, holding out the ivory painting.

"Yes," the girl said dispassionately.

"Maybe you don't care for babies."

"Don't I!" the girl said succinctly. "I've always said I wanted ten."

"I had only the one. Ranny's father was killed in the first World War."

"Tigger told me all that," the girl said. "It's a pity you didn't marry again and have some brothers and sisters for him."

"I wouldn't have thought of it," Mrs. Barclay said hotly.

"Tigger told me about that, too," the girl said quietly. "But it would have been better for him, all the same." The dimples in her cheeks straightened. "Maybe I'd have married him then. Maybe he'd have been free."

Mrs. Barclay snapped the locket shut. "What do you mean?" she demanded. "Ranny has always been free."

THE girl shook her dark curls. "Oh, no, he is not free," she said, with a sort of childish wisdom. "He's bound to you, Mrs. Barclay. Everything he does he thinks first of how you would like it. Then mostly he doesn't do it."

"That's absurd," Mrs. Barclay said. "Why, you said just now he—he proposed to you."

"Yes, but I could see he did it in spite of you and if you didn't like me he might be—sorry."

"Is that why you wouldn't marry him?"

"I don't want to marry a man who belongs to—anybody else," the girl said calmly. There was no reproach in her voice.

Mrs. Barclay sat up straighter in her chair. "If I have had an influence on my son—"

"Oh, I wouldn't mind influence," the girl said, "but you're—you see, you're selfish. You've made him think he owes it to you to keep you from being lonely and all that."

Mrs. Barclay felt the blood rise slowly up her cheeks from her neck. "Has he talked to you about me?" she asked with anger.

"Oh, no," the girl said. "Well, I mean, just enough to explain things to me. When I didn't want to come here today he said you'd be—you might even kill yourself if you thought he wasn't coming back. He said you'd told him you were afraid because your father had done it. He said it kept him worried."

"My son seems to have confided to you all my private affairs," Mrs. Barclay said.

"No, only because you've made them his," the girl said. "Of course, I told him the truth," she added.

"The truth?" Mrs. Barclay repeated.

"I told him that it wasn't so much that you loved him that made you the way you are. It's your being afraid of yourself without him." The young voice was matter-of-fact.

Mrs. Barclay rose. Suddenly she began to tremble. "You had better go away, I think," she said. "After all, who are you? A common girl my son picked up, the way all men seem to do with girls like you."

But the girl went on gravely, "I wasn't picked up. I was sent to him on my job, you

understand, to interview him on a murder case. I'm a newspaper reporter. I do emotional stuff. He wouldn't tell me a thing, either. I liked him for that. So, when he asked me to lunch I went, and tried some more. And still he wouldn't tell me anything. So I liked him some more."

"What was the case?"

"The Pratt murder case," the girl replied.

"But that was three years ago," Mrs. Barclay cried. So Ranny had known this girl that long. Then—the thought was overwhelming—it must have been because of this girl he had not wanted to marry.

THE girl jumped up and put her firm little hands on Mrs. Barclay's shoulders and pressed her into her seat. "Sit down," she said, "and don't say silly things."

Mrs. Barclay looked at her with severity. "Has he wanted to marry you—for a long time?"

"He says ever since he first saw me—three years ago."

"Three years ago!" Mrs. Barclay echoed. "But that's ridiculous; you're a child."

"Twenty-two."

"When was it that he first really proposed to you?" Mrs. Barclay asked, and thought suddenly of Alicia. Alicia was pale and exquisite. She most certainly never could have written what this girl called "emotional stuff" for a newspaper.

The girl smiled. "Do I have to tell you?"

"Not if you don't want to," Mrs. Barclay said. "Still, having told me so much . . ."

The girl laughed again, and now suddenly she sat herself on the arm of Mrs. Barclay's chair. "Aren't you ashamed?" she cried. "You told me yourself not to tell you anything!"

Mrs. Barclay hesitated. Then, in spite of herself, she laughed, too. "You seem to have told me a good deal in spite of that," she said.

The door opened, and old Henry stood there. He blinked his eyes at what he saw, and Mrs. Barclay was embarrassed by the intimacy of the girl on the arm of her chair. "What is it, Henry?" she asked.

"Madame, the dinner," he replied. "The turkey is getting dry."

The young girl jumped to her feet. "It's time I was going," she said.

"Wait," Mrs. Barclay commanded. "Where are you going to have Christmas dinner?"

"Oh, at a restaurant, I guess," the girl said hardily. "You can get a swell Christmas dinner for a dollar."

"Haven't you a family?"

The girl shook her head. "Orphan," she said brightly. "I was brought up in an asylum. I guess that's why I say I want ten children when I get married. It wouldn't seem like home to me without a lot. They send you out when you're seventeen and they get you a job, of course. I didn't like mine and I found another. But they do the best they can."

"Henry," Mrs. Barclay said, "put another place at the table. Miss— By the way, what is your name?"

"Jenny," the girl said; "Jenny Holt."

"Miss Holt will stay for dinner."

"Yes, madame." Henry's voice was a sigh of amazement as he closed the door softly.

"Is Holt your real name?"

Jenny shook her head. "It was the next name on the H's," she said. "Harrison, Holmes, Holt, Hutton, and so on."

"Haven't you any idea who you are?" Mrs. Barclay asked.

Jenny laughed and shook her head again. "Child of a doorstep," she said cheerfully.

Mrs. Barclay pondered this for a moment. "Well," she breathed. "It's amazing!"

BUT she rose and led the way upstairs to take off their things. And, upstairs, on an impulse she did not understand, she pointed to Ranny's room. "That's his room," she said. "You can go in there and clean up if you like."

"Oh, thank you," Jenny said.

Mrs. Barclay went into her own room and shut the door and sat down. Then on the table Ranny's eyes looked at her tenderly over the bit of holly.

"Selfish," she thought. "Yes, I suppose it's been selfishness—to be afraid to live without you." The young eyes suddenly seemed alive, and her own eyes brimmed with tears. "I see now, Ranny," she murmured. "I suppose I see for the first time." The blue eyes smiled back at her for a long moment. "Of course I can," she said to them. "Of course I will."

But before old Henry nothing could be said, and the necessity for formality simply made Jenny silly and gay. Before this black-eyed gaiety and childlike mischief Mrs. Barclay found herself laughing and making remarks that mystified old Henry and surprised herself. She saw bewilderment in Henry's eyes, but it only seemed funny to her now. When the old servant left the room Jenny put out her soft little brown hand and patted Mrs. Barclay's diamond-ringed fingers.

"Tigger didn't do you justice," she said softly. "He doesn't even know you."

Mrs. Barclay was grave in a moment. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"Why, Tigger," Jenny explained, "always said you were delicate and sort of severe, you know. He's afraid of you, really."

"Afraid of me!"

"Yes, really he is," Jenny said earnestly. "But I'm not afraid of you at all."

Mrs. Barclay put down her fork and sat quite still for a moment. "You must tell my son he needn't be afraid of me, my—my dear," she said.

Old Henry came back in the room with plum pudding at this moment. It was blazing away cheerfully, so that the sprig of holly in the top had caught on fire and was blazing too, every berry a jewel of fire.

Later, in the library over the coffee cups and before the fire, Mrs. Barclay felt suddenly relaxed as she had not in many days. She had eaten heartily of the excellent dinner, far more heartily than usual, but somehow she felt she was going to digest all she had eaten.

"Do you know," she said to Jenny, "I don't believe I have laughed since Ranny went away. I hadn't thought of it, but I don't believe I have."

She looked at the bright black eyes that were, she now saw, always brimming with laughter, and suddenly she laughed again. "I don't know why I'm laughing," she confessed, "but it just seems good to laugh. After all, Ranny is alive." She put the handkerchief down. "You do feel that, don't you, Jenny?"

"I know he is," Jenny said firmly.

"But how do you know?"

"If he were dead, I'd know," Jenny said. "I'd know it the minute it happened."

MRS. BARCLAY leaned forward. "You love him very much, then," she said.

Jenny nodded. "With all my heart."

Mrs. Barclay put out her hand upon Jenny's folded hands. "Then why, dear child, will you not marry him?" she asked.

Jenny's eyes filled with tears. "I'm plain—afraid to," she said.

"Jenny, please!" Mrs. Barclay paused and looked earnestly at the girl. Then she said gently, "I am asking you to marry Ranny."

And suddenly they were laughing again, and Jenny said, "I wish you had been my mother. You see, I understand you."

"Then," Mrs. Barclay said, "will you let me be your mother?"

Jenny drew back and looked straight into Mrs. Barclay's eyes. "You mean it, don't you?" she demanded.

"With all my heart I mean it," Mrs. Barclay said. "We mean it—Ranny and I."

Jenny kissed her cheek. Then she drew away and stood by the table, her hands to her cheeks. They were very rosy cheeks now and her eyes were shining. "But I'd want to keep

Louis Jamme

"Their marriage has been very happy. They were childhood sweethearts"

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on with my job, Mrs. Barclay—until he comes back."

"You shall keep on with it," Mrs. Barclay said.

Jenny straightened herself. "I'd want to pay board and room."

"Of course," Mrs. Barclay said respectfully.

Then Jenny took an uncertain step backward and leaned against the great carved table. "Mrs. Barclay, am I—would you say I was engaged to Tigger now?"

"I should certainly say so," Mrs. Barclay said gently.

The atmosphere in the room changed. The older woman felt it first, because it came, of course, from the younger one. There was a sort of glory in it. There was a light, and it came from Jenny's eyes. There was music, and though it was only the sound of the chimes next door, playing a Christmas carol instead of striking the hour, still it was an unearthly music.

"We must send a cable to Ranny," Mrs. Barclay said softly. "We'll have to send it to the War Department, of course, but maybe they'll let it through when they see what it is. What shall we say, Jenny?"

"Tell him," Jenny said faintly. "Tell him—"

Mrs. Barclay smiled. "I shall say, 'Your Christmas present received.' And then I shall say, 'And approved.' "

Jenny nodded.

"What else?" Mrs. Barclay asked.

Jenny thought hard. "Just tell him he's engaged," she said. "Sign it with your name—and Tiggress. He'll understand."

Mrs. Barclay laughed again. She had a feeling that somehow from now on her life was going to be full of laughter.

THE END★★

Star Bright

(*Continued from page* 39)

conviction and he knew it. When he had come into the apartment, all the elemental things that had started rising in him earlier in the evening were churning inside him. He had been a hundred per cent animal instinct. If Ketterman was defenseless, so much the better. But it was different now. He knew that for some reason this man he hated had stopped being afraid of him, and he had paused to wonder why. As soon as he began to think, the animal instincts began to quiet down. Then he had made the bitter mistake of listening while Ketterman talked, and he had been stung by the truth of what he had said. He knew Ketterman was telling the truth, and he saw that he was wrong. It even came into his mind to wonder whether Carroll would forgive him for the rotten thing he had said.

Tony wanted now quite desperately to get out, to get out with dignity. "I guess you know," he said, "I can't strike a defenseless man."

"That's what I'm hoping," said Ketterman.

For a second the sheer crust of this made Tony Whitman's blood hot again. But Ketterman had him beaten and he knew it. If he hit him now there wasn't a chance in the world of Carroll forgiving him.

"Ah, the hell with the whole thing!" he said. Then he turned, and with quite a considerable dignity strode out of the apartment. . . .

CARROLL ANDERS wakened to the ringing of the telephone bell. To actresses out of jobs that sound has magic. She pulled the comforter up about her shoulders and groped for the phone. She did this without thinking, from long habit. Then she began to think, and she withdrew her hand. It wouldn't be a job; it would be either Tony Whitman or Morty Ketterman, and she wasn't ready to talk to either of them. If it was Tony he'd want to talk about love, and on this gray morning Carroll did not want to talk about love.

Some time, in the early beginnings of that morning, she had come to her senses, had decided that all men thought only of themselves, that Tony Whitman had insulted her and that Morty Ketterman had compromised her and that she wanted no part of either of them. She had come home and had gone to bed.

She looked over her shoulder to see if Chip was there. She could get up and answer the darned thing. But Chip was not there.

When the phone stopped ringing, she heaved a deep sigh and got out of bed, and, shivering, closed the window. Then she took a long, luxurious shower and tried to pretend the night before hadn't happened, that she was still on the verge of becoming a leading lady, that the show was still to open, that it had not closed after one performance. It didn't work, because just as she would get herself feeling happy again she would remember how miserable she really felt.

Presently she shut off the water, dried herself hard, and then slowly and carefully dressed, and even more slowly, as though it were a ritual, made up her face. This done, she whipped herself up a good, solid breakfast and started the familiar journey to Broadway to look for a job.

That day, even though it didn't begin for Carroll until it was half over, was long. It was long with endless waiting and disappointment. There were no musical shows in the offing, and the show girls and chorus girls in all of the ones running seemed unusually healthy and well-behaved and free of impending matrimony. There was, as Carroll put it to herself, no soap all along the line. At five-thirty she knocked off and went home.

Chip was still out, but in the middle of the living-room was a huge florist's box; one of the long ones that meant the flowers inside it were terrifically expensive. That meant Tony. Carroll's heart beat faster. She ripped the cover off, gave a gasp of ecstasy at the sight of so many beautiful flowers, and opened the envelope that should hold a note. The smile-wrinkles flattened into a frown.

The flowers were from Tony. The note said, "I tried all day to get you on the phone to say good-by. All my love and please forgive me. Tony."

She held the card, staring at the writing for a long time. Then she said, "Please forgive me good-by. No, that doesn't make sense. If you want somebody to forgive you, you don't just say good-by and mooch off. Good-by is when you've had a fight with people and *you* don't intend to forgive *them!*"

She dropped the card back into the box, took off her hat, and scaled it onto the sofa. "Anders," she said, "don't be a dope. Call him up. . . . Okay; I will."

She went into the bedroom and rang the Whitmans' number, and when Samuels, the butler, answered, asked for Tony. The butler said he was not at home, and Carroll thought his voice sounded a little funny. Then he told her that Mrs. Whitman had tried to get in touch with her and wanted her to come to dinner that night.

"Oh," said Carroll. Then, "Yes, of course I'll come, Samuels."

"The car will call for you," said Samuels. "Seven?"

"Yes. I'll be ready."

Carroll hung up. She was filling vases with water when Chip came in.

Chip took a look at the flowers, whistled, and called to Carroll. "Well!" she said. "So we're friendly with the white folks again."

"Read the card," said Carroll over her shoulder. "It doesn't make sense. I bet he really is going away. I mean physically. Not just technically."

"*You* don't make sense," said Chip, picking up the card. She read it and nodded, shaking her curls up and down. "Sure, it makes sense. Morty told him he was acting like a heel and Tony didn't seem to think so, but I guess when he got home and got his college education to work he saw Morty was right—for once."

Carroll came back with the filled vases. "What do you mean, Morty told him? Morty wouldn't dare tell him anything like that. He's not big enough."

Chip grinned. "You should've stuck around," she said. "The boy-friend came back to beat up the other boy-friend." She sighed. "But nothing much came of it, except I was scared stiff for about five minutes." She shivered, with pleasure. "Gosh, Tony's handsome when he's mad!"

CARROLL ignored this, set the vases down on the floor. "See here, Chip," she said. "This is about me. Suppose you let me in on what happened. And, by the way, Morty Ketterman is not a boy-friend of mine."

Chip laughed. "No?" she said.

"No," said Carroll. She spoke a little sharply. Chip was being annoying on purpose. Pretending she had secrets. "No. You ought to know how Morty feels about me."

"I do," said Chip. She squinted her eyes at Carroll. "Yah—I know because he told me. Yah—he's in *love* with you. That's how he feels about you!"

Carroll was so surprised her head made a little startled jerk. Morty Ketterman in *love* with her. But that was silly.

"Quit blushing," said Chip. "Lots of guys have been in love with you."

"I'm not blushing," said Carroll. She *was* blushing. "And if I was I'd be blushing with shame for you for making up a thing like that."

"Ketterman's quite a man," said Chip. "If it was me I'd be thrilled pink. But then I thrill kind of easy."

Carroll sat down on the sofa. She suddenly found the idea of Morty being in love with her upsetting. She decided she wouldn't believe it. "Look, Chip," she said. "I'm too easy to kid today. It isn't fair."

Her face wrinkled—with down wrinkles now—made that way by disappointment and weariness and worry.

Chip saw them and dropped onto the sofa beside her, put an arm around her shoulders.

"Honey!" she cried. "I could cut my throat! Chip's sorry as hell. Listen while I give out with the dirt. Then we can do guessing about what his note means and where he's gone to and who's winning."

Carroll grinned at her. She was very fond of Chip Rose. For a long time now Chip had been the only family she had. She had been a nice family, a wavering, pretty, elastic tower of strength in times of trouble—like now. Chip worked always, as she was doing now, on the theory that since both of them were very pretty and very female and had people in love with them, everything was bound to be all right for them. By the time they had talked for half an hour while Carroll showered and put on a dinner dress and was ready to leave for the Whitmans', her perspective on life as a whole was almost normally cheerful.

MRS. WHITMAN was waiting for Carroll in the small library. It was a nice room, warmly comfortable, and it had on it the marks of age. Tonight as Carroll entered it she felt a surge of homesickness. Mrs. Whitman looked up from the sofa nearest the fire and set down the knitting she had been struggling with.

"Carroll!" she said. "I'm so glad you weren't doing anything tonight. I'm all alone. Jim's off being a warden." A shadow crossed her face. "I wish he wouldn't. He gets so very cold being a warden, but I can't ask him not to. He feels he amounts to something now."

Carroll grinned. It was cute, she thought, that walking around the still, cold streets of the city at night with what looked like a yacht club flag on a handkerchief tied around his arm made the president of the Hanoverian Bank and Trust Company feel he at last amounted to something. Still grinning, she kissed Mrs. Whitman on the cheek, then she sat down and said, "What's about Tony?"

Mrs. Whitman turned her head and stared at the fire. She did it, not because of any wish to dramatize, but simply because she didn't want to have to look at Carroll's eyes. "Tony isn't going sailing in his sailor suit at a desk, after all," she said. "He's gone—to Newport."

Carroll frowned. "Newport? That's a funny place to go in the winter, isn't it?"

Mrs. Whitman reached out and put her hand over Carroll's. "Baby," she said, "you don't understand."

Suddenly Carroll did understand, and a shiver ran across her shoulders.

"You mean he's getting ready to go to sea?" she said. It wasn't a question. She knew.

"He wasn't able to tell me very much about it," Mrs. Whitman said. "He said he'd been made a warrant officer and was going to be trained about torpedoes, and then would go on a PT boat. He left on an hour's notice. He tried to telephone you, but you didn't answer."

Carroll gave a little gasp. That had been Tony, calling to say good-by. If only she had answered.

Mrs. Whitman went on: "I told him he ought to go to your apartment to say good-by. But he didn't think so. He said you'd be in bed. Tony is so stuffy about some things." She sighed. "Oh, dear," she said. "It *was* nice thinking he'd be safe at a desk. But of course it couldn't last, could it?"

"No," said Carroll. "It couldn't last."

Of course it couldn't last. Nothing nice ever lasted. Having Tony happen to her had been nice, the nicest thing that had ever happened to her. Meeting him and then being engaged to him and going places with him and never having to think about how much things cost had been like the summer holidays when she was a kid. All of it had been such fun—such carefree fun that she had never stopped to analyze how she felt about him. She loved him, she wanted to marry him because they did have fun together and because he was handsome and gentle and sweet and kind to her. Then last night he had been so different. She hadn't loved him last night. He had been stupid, and being stupid had hurt her at a time when even a small hurt made a big wound. And now he had gone away to the wars.

Carroll closed her eyes, held them tight shut to dam the tears she felt were rising in them. There was something horrible about having somebody you were fond of go out to face death while you were still technically mad at him. She felt desperately unhappy and guilty. Presently she turned to Mrs. Whitman, opened her eyes, and the tears flowed out of them.

"Oh, Mrs. Whitman," she said, "I'm sorry about being unbrave and crying and things, but—but you just can't understand what this is doing to me. You see, last night . . ."

She stopped because she saw that Mrs. Whitman was smiling, and it seemed odd to her that anybody would smile at a time like that. Mrs. Whitman patted her hand.

"It's because of last night that I wanted to tell you myself about Tony's going away," she said. "You see, Carroll, I went through all this with Tony's father—all the troubles about being an actress and his hating my friends and not understanding about, well, things, and I knew Tony's going off would hit you hard. I knew it the minute the kindly hangman told me about your fight. The very minute . . ."

Carroll's eyes opened wide. "Who?" she asked.

Mrs. Whitman laughed.

"Oh," she said, "of course you wouldn't know who I mean. I call him that because he's so very severe on the outside and such a softy on the inside." She broke off, because quite suddenly Carroll's face had gone white and her eyes were snapping anger.

"Do you mean Morty Ketterman had the nerve to—when?"

"At tea this afternoon," said Mrs. Whitman. "He came up to talk about his play."

Carroll jumped to her feet, paced up and down on the hearth, tears forgotten in her anger. Morty Ketterman and his play! Morty Ketterman having the supreme crust to tell her own fiancé's own mother all about her own personal, private fight with her own personal, private fiancé!

"Nosy old woman!" she said.

Mrs. Whitman blinked and shook her head. "Carroll!" she said, her gentle voice like a delicately curved knife with a sharp blade.

CARROLL stopped pacing, dropped to her knees at Mrs. Whitman's side, held out her arms. "Oh, not *you!*" she cried. "Please, Mrs. Whitman, don't think I meant you! I meant that—that owl-faced rat!" She looked as if she was going to cry again. "I—I hate him."

Mrs. Whitman reached out an arm and drew Carroll close to her, so that the girl buried her face in a lap that was used to giving haven and comfort to all manner of troubled people. She looked down at the sleek golden head, and she sighed. She was wishing in an odd, roundabout sort of way that for her son's sake this pretty girl didn't hate the kindly hangman quite so passionately. The kindly hangman had been almost naïvely frank that afternoon at tea.

She sighed again and when, a second later, Samuels came to the doorway of the room carrying cocktail things, she motioned him to set them down and made violent faces to tell him dinner would be late. Then she turned back to the task of mothering, strangely grateful in an hour when she was lonely and bitterly unhappy herself, that she had someone who needed mothering. . . .

Morty Ketterman sat alone in his study. Although it was midmorning, except for a bright pool of light directly over the typewriter the room was as dark as though it were midnight. Morty Ketterman liked to work in the dark. In a lighted room, every time he glanced around him he would know exactly where he was, and reality would intrude on his imaginings. In the darkness he could imagine himself anywhere. Seeing the typewriter and the pages of white manuscript paper didn't count. He considered them as much a part of himself as his hands, which were lying idly on top of the typewriter now.

Presently he got up from the desk and, going to a tray that stood in a corner of the room, poured himself a cup of black coffee from a vacuum jug. Then he crossed to an old leather office chair that stood alongside the desk, sank into it, drank, and, taking out his key ring, began to chew it slowly, contemplatively.

MORTY KETTERMAN was very tired. He knew without being told that his career hinged on that ever-growing pile of white manuscript paper on the desk—that if this play failed, he was, for a long while anyway, washed up. Any playwright can be forgiven a flop, but even an ace playwright would not be forgiven two flops in one season. He was, he knew, writing well, but he was worried.

He was worried because, entirely without his intending it to be so, the young girl character in the play that he had originally meant to be merely a strong supporting character was gradually becoming the central figure. Worse than that, it was gradually becoming Carroll Anders. And yet again, worse, Carroll Anders had refused to speak to him since that night two weeks ago when Tony Whitman had walked in on them in her bedroom.

It was, he thought, the hell of a note—he, the great Ketterman, writing a play for a girl who wouldn't speak to him, writing a play for her in spite of the fact that he didn't want to.

"That this should happen to me!" he said.

He drank deep of his black coffee, ran a hand through his hair. "It shouldn't happen to my worst enemy."

He chewed savagely for a few seconds, the keys on the ring clanking against one another.

"Maybe if I could see her and she was nasty to me I could get over being haunted by her."

He finished the coffee.

"I'll call her up," he said, "and she won't talk to me and I'll get sore at her, then I won't give a damn and can get on with my work."

He got up, went to the telephone, and called Carroll Anders's number. When it answered he said, "This is the New York Towel, Coat, and Linen Supply Company. I'd like to speak to Miss Carroll Anders."

He heard Chip Rose say, "Just a minute." Perhaps half a minute later Chip's voice came again. It said, "Hello, New York Towel, Coat, and Linen Supply Company?"

"Yeah," said Ketterman.

"No soap," said Chip, and hung up.

"Why, you corn-fed, overcooked dumpling, what do you mean by . . ."

He broke off, looked at the telephone, slammed it down onto its cradle.

"She can't do this to me!" he said. "I'm not buying it."

He stalked out of the room then. He would go over to that Anders's apartment and settle things.

"I can be haunted just so far," he said. "If

she's not home I'll open the darned door with a piece of isinglass and wait." . . .

A half-hour later he rode up in the automatic elevator and rang Carroll Anders's doorbell. Nothing happened. He rang it again, and then, taking a piece of isinglass from his pocket, he placed it in the crack of the door near the lock and manipulated it so that presently the catch slipped back and the door opened and he went inside. The apartment was, of course, empty, but he walked through it calling her name. Then he took off his coat and hat and hung them on a chair and sat down. He yawned.

"Tired," he said. "Ketterman's tired as hell."

He swung his feet over the arm of the chair. In a few seconds he was sound asleep. . . .

While Morty Ketterman found peace in sleep on the couch in her apartment, Carroll Anders stood on the long observation walk at La Guardia Field. On one side of her was Mrs. Whitman, on the other Chip Rose. In a little while a transport plane would come out of the east and mumble to a landing, and Tony Whitman, home on twelve hours' leave, would, presumably, step out of it and hurry to their collective arms.

ALTHOUGH she was engaged to Tony, of the three of them Carroll was the least excited about his coming. They had made up their quarrel by mail in stilted, unsatisfactory letters which had left her feeling empty. After that, Tony had telephoned her once a week, and the calls had been upsetting because he seemed to her unnatural, like a man who is in love in spite of himself.

She hoped—she hoped quite desperately that actually meeting, being together again for a little while, would make things all right. Tony had always been such fun, more fun than anyone she had ever known. She must see to it that things were made all right in the little while that he would be here. Besides, it was absurd that she should feel forced to drop Morty Ketterman as though he were poison.

"I wonder," said Carroll to herself, "if Tony has any idea that he's made me think about Morty just about a hundred times more than I ever thought about him before."

She leaned on the railing and wondered, staring vacantly at the planes taxiing on the field beneath her. Presently Chip Rose gave her a dig in the ribs.

"Hey," she said, "snap out of it. Here comes Lochinvar."

Carroll looked up, saw the New England plane approaching. "Who?" she said, and then, "Oh, of course."

Her voice sounded dull. Chip looked sharply at her.

"You'd better take your smile out of wherever you keep it," she said in a low voice, "and put it on. After all, he has a right to expect it."

Mrs. Whitman was already on her way to the stairs that led down to the waiting-room. The girls followed her, each of them with their compacts out, looking in the tiny mirrors, checking up on their faces. They reached the plane dock just as the big, two-motored ship rumbled to a halt and the steps were put into position beside it. A moment later Mrs. Whitman cried, "Tony!"

He was coming down the steps, looking healthy and handsome in his uniform. He looked up, at his mother's cry, and his face broke into a grin. He waved to the three of them, then he hurried over and kissed Mrs. Whitman soundly. Then he turned to Carroll and looked into her eyes. She smiled.

"Hello, Tony," she said.

"Carroll!"

He continued looking into her eyes for a second. Then, as though an inner force drove him, he thrust both arms around her and held her in a crushing grip and kissed her. Almost immediately he loosed her.

Chip Rose said, "Me, too."

Tony Whitman turned to her and laughed. Then he reached out an arm and carelessly scooped her to him. "Well, Chip!" he said. "You still look cuter than a speckled setter pup!" With that, he kissed her with a loud heartiness.

Mrs. Whitman said, "Oh, Tony, it's good to have you home. I haven't any family any more at all except Carroll and—" She had been going to say she hadn't any family any more except Carroll and the kindly hangman, but common sense told her this was not exactly the thing to say. No, she *must* keep Morty Ketterman out of the conversation. She went on, "Except for Carroll and Chip when they're nice enough to come and keep a poor, lonely old lady company."

"You," said Tony, "are a deceitful hussy. Poor, lonely old lady!"

"I am lonely," said Mrs. Whitman. "Your father's hardly ever home and you . . ."

"I'm right here," said Tony. He laughed.

Colin Allen

"I don't care what the girl next door does. You can't be a boilermaker's helper, and that's final!"

"Look; you shouldn't be lonely. Carroll's *technically* family, and of course that makes Chip sort of an in-law."

"A roommate-in-law," said Chip.

When they were settled in the car Tony took Carroll's left hand, and his fingers traced the outline of her engagement ring.

The car slid out of the airport, and rolled quietly, luxuriously into the city-bound stream of traffic. Carroll felt Tony's grip on her hand tighten, tighten too much, the way his arms around her had crushed her too hard; then it relaxed and his fingers went back to the ring, twisting it now around her finger. Presently he let go of her hand entirely.

THEY didn't talk much, any of them, because when someone has just come home from the wars it is hard to find a place to begin talking. The really important, emotional things either do not need saying or cannot be said, and the trivial, small-talk things to say seem unworthy of the moment. So they rode in silence, but as they were going over the Triborough Bridge the sight of the water beneath them must have reminded Tony of his Navy work, for he suddenly laughed. Then he said, "By the way, Chip, thanks for the socks. They were perfectly appalling and I loved them."

Both Carroll and Mrs. Whitman looked at Chip with acute surprise. Chip felt their looks, blushed crimson, and stared hard at the chauffeur's neck. In a voice oddly small compared to her generally enthusiastic delivery, she said, "Did—did you wear them?"

"Yes," Tony said. "But not on my feet. On my word of honor, I tried my damn'dest to wear them on my feet." He laughed. "Chip, you'll never forgive me, but after I poked five holes in them they made the most wonderful mittens you ever saw!"

"I'm glad you could use them," said Chip.

"I was glad to have them," said Tony.

Carroll smiled. The smile lacked any trace of warmth. "It's a good thing you could," she said. "Chip almost had a nervous breakdown trying to knit them. *I* thought they were for the Red Cross." She gave a little laugh. "I'm afraid Chip isn't what you'd call elementally domestic. I mean, she wouldn't look right done up in old lace behind a spinning wheel."

Mrs. Whitman lifted her head the way a deer lifts its head when it scents danger riding close on the wind. There was, as she put it to herself, something cooking here that she didn't know about. It could easily lead to trouble. There was an undercurrent in Carroll's voice that worried her. Plainly she resented the idea of Chip bootlegging, so to speak, a pair of sock-mittens to her fiancé. When a girl like Carroll resented something she was apt to make fur fly. Carroll was a strong personality. Sometimes, Mrs. Whitman thought, too strong for her Tony. It was this she had meant once when she had told the kindly hangman she wasn't at all sure Tony and Carroll were good for each other.

"I," said Mrs. Whitman, with unexpected firmness, "would look simply divine done up in old lace behind a spinning wheel. Wouldn't I, Carroll?"

Carroll said, "Yes, Mrs. Whitman."

She wasn't saying yes in answer to the question. She was saying yes in acceptance of the unspoken order to talk about something else.

"You'd look swell done up in anything behind anything," said Tony.

Mrs. Whitman made him a little bow. "Thank you," she said. She sighed. "You're a dear boy and very well brought up."

The little crisis passed and conversation

slipped into a normal, easy pace. Carroll was grateful to Mrs. Whitman. She knew, now that she had a chance to think about it, that she had no right at all to get annoyed at Chip for sending Tony a pair of socks. She couldn't be jealous—there couldn't be anything to be jealous about. She thought maybe the reason it had annoyed her was because it made her feel vaguely guilty that she, herself, had not run up a pair for him. She supposed she should have. She, too, sighed. She was wondering why it was that she always seemed to end up feeling guilty about Tony. She wondered, too, about the time that would come later in the day when, with heavy strategy, they would be left alone together. . . .

The strategy that eventually left Carroll and Tony alone together was heavy only in its simplicity. It came when Carroll, knowing Mrs. Whitman wanted Tony by himself for dinner, got up to go home, and Mrs. Whitman said, "Tony, walk home with Carroll."

It was as simple as that, and it left them walking together down Fifth Avenue a few minutes later, feeling strangely self-conscious. It was too bad that they had to feel so, because their whole love or friendship had been built on a careless naturalness of relationship. Now, they walked along side by side, sadly and unsmiling, each of them trying to find words that would sweep away the strangeness which had grown up between them. It was Tony who, just as they came in sight of Carroll's building, found them. He reached out and caught her hand.

"Gosh, Carroll, wouldn't it be swell if there wasn't any war or anything and I didn't have to go back tonight, and we could go out on the town and raise hell the way we used to?"

She pressed his hand, her face bright, eyes shining, turned to him. "I'd love it!" she said.

THEN they both laughed. They walked on hand in hand.

"I'm sorry about a lot of stuff I've been indulging in a lot of self-torture about," said Tony.

"I'm sorry things happened that made you do it," said Carroll. She lowered her eyes. "Tony."

"Huh?"

"I haven't seen Morty since. I—I thought you might like to know that."

"I could kick myself," said Tony. "You know, angel puss, I think I've been the dumbest warrant officer in the Navy. No kidding. I mean . . ."

"It's nice," said Carroll, "being like we used to."

"Boy!" said Tony. "It's heaven." He laughed. "I hope it lasts this time."

"It's got to," said Carroll. "It's too awful the other way. Just hurting each other."

"Yes," said Tony. "It's awful the other way. Especially in the Navy."

He meant it was awful to be torn and to have small voices whispering at you when you were not free to do anything about it. Carroll guessed this. When they reached the little lobby of her building she said, "Tony, you don't have to go home right away. Come on up and—and have a drink."

He put his arm through hers and on the way up in the automatic elevator he kissed her. He held her tight this time when he kissed her, but with gentleness; the harshness she had felt in his arms at the airport was all gone. She thought, as the car reached her floor and the door rattled open, "I guess this is our high point. I guess things are all right between us now. I guess if he wants—he's going back tonight, going to sea in that awful boat thing—

The Glory of Democracy

THE sacrifices that are needed in order to win the war are apparent to us all.

The Treasury's appeals to buy war bonds, the Government's pleas to conserve gas and rubber, the economies required to avoid inflation, the necessity of rationing many essential commodities —all these have become vital in the minds of our people.

Necessity has awakened us, not only to the size of the task before us, but to the fact that our future as a nation is at stake; and in characteristic fashion we-*all* are responding.

Our hearts speak, our purses are open wide; and regardless of creed or color or political convictions, our honest differences of opinion are being dissipated before the issue that confronts us.

This is the glory of democracy; that a man may think as he will, speak as he will, vote as he will, and worship God in his own way: yet in the hour of peril to the State, that which is for the greatest good of all is not only his most compelling thought but the strongest prompting of his heart.

In that hour his thought is no longer of himself but of his country; and it is as though his soul were crying out those memorable words of Plato: "Man was not born for himself alone but for his country."

Thos. J. Watson

President, International
Business Machines Corporation

Let all who can, buy more war bonds

Maybe then things would *stay* all right."

Her hand trembled when she reached in her bag and took out her latchkey. Tony noticed it and put his arm around her shoulders. It didn't make the trembling any less, but she jabbed with the key and it went into the lock. Then she swung the door open. As it opened, she felt Tony's arm drop from her, glanced quickly up at him, and saw that his face was as black as thunder. Then she looked into the living-room.

If Carroll Anders had had a gun at that moment, she would probably have shot Morty Ketterman. She would have loved shooting him. As she had no gun, she simply stared at his sleeping figure in shocked horror.

Tony Whitman, however, needed no weapon other than his two strong hands to do what he felt must be done. He stepped over to the chair, grabbed Ketterman by the slack of the shoulders, and before he was even fully awake, slung him out into the hall, where he skidded along the shiny floor and brought up in a heap head first against the far wall.

Tony slammed the door shut and faced Carroll. "Now talk," he said quietly. "I know I'm not supposed to be loaded with brains, but I've got sense enough not to be made a fool of twice. Talk."

SHE was surprised at how calm his voice was and more frightened by it than if he had lost his temper. Actually, he was past losing his temper. This thing that had happened was so bad that, even though he had seen it, he couldn't really believe it.

"You talk," said Tony again, "and then when I leave here about ten seconds from now I'm going to search him. If I find a key to this apartment on him I'm going to kill him."

Carroll gasped. She only half heard Tony say, "And he'll be there to be searched, too. He's out cold."

"He hasn't any key," said Carroll. "Tony, I told you . . ."

"You told me once before, too."

"I told you the truth, too," said Carroll.

Tony's face twisted in agony. "You!" he said contemptuously. "Asking me to come up here and have a drink! Acting like you meant a lot more than have a drink! You didn't think I'd come. You couldn't have acted like that about it if you'd thought I'd take you up on it. You *couldn't* have."

"Tony." Carroll grabbed his lapels. "Tony, I have not seen Morty Ketterman since you went away. I swear it on my word of honor. I *swear* it, I tell you. And you can ask Chip." She pointed to the bedroom. "Call her up now and ask her. She's at her agent's—the Wayne office. Call her up."

Tony looked down at her for a long moment. Then he said, "All right, I will."

He walked into the bedroom and Carroll felt that he took some of her heart with him. She went slowly to the sofa and dropped down onto it. She heard Tony dial the number. Then he closed the bedroom door. It was only then, when she was alone, that she realized what he had said about Morty Ketterman being out cold. She put her hand to her heart. Morty hadn't been drunk or he wouldn't have hung up his overcoat so neatly. That meant he had been hurt when he fell. She forgot Tony, rushed across the room and out into the hall. Ketterman was gone, but on the floor where he had been lying there was a tiny smear of blood. Carroll closed her eyes and felt sick. She didn't blame Tony for what he had done, but the idea of Morty Ketterman hurt and bleeding hurt her. She was surprised that it did, since she had been so furious at him.

She opened her eyes and started back to the apartment. Then she saw a piece of paper stuck under the little brass knocker. She tore it loose and looked at it. On it, in scrawling pencil, was written, "I guess I can take a hint, Anders, but I never knew you packed so much muscle. Nuts to you, you're passing up a big chance. Love and kisses, M."

Carroll bit her lip, crumpled the note into a wad and dropped it inside the front of her dress. Then she hurried back into the apartment and closed the door and went back to the sofa. She was still fighting back tears when the door to the bedroom opened and Tony came slowly into the room. He crossed to the sofa, dropped onto his knees and, reaching out his arms to her, lowered his head.

"Oh, Carroll," he said, "I don't even know how to begin asking you to forgive me. Chip says . . ."

Carroll found she was suddenly very tired. Much, much too tired to argue. She lifted a hand to his bent head, stroked it.

"Oh, that's all right, Tony," she said in a faraway voice. "I don't blame you. It looked pretty bad, didn't it?"

"It looked awful," said Tony. "But, gosh, a guy ought to trust his girl even if—he ought to trust her through anything."

"Yes," said Carroll. "If he loves her he ought to trust her. There isn't much point otherwise."

"I *do* trust you," he said.

"I'm glad you trust me, Tony," she said.

She just said it. She didn't mean it. How could she be glad he trusted her when she knew he didn't trust her. But she had to say the right thing now whether she meant it or not. Suddenly he got to his feet.

"My God!" he said. "That guy out in the hall. I'd better . . ."

"Sit down," said Carroll. "He's gone. I went out to see how he was."

She saw him start getting tense again, and added, "After all, Tony, it wouldn't look very well to have Morty Ketterman found dying on my doorstep. I know *you* wouldn't want that."

"No," he said. "You were quite right."

"Yes," said Carroll.

"And you do forgive me?"

"I forgive you."

THERE was an awkward silence, more awkward because now there was no quarrel between them and because their time together was up and they should say good-by, and neither of them wanted to say good-by in the way it should be said, with warmth and tears and kisses and fragments of phrases that in themselves meant nothing, but that could be thought about later and heard again like tenderly sentimental phonograph records. Both of them knew that was how the good-by should be. Both of them knew it was impossible. Both of them knew that those things would have to wait until they met again. Both of them were bitterly sorry about it. Both of them knew that now there might never be a next time.

It was while Tony was standing in the door with his hat in his hand that Carroll found she couldn't let him go that way. It was a cruelty she was incapable of, and she was, after all, an actress, or told herself she was. She closed her eyes and opened her arms.

"Kiss me good-by, Tony," she said.

For a second his eyes lighted, but he didn't smile. When he kissed her it was without heart. Tony didn't even pretend to be an actor.

(To be Concluded)

Waste Goes On

(*Continued from page* 23)

very people who are receiving government bounty now want to oust those who distribute it.

I doubt that anybody knows just how many civilians are on U. S. Government payrolls. Employees are being added so fast and in such quantities that even when the Civil Service figures are issued they are six weeks old and cover only the Executive Branch of the Government.

The last Civil Service report shows 2,551,802 employees, with a monthly payroll of $405,330,418. Several hundred thousand of these are postal employees and laborers engaged in producing and transporting munitions of war. Nobody wants to cut them off the payroll. There are thousands of additional government employees, not recorded by Civil Service. In Civil Service alone, 880,880 have been added since Pearl Harbor and about 5,000 new ones are added each month. About 60 per cent of them are women typists, stenographers, and filing clerks.

The waste isn't in manpower and money alone. Desks, typewriters, and other office equipment are used in nonessential work. Unneeded employees crowd the restaurants, apartments, and rooming houses in Washington. Transportation systems are not adequate to carry them. The waste in office space runs into millions of square feet—at a time when the Government, at great cost, is moving departments out of Washington and building new office buildings in a desperate attempt to get good accommodations for all and sundry.

Full credit must be given those thousands of men and women in government service who are in the war effort with every ounce of their brain and brawn. They are just as valuable to their country as the men on the firing line. The top men and women in war activities are doing no loafing. In many a department every person is in there fighting.

But this minority group is pulling the load.

I WAS told recently of an office in which at least 10 out of the 25 stenographers were idle. Down the hall a few minutes later my informant found 4 stenographers working furiously on a job their supervisor told me would keep them until midnight.

"Why not bring in girls from another section?" my informant asked.

"Their boss wouldn't lend them," the supervisor said. "He wouldn't admit that he has more stenographers than he needs. The more people he has working under him, the higher he's rated by Civil Service."

In business and industry, the men who operate their departments the most efficiently and economically are the ones who get the promotions. Since the government policy appears to be to spend instead of save, throughout the service, generally, the men and women who have the most employees are the ones

who get the highest salaries. A premium is placed on waste. The more money you throw away on useless personnel, the more money the Government pays you.

Arthur S. Flemming, Civil Service Commissioner, admits that it is the general impression that if an administrator cuts his payroll his salary will be reduced, but he contends that the Civil Service is looking for administrators and supervisors who eliminate the waste in manpower.

"In fact," he says, "we would like to learn of someone who has succeeded in abolishing his own job. If his own agency hasn't rewarded him by giving him a more important job we feel sure dozens of administrators would like to know about him."

The fact that, as far as the head of the Civil Service knows, no government employee has ever succeeded in abolishing his own job is good evidence of the appalling situation. I am sure Mr. Flemming is sincere in believing that there are administrators who are seeking men and women who will help them eliminate nonessential jobs, and there must be some scattered here and there. But in all my interviews with employees, in all the letters I have received telling me of conditions, I have never found any indication that they actually exist.

The evidence is to the contrary. Said one disgusted man: "I wish Mr. Flemming could show me one man or woman who has been promoted because he practiced economy. I gave up a good job with a law firm and came to Washington for less money than I was getting, thinking I could help out in the war effort. I landed in a department where half the employees could do all the work. When I suggested ideas about saving money and manpower, the stuffed shirt in charge told me to mind my own business. He said he was building up a department, not tearing one down."

THE Civil Service would like to stop waste of manpower, but it has no authority to probe departments and cut out the dead wood. Mr. Flemming fearlessly points out: "There are still entirely too many persons on the public payroll who seem more interested in fighting to retain red tape than they are in the Government's placing itself in a position where it can make the maximum contribution to our fighting forces.

"There are still many supervisors who, when they find they have a surplus of personnel, are unwilling to recommend that some of their employees be transferred to positions where they could really serve the Government."

That's true talk from the man in the Government who is in the best position to know. Administration spokesmen who quibble, "Anonymous letters don't mean anything. Let's see some concrete evidence," might well listen to the Civil Service Commissioner.

Although the Civil Service, if it had the authority, would undoubtedly attempt to streamline the government departments (but probably not so ruthlessly as private businesses have done), I find a disturbing note in its statements to workers who are worrying about what will happen to them after the war. The Civil Service, through an article by Joseph E. Evans, handed out by its Public Relations Department, predicts a jobs-for-everybody "planned society" after the war, and assures us "the government service will almost certainly be larger after the war than it was before the war." In other words, while admitting that there is a waste of manpower in Government today, the Civil Service is certain that after the war few of the million and more who will be added because of the war will ever be taken off the payroll!

A new bill recommended by the President proposes overtime pay for all Civil Service employees. It would add more than $380,000,000 a year to the government payroll. I am heartily in favor of overtime pay for those who really earn it, but I don't believe in unrestricted overtime. If it is passed unamended, the bill will encourage thousands to loaf a few hours longer every week.

EVERY government employee who comes or writes to me and other members of Congress warns: "Don't ever use my name. If the administrator found out I was giving this evidence I would be fired 'with prejudice' and never would get a government job again."

This is no idle fear. Congressman Earl Wilson of Indiana recently stated in the House of Representatives that after he inserted in the *Congressional Record* an unsigned letter from an employee, protesting about the waste of manpower, a government employee was fired because her superior suspected her of writing the letter. Congressman Wilson used pressure and got the employee reinstated.

Wilson recently attempted to insert in the *Record* 500 more letters of the same kind, but was stopped because another congressman would not give the necessary unanimous consent unless the names were printed.

Most of these protesting employees want to stay in government service. But they want to be working, and at some essential task. One employee wrote to a newspaper: "In the biggest war plant of them all, the War Department, people are permitted to sit around—just sit—waiting for work that never or hardly ever comes."

One stenographer in another department told me her supervisor warned her not to read newspapers—"But you can read books. It's hard to get a newspaper off your desk when somebody comes in, but you can slip a book in a drawer."

In the War Production Board a stenographer polled 100 other stenographers, and found that 17 complained because they were overworked and the others complained because they didn't have enough to do.

A clerk told me, "In my department we had a job the other day that would keep three girls busy all day. I chose three out of the twelve in the office, and it started a riot. The nine who weren't chosen complained for hours."

Newspaper clippings of letters from workers give me statements such as these:

"I am earning more than $3,000 a year and not working one tenth as hard as I could. My duties are such that a person with half my training and salary could handle them." . . . "A golden river of taxpayers' money is being squandered on nonessential salaries." . . . "There are many of us who are wondering whether we should sit still and be paid for loafing, or whether we should bestir ourselves to improve the situation and take the unpleasant consequences that so often result when the little man calls attention to official incompetence. This war is a serious affair."

An employee in the Department of Agriculture writes: "I am so upset over this situation I cannot express myself adequately. Men loaf all day long, only a few typists work, yet they are expanding this department." . . . A Reconstruction Finance Commission employee wrote: "Men and stenographers stand idle here, yet they are still adding people." . . . From Social Security comes: "Half the people here are unnecessary."

A stenographer who went through a War

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Department training school told me that the school had 110 typewriters on 110 desks and that at no time were more than 80 in use. And the Government is commandeering typewriters from businesses!

"There were eight people running the department," she said, "and one spent almost all her time filing the practice sheets we wrote. They had six or seven files full of these practice letters which weren't any use. If anybody wanted to find out about us they would look at our grades. As far as I could see they never needed more than two of the four instructors. I looked in there the other day and there were only four girls being trained. And eight people running the department!"

I HAVE a letter which says: "In the Department of Labor, the Wage and Hour Division, the Immigration and Naturalization Service, the Employment Service, and the Apprenticeship branch of the Bureau of Standards have been transferred out of the Department. Despite all these transfers, the personnel has not been reduced one iota. Why does not the chief make an effort to reduce the strain on war workers by detailing some of his clerks to agencies clamoring for stenographers and typists? We are in war now."

The same condition exists in government work throughout the nation, for I have received letters protesting government waste in every part of the country.

The Joint Committee on Reduction of Nonessential Federal Expenditures, of which I am chairman and Congressman Robert L. Doughton is vice-chairman, and which includes other senators and congressmen, together with the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Morgenthau, and the Director of the Budget, Mr. Smith, is now undertaking an investigation into the waste of personnel, and we hope to get from employees evidence that will force economies. Every effort will be made to protect employees who are brave enough to testify for the good of their country and give specific information. There will probably be difficulty in forcing any substantial economies. The solid wall that bureaucrats set up is almost impossible to break down, but I assure the American people that so far as possible the true facts will be given and a rigid nonpartisan investigation of this alarming condition will be conducted.

Last summer Senator Millard Tydings headed a committee to gather testimony to promote economy and efficiency in personnel. The committee found that conditions were "important and alarming," but that economy could be brought about only through a personal study of each agency, at enormous cost.

The committee received little co-operation from bureau heads. Its evidence was based upon 2,200 questionnaires filled out by department heads who were asked to suggest economies, and the committee was forced to report: "The findings have been materially narrowed because such responses are naturally self-serving wherever possible. In many instances responses have been no more than a dissertation in justification of the organization."

The committee found that in some organizations, "duplication, overlapping, and paralleling of functions exists to an alarming degree." It found also, "There has been little effort to curtail the activities of nonwar agencies. In fact, their personnel has shown a steady increase."

The report states—and this is alarming—"Many officials of the Bureau of the Budget and the closely related National Resources Planning Board are committed beyond any doubt to ideologies and theories looking forward to greater government expenditures and greater deficits during the postwar period." The committee asks, "How can a government or any other organization expect to operate efficiently when its managers expound and practice the policy that it should always spend more than it receives?"

That, I think, is the key to the terribly dangerous situation. The Government wastes money and manpower in government jobs. The more it spends, it believes, the happier everybody will be! Nearly every department insists upon using up its total appropriation, even though it may not all be needed.

No matter how much evidence is uncovered in Congressional investigations, no matter how many conscientious employees write to their newspapers and their congressmen, waste will go on until outraged public opinion forces a change.

WASTE of manpower in government *can* be eliminated. A board of hard-boiled efficiency experts could stand between the administrators and the Civil Service and reject every application for labor that is not absolutely essential. That would be just a start. Then they could ruthlessly cut the payrolls in those departments in which the Civil Service knows manpower is being wasted. The next step would be a close examination of every department and the elimination of all unnecessary activities and employees. It could be done only by a board with absolute authority, men deaf to the appeals of politicians and selfish interests. It would be a board made up of real Americans, with one thought in their minds—to dig up manpower for essential work, as the draft boards produce men for the Army.

Something of this sort is going to be done, whether the administration likes it or not.

The nation is in the war now, ready to give everything for victory, and it's not going to stand for the creation of a leisure class at the taxpayers' expense in these days when money and manpower are desperately needed.

The news is spreading. Government employees who quit in disgust go home and tell their friends what's going on. With thousands of government workers spread all over the country, the voters everywhere are noting the waste with their own eyes. Businessmen as never before are coming in contact with government. They are called upon to waste their own manpower by making unnecessary government reports; they find their own workers going into government service and doing nothing; they take trips to Washington and see the inefficiency and bungling and the disinclination to correct it.

The President has said, "The American people are united as never before in their determination to do a job and do it well."

The President is right. And very soon they are going to realize that they cannot do a job and do it well as long as the Government wastes manpower and money, deliberately pampers its own employees, building up a special privileged class, while demanding the utmost in sacrifice from the fighting men and civilians.

When the American people realize what's going on in Washington— Well, look out, Washington! They can defeat the Germans, they can defeat the Japs, they can even defeat the Washington bureaucrats.

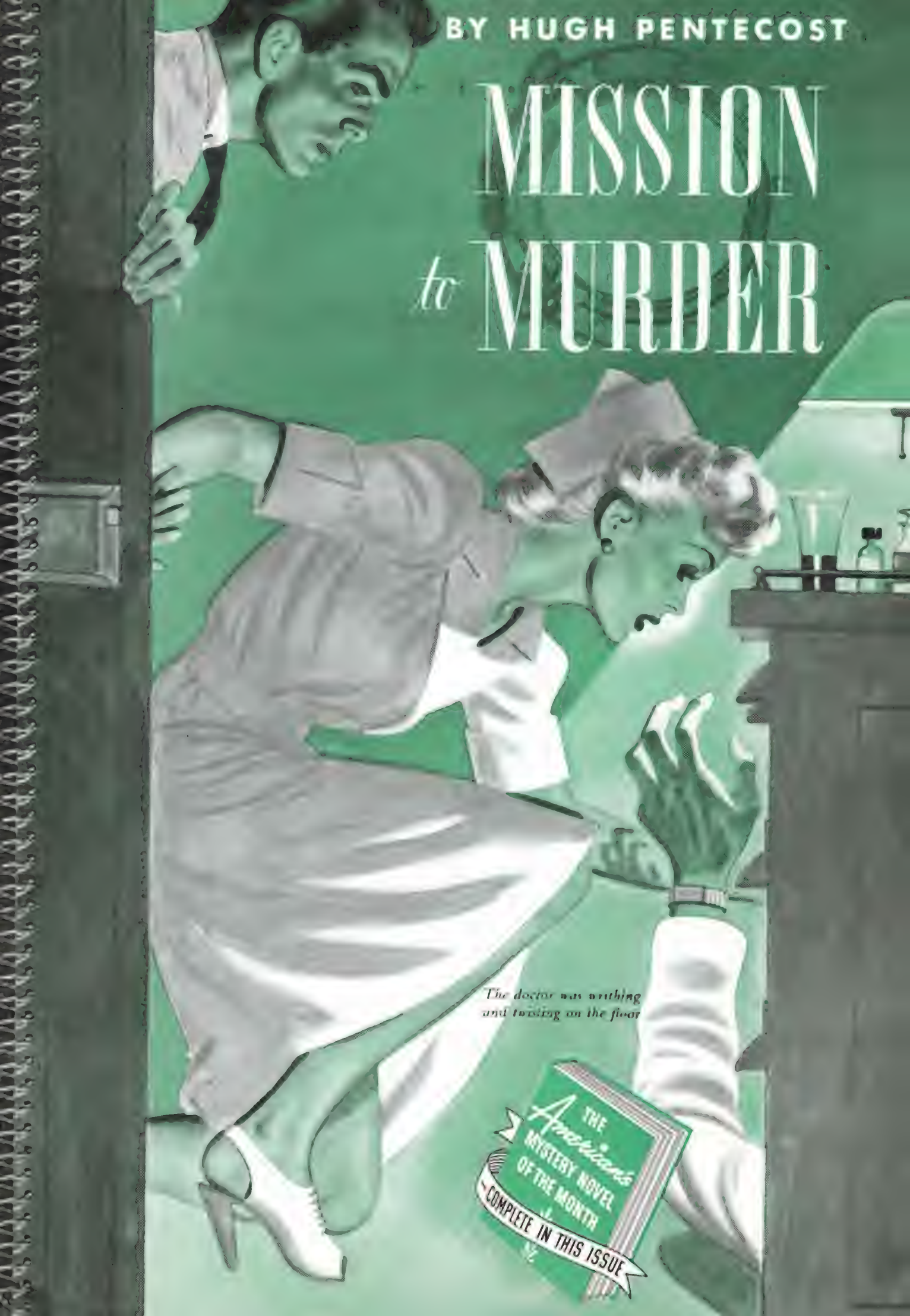
THE END ★★

Advertisement

"And what makes you insinuate that I swiped those two Pepsi-Colas?"

BY HUGH PENTECOST

MISSION to MURDER



They were a bunch of grim men, looking for a murderer

She was an American boat, dirty-gray and blacked-out, and she slid stealthily out to sea one night—her destination danger. There were three hundred men aboard her, bound on a vital naval mission to a secret island in the Pacific. And one was a Nazi killer

THERE is a good deal that can't be told at this time. It would give aid and comfort to the enemy if the name of The Island were made public. The Island is the means for striking hard body-blows at the enemy, who would very much like to locate it and put it out of business.

Names don't matter much. Names of places. Names of ships. But some day history may mention The Island in the same breath with such sturdy outposts as Bataan and Tobruk.

There is another thing about The Island. To most of us "attack" means uniforms and guns, tanks and ships and planes. The Island saw the machines of war, but its heart and soul was a crew of men in overalls, light men and dark men, tall men and fat men and thin men, with wrenches and hammers and welding torches in their hands. Men who worked and laughed and fought together; men from New England, from the Middle West, from the California coast; men who lived at such close quarters that an arm, flung carelessly outward in sleep, would strike a neighbor.

But mostly this is a story of a duel between two men. One of them had been a detective but now wore the insignia of a reserve lieutenant in the Navy. The other was a murderer. It was a duel which lasted for weeks. It brought fear to some, threatened disaster for all, and cost the lives of those whose names will never be inscribed on the roll of heroes, though that is where they belong.

On the day that it ended I was sitting alone in my office. There were reports on my desk to fill out, but I was not working at them. I was listening; listening for the end. Everyone else had gone to see it with their own eyes. I couldn't. I thought I was the only one who couldn't, but, as I sat there, the office door opened and Bradley came in. His red hair was rumpled and the new lines in his face seemed to have grown deeper.

"You didn't go," I said.

"No, Chris," he said. He sat down beside my desk. He was almost never without his short-stemmed black pipe. It was in his hand now, but he didn't smoke. He sat there, tapping the stem against his teeth, waiting.

"This is a big day for you," I said. "All the cases you ever solved back home, rolled into one, were not as important as this."

He didn't answer for a moment. I could see the network of wrinkles at the corners of his eyes contract. "I can't forget," he said, "that I sang songs with him, bummed cigarettes from him. I can't forget that I liked him."

"I know," I said.

We didn't talk any more. We just waited. At last we heard it. The guns of a firing squad. A few hundred yards away a man lay dead in the dust, and I knew that every gun had been aimed at his heart with a prayer.

Bradley's voice sounded far away. "Well, that's that," he said.

That was the end. The beginning was elsewhere. . . .

It really began on the seventh of December, 1941. A lot of things began that day.

I was working in my office at World Wide Pictures that Sunday afternoon, making revisions on a script that was already in the shooting. How I happened to be working at World Wide is a story in itself. I had gone into Wall Street after college, been a customers' man, and worked up to a partnership in a firm. You remember how things were in the Street after '29. Our firm stayed together,

CAST OF CHARACTERS

LUKE ("RED") BRADLEY — *Ex-detective*

CHRIS WELLS — *Ex-writer*

CAPTAIN RICHARD CLEAVE — *In command*

CAPTAIN JORGENSEN — *Skipper*

ALEC WALKER — *Medical officer*

JESSICA JAMES — *Nurse*

ELLEN LUCAS — *Nurse*

JEDEDIAH QUARTERMAYNE — *Master shipwright*

BILL REGAN, ED WINTHROP, TUBBY GARMS, JOE ADAMS, LEW LEWIS, SCOTTY CAMERON, ERNEST McCOY — *Leadermen*

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER WASDELL — *Submarine commander*

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE EVANS AND FRED LUDEKENS

but the office boy could have handled our business.

At a cocktail party one afternoon I met a man who was a producer at World Wide. They were about to make one of those screwball comedies about Wall Street. After eight Martinis I found myself hired as a technical expert. I went out to Hollywood, figuring it as a sort of Arabian Nights' vacation with pay. Before the picture was done I was collaborating with the author on the script. World Wide offered me a writer's contract. It was wacky. I figured they'd find that out in a few months.

THAT was three years ago. The Street isn't yet taking nourishment, and by some freak I'd turned out to be a pretty good script man. I still figured it as a sort of stopgap. One of these days I'd go back to my proper niche.

When you make the kind of dough they paid me, Sunday is no barrier to work. I remember I was trying to find the twist the script needed to make it come alive when a popeyed watchman stuck his head in and shouted, "The Japs are bombing Pearl Harbor, Mr. Wells!"

For a minute I couldn't think where Pearl Harbor was. Then I remembered. Honolulu. The beach at Waikiki. Aloha. I thought of those two little yellow rats who were negotiating with Mr. Hull in Washington. *They're just trying to scare us into accepting their terms*, I said to myself. *Well, Mr. Hull won't scare, chums. . . .* I went back to doctoring up a bedroom scene so the Hays office would pass it.

It wasn't till I went out to supper that I began to understand what was going on. This was war. And it looked as if we'd been taken to the cleaners that day, maybe for keeps. Along about the middle of the night I suddenly saw red. Take a crack at us when our back is turned, will you? Okay. Okay!

The next morning I was in the Navy's recruiting office. I'm thirty-eight, I have on a $175 gabardine suit, a custom-made shirt, brown suède shoes. And I'm up to my neck in kids, gutter kids, stupid, ugly—dregs of the city's slums. A young punk in uniform is ordering us around: "Stand in that line!" "Sit in that chair!" I thought, *What the hell are you doing here, Chris? You don't belong here. You belong with your own kind of people, wherever they are.*

Wherever they are! *Your kind of people*, I thought, *are sitting over their breakfast or lunch tables, trying to talk their way out of the panic they feel by blaming someone else.*

Four hours, five, six . . . I stand there with those kids. All of a sudden I feel wonderful inside. These kids are my friends. Closer than that. They're my blood. Sure, they can't talk my language, they have no breeding, they don't know from nothing. Only one thing they know: Their country's been attacked. They don't say that, but you feel it. And now I'm proud to be standing there, because they belong to me and I belong to them. I'm proud to throw my gabardine suit and my fancy shirt on the dirty heap in the corner, proud to stand naked, in a tiny room, sweating, elbowed, ordered around by a different young punk in uniform. But laughing and smiling, and knowing that behind every smile the teeth are locked with such determination that no crowbar the Axis has yet invented will ever be able to pry them loose.

It was in the midst of that exaltation that I finally came down to earth with a thud. I had got my clothes on after the physical and I was passed into the office of a Commander Sullivan. He was looking over my application. "You're a writer, Mr. Wells. How would you like to do publicity for the Navy?"

"I wouldn't," I said. "I came down here because I want to get in there and pitch."

This Sullivan looked tired. He'd been at it all day long. "You're a bit old to enlist as a gob, Mr. Wells."

"I'm wasting your time and you're wasting mine," I said. "If you can't use me, there's some branch of the service that can. To hell with publicity."

"Good luck," he said.

I felt as if someone had kicked the box from under me. I felt sunk. . . .

I TOOK Rosalind to dinner that night, and it got worse. I was shocked. I was shocked because she was shocked.

"You must be crazy, Chris!" she said. "You don't have to go. Everybody knows the Japanese are a pushover. It'll all be over by spring. Besides, you're as good as married, and they don't take married men."

We were all done up in evening clothes. There was champagne, and pheasant under glass, and fresh asparagus. I remembered that dinner later when a hard cracker and a hunk of canned corn beef tasted a lot better.

"That's one of the reasons I wanted to talk to you, Rozzi," I said.

"What?"

"About being nearly married," I said. We had been nearly married for three years. It was mildly pleasant, but distinctly unexciting.

"Chris, what on earth?"

"I just thought," I said, "it might be a good thing to put it off. Because I'm going, some way. And we might as well face the possibility that I won't come back."

She started to talk to me as if I were a four-year-old child: "Let the people in charge run things, Chris. If they need you they'll call on you. You're outside the draft age. Your job is important to public morale."

"Nuts," I said.

"But it is, Chris."

"We don't have to worry about public morale," I said. I was thinking of those scrawny, hard-eyed, flat-stomached kids in the recruiting office.

I tried to explain.

All she said was, "I hope you sent that suit to the cleaners!"

After that I tried to explain at a lot of other places. Army, marines, air corps. Besides being thirty-eight, it turned out I had something laughingly referred to as a murmur.

There wasn't anything I could do. Weeks went by. Awful weeks—Manila, Hong Kong, the Prince of Wales and the Repulse, Malaya. At home, everyone saying, Where is our Navy?

I was to find out. The phone rang in my office one morning:

"Mr. Wells? . . . Commander Sullivan here."

"Who?" I had forgotten all about my first recruiting officer. There had been so many since. He recalled himself to me. "Oh, hello," I said.

"Could you come to see me?"

"Sure. When?"

"Now," he said.

I glanced at the pile of work on my desk. "Fifteen minutes," I said.

There was another officer in Sullivan's cubicle when I got there. He was about my age. He had red hair, an outdoor face,

"I'll be back," Chris said. "And I'll be back for keeps"

and gray eyes that looked at me so intently I had the feeling he was reading the manufacturer's label on the inside of my shirt band.

"Lieutenant Bradley, Mr. Wells," Sullivan said.

"Hello," I said.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Wells," Bradley said. His voice was pleasant. "Commander Sullivan's been telling me about you."

"I don't know what he has to tell," I said.

"I told him I thought you'd make a good public-relations officer," Sullivan said. "If you'd care to be sworn in, Mr.

Wells, I think we can give you an immediate assignment."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'm still not interested in desk work."

"Mercy," said Bradley, his gray eyes twinkling. "The commander wouldn't have sent for you if he didn't feel you could be specially useful."

I looked at those two. Sullivan was fat and not very impressive. But Bradley was something else again. I had a feeling he would have understood those kids in Sullivan's office that first day. I made my decision.

"I'm in your hands, gentlemen," I said.

IT TOOK quite a while. Eventually I was sworn in. Then I was shuttled back to Sullivan. The commander's face was stern. "You have about five hours in which to wind up your affairs, Mr. Wells. You will take your orders from Lieutenant Bradley. You will have the rank of lieutenant, yourself. And I want to impress on you the necessity for the strictest secrecy. You are not to tell your friends that you are leaving the country."

"Leaving the country!"

"I believe you said something about wanting action, Mr. Wells," Bradley said, with a grin.

I swallowed hard. "It suits me," I said.

"You'll have a lot of things to do," Bradley said. "Perhaps we can talk in the process."

"Let's go," I said.

I've heard that phrase used before . . . "wind up your affairs." It doesn't sound complicated. You just wind 'em up. But did you ever try it? Clothes I didn't need and might never need again, unpaid bills, the studio to notify. What would I do with my car? Should I get in touch with Rozzi? That dinner date for next Friday.

I sat down with a pad and pencil and started to make lists.

"You'd better know what you're up against, Mr. Wells," Bradley said, when I took time off to smoke a cigarette.

"My name is Chris," I told him.

"Chris it is," he said. "Mine's Luke. I'd just as soon you forget it. Most people call me 'Red.'"

"Well, what are we up against, Red?" I asked.

He told me. As I listened I could feel the blood begin to pound inside me. I thought, *Okay, chum; you asked for it.*

"The whole problem of the war in the East is getting bases from which to attack. There are no lines of defense, no stationary battle fronts."

"There's Singapore," I said.

He gave me a funny look. "I wouldn't count on it, Chris."

At the time I thought he was a cockeyed pessimist. What a laugh!

"Without those Indies bases," Bradley said, in his quiet voice, "our boats are going to have to travel about eight thousand miles for repairs. It is not, to put it mildly, practical."

He tamped down the tobacco in his pipe and looked at me. I kept buttoned up.

"There are lots of islands in the southwest Pacific. You and I are going to one of them. We're going there in the dark, thousands of miles without convoy. With us are going some three hundred shipyard workers who've volunteered for the job. We're going to repair and refit submarines . . . if we get there. Repair and refit them right under the nose of the enemy. We'll work by night; and work like ants, underground, in the daytime. Do you get the picture, Chris?"

"Not really," I said. "God, what a job!"

"On the island we're going to," Bradley said, "are a few native fishermen, a few whites, a handful of marines to fight if we're faced with it. No planes. No antiaircraft. There'll be a naval officer in charge, but the real boss will be a master shipwright from our navy yard at Portsmouth. My job is intelligence . . . to see that nothing gets out, that not one careless misstep is taken. It's your job to act as liaison officer between the three groups on The Island—the Navy, the workers, and the local population. You will clear all complaints, deal with all problems of morale."

"And if the Japs spot our island?"

His smile was grim. "Did you ever hanker to be a side-show freak, Chris? I understand they parade the prisoners in cages for the Tokyo folks. And when they get tired of that they use 'em for bayonet practice."

The way he said it brought little beads of sweat out on my forehead. "My pal!" I said.

"You asked me," he said, his smile gone. . . .

At five that afternoon I locked the front door and, figuratively, threw the key away. At six Bradley and I tossed our duffel bags into a station wagon, driven by a civilian who I guessed was a navy man, from the crisp salute he gave us, and started places.

It seemed to me we drove for hours. We didn't talk. I guessed perhaps we were both thinking along the same lines.

"What did you do before you got into this, Red?" I asked Bradley at one point.

The question brought him back from somewhere. "Me? I'm a policeman," he said.

"Detective?" I asked. I don't know why I was surprised. I guess I'd seen too many dumb cops in the movies.

"Homicide Division in New York City," he said. "But I've held a reserve commission for some time, so here I am."

It was comforting information. A good, practical background for intelligence work.

JUST when I was sure we were headed for Alaska the station wagon turned off the main highway and we began bumping along a sandy road. Suddenly, strong and fresh, I smelled salt air. Our back wheels churned on the sand of a beach.

The driver did some kind of off-and-on business with his headlights. Instantly we saw the circular beam of a flashlight. It went out as quickly as it had shown.

"That's us," Bradley said.

We got out of our wagon and shouldered our duffel bags. "Good-by," Bradley said to the driver.

"Good-by, sir. The best of luck."

"Thanks," Bradley said. He started off across the beach.

The wagon turned around. I hurried after Bradley. The flash showed, quite near. A moment later we came up to a sailor standing by a beached dinghy.

"Lieutenant Bradley?"

"That's right. And this is Lieutenant Wells."

"If you'll get in the stern of the dinghy, sir, I'll shove off."

I clambered into the boat, and everything went wrong inside me. I had just stepped off America! *You won't come back, Chris. You won't step on America again.* I saw the taillight of the station wagon down the road. I never

Buford Tune

"The new neighbor says she'll pay you fifty cents to stay with her children this evening. The oldest boy is about your age!"

wanted to be anywhere so much in my life as I wanted to be in that car.

A firm, cool hand closed over my wrist. "Sit down, Chris, or you'll take a ducking."

I sat down, cold, miserable, feeling like a heel. "I trust we're not going to row to Tokyo," I said.

"Launch just around the point, sir," said the sailor. He took up his oars. A rhythmic rattling of the oarlocks began. I could feel Bradley's shoulder against mine. He was breathing slowly, steadily. I had to say something. "This is not the high moment of my life," I said.

Bradley chuckled. "I was just wondering how to tell you that's my stomach flopping in the bottom of the boat," he said.

Bradley was the humanest guy I ever knew. He got scared like anybody else, and he'd admit it. There was just one thing that set him apart. Hesitation wasn't in him. He could look at danger, know everything that it implied for him, and walk straight toward it. You follow a guy like that right down into hell.

"Blinker off the port bow, sir," the sailor said.

I saw a light flicking on and off.

FOLLOWING the blinker, we pulled up alongside a trim PC boat. A voice hailed us.

"Lieutenant Bradley and Lieutenant Wells here," Bradley said.

"Ensign Tabor here, sir. Come aboard." A couple of sailors gave us a hand up. Ensign Tabor saluted. "You're our full quota, sir. We'll make for the ship at once. The others are in the stern cabin."

The others were a half-dozen civilians, all a little green around the gills. Bradley explained they'd been taking men aboard the ship for three days, from a dozen different points, to avoid anything that looked like an embarkation of workers.

Bradley introduced himself and me to the men. He had to raise his voice over the hum of the PC's motors. We were moving.

There were a couple of feeble "Hi's." I knew how the men felt. Then an inner cabin door opened and a man came out. He was a grizzled, red-faced, lantern-jawed guy about fifty with the coldest pair of blue eyes I ever saw.

"You'll be Bradley and Wells," he said. "I'm Jedediah Quartermayne." The way he said "Quartermayne" I knew he had come from the Boston area. You can't mistake that "a."

"Glad to know you," Bradley said. "Chris, Mr. Quartermayne is the master shipwright who's going to run this little show of ours."

Quartermayne held out his hand and I took it. For a minute I thought I was in for a Mack Sennett pratt-fall. All it needed was a sound-effects man to make the noise of shattering bones.

Then something happened to Mr. Quartermayne's face. Wrinkles appeared at the corners of his eyes, and the blue eyes were no longer cold. "Gentlemen," he said, "I don't know about navy regulations, but what do you say to a hooker of rye?"

"Mr. Quartermayne," I said, "I love you."

Quartermayne went back into the inner cabin and returned with two quarts of bonded whisky. He wasn't fooling. He handed one bottle to the men. The other he opened for the three of us. . . .

It took us about an hour to get to the ship. Ensign Tabor brought the PC boat alongside; there were voices from the deck above, and then we began climbing up the side, hand over hand. Somebody grabbed me and pulled me onto the deck. Seconds later the PC boat roared away. I heard bells. The deck of the ship was vibrating under my feet.

A seaman bumped into me. "Mr. Wells, sir?"

"That's right."

"If you'll follow me, sir, I'll show you to your quarters."

It was so dark I actually had to put my hand on his shoulder to be sure I didn't break my neck, but, once inside with the door closed behind us, the seaman produced a torch. "This way, sir."

There were red bulbs glowing over various exits. That was all. My seaman stopped outside a cabin door and knocked. Somebody called out from inside and the seaman opened the door. In here there was a light, but I thought I was stepping into an opium den, it was so thick with smoke. The cabin porthole was blacked over and closed tight.

A man lay in one of the bunks, reading a book. He couldn't have been over twenty-six or -seven. I couldn't see the color of his eyes as he squinted at me through the smoke, but he had a mass of shaggy blond hair. The floor around the side of the bunk was littered with cigarette butts. I couldn't help seeing the title of the book, and somehow it made me want to laugh: *The Economic Consequences of the Second World War*.

"Lieutenant Wells, Mr. Regan," said the seaman, and left us.

Regan stretched his long, lean body, sinuous as a cat's. "Welcome," he said.

"Hi," I said. I looked around for a place to put my things.

"We have class consciousness on our little excursion," Regan said. "I'm leaderman of the foundry crew, so I get a top-deck cabin. But you rate me, brother, so you can have the choice of closet hooks and bunks. We cannot disturb the functionings of the social order."

I SAT down on the opposite bunk and lit a cigarette. I decided it was better than just inhaling stale smoke. The ship was definitely under way.

Regan chuckled. Then he said, "What happened to you, brother? Did you hear a band? At your age you ought to know better. Or are you protecting your business interests?"

"There's only one thing I hate worse than a social snob," I said.

"What's that?"

"A guy who's proud of not being one," I said.

Regan propped himself up on one elbow. "Maybe we'll get along," he said. "Most people just get mad and call me a Communist."

"If you were a Communist," I said, "you'd be sleeping below decks with your men, regardless of what you rate."

"That's a fallacy, Mr. Wells," Regan said. "Practical Communism . . ."

I interrupted him: "Look, chum; I'm just starting off for some place—probably to get my brains blown out—for practical democracy. Could we adjourn the mass meeting till I find out where to hang my toothbrush?"

"There's so little time to decide what kind of a world we want for our children," he said, but he was laughing.

"First we've got to save it," I said. "Do we have this bathroom all to ourselves?"

"Special privilege," he said, grinning again.

I dug out my shaving kit and toothbrush. When I came back into the cabin Regan pointed to a life preserver over my bunk. "You're supposed to keep that with you at all times," he said. "Even while you eat."

"Bad as that, is it?"

"Brother," he said, "this floating machine

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shop is just what the doctor ordered to keep a Jap submarine crew from getting homesick. Incidentally, if you can stand my politics, the name is Bill."

"Mine's Chris," I said. "And your politics concern me much less than whether you snore."

He snubbed out his cigarette on the floor. "Do you really expect to do much sleeping on this trip, Chris?" The bantering note had gone out of his voice.

Five minutes later a seaman knocked and told us we were wanted in the captain's cabin. We took our life preservers and went on deck.

The cabin was crowded when we stumbled in. Bradley and Quartermayne were the only ones I had met, but I was to get to know the rest. If I close my eyes I can see all their faces: Captain Jorgensen, the ship's skipper, a grim, weatherbeaten Norwegian; Captain Richard Cleave, a gray-haired, hawk-faced naval officer in charge of our expedition; Dr. Alec Walker, medical officer on our team; and the leadermen of the various groups of workers . . . Tubby Garms, Ed Winthrop, Joe Adams, Lew Lewis, Scotty Cameron, Ernest McCoy. These were men with firm handshakes and steady, unafraid eyes.

Captain Cleave took over. "Owing to the methods used in coming aboard," he said, "we've had no opportunity for a ship's drill. Because of the blackout we can do nothing about it till morning. We're being convoyed at the moment, and I think we can assume our chances of getting through the night are pretty good. You've made certain your men are properly quartered?"

They had.

"Anything to report?"

Dr. Walker saluted. He was a shy, studious, sensitive-looking guy in his middle thirties. "We have five men in the sick bay, sir," he said. "Food poisoning."

"You think it's something they've eaten on the ship, Doctor?"

"Yes, sir. These five men all came aboard last night. After lunch today they were almost immediately taken ill."

"Take all the necessary precautions," Cleave said. "I leave that responsibility entirely to you."

"Thank you, sir."

"That's all, gentlemen," Cleave said. "Good night and good luck."

We began shuffling out.

"Lieutenant Wells!"

I WAITED till the others except Bradley and Quartermayne had gone.

"Glad to have you with us," Captain Cleave said. "Lieutenant Bradley's explained you've had no time to learn what your duties are."

"Twelve hours ago I was struggling to find the happy ending for a love story," I said.

He smiled, but not with his eyes. "We're interested in happy endings, too, Lieutenant. There're some three hundred of us, all types and kinds of men, who've got to live together and work together. We can't have discontent or ill feeling or panic."

"The men volunteered," Quartermayne said. "There shouldn't be friction."

"But it's high-tension stuff," the captain said. "Rumors can start. Uneasiness. Suspicion that someone in a responsible position is incompetent. The ordinary friction of clashing personalities. You, Lieutenant, must be ready to listen, to soothe, to mediate. These men are civilians. We can't clamp down on them with the same kind of discipline we'd use with enlisted personnel. You're to be their spokesman, their contact with me."

"That'll be fine," I said, "if they like me."

"You've got to make them like you."

"You used to be a customers' man," Bradley said. "That's really a matter of selling yourself, isn't it, Chris?"

I admitted that it was.

"There's one other point," Cleave said. "These men have been checked. We know their records. But the most careful checking sometimes fails. One disloyal man might destroy the usefulness of this entire expedition. Any suspicion along that line must be reported at once to Lieutenant Bradley."

"You're not expected to listen at keyholes or play detective," Bradley said, with a faint smile. "That, worse luck, is my job. Create confidence, so that the men will come to you. It will give us a double check."

"Everything clear, Lieutenant?" Cleave asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Then good night and good luck."

I LEFT. A seaman was waiting in the blackness outside the door. "Guide you back to your cabin, sir?"

"Is there any law against staying up on deck for a while?" I asked.

"No, sir. But no smoking, no matches, no flashlights."

"I'll be good," I said.

I felt my way along the rail. The Pacific was making good on its name. It seemed to be as calm as a millpond, and oily-black. I finally stopped and leaned my elbows on the rail, and stared out at the darkness. I was thinking—well, about what lay behind me and what might lie ahead. It must have been about a half-hour later that a voice spoke behind me: "Just in case—could you show me how this darned life preserver works?"

What floored me was that it was the very pleasant, husky voice of a girl.

The whole effect was extraordinary, because when I turned around I couldn't see anyone.

"I'll never touch another drop of Quartermayne's whisky as long as I live," I said.

The girl laughed. "I'm real, though," she said. Then her hands touched me in the darkness. I took hold of one of them.

"I'm Chris Wells," I said. "Liaison officer. What gives here? I thought I'd seen my last white woman for the duration."

"Isn't 'white' a little optimistic?" she said. "I've got myself twisted up in one of these spare tires and I don't know how to make it work."

It was weird. I located the shoulder straps, and, incidentally, her shoulders. She was somewhere in the neighborhood of five feet two. I started trying to adjust the life belt.

She laughed again. "This is getting a little personal," she said.

I found the valve in the front of the preserver and got her to take hold of it. "You blow into this if you fall overboard."

"I'm very grateful," she said. "There was no one around to show me."

"What are you—a stowaway?" I asked.

"Much more prosaic," she said. "I'm a nurse."

"Name? I mean, nurses do have names."

I could hear her sigh. "My name," she said, "is Jessica James, and, please, no cracks about the girl bandit!"

"That's awful," I said. "How did it happen?"

"It was an honest-to-Pete accident," she said. "My mother's favorite sister's name was Jessica. They didn't realize what they'd done to me till too late. My aunt would have been terribly hurt."

"How come you're on this excursion? It's not healthy!"

"There's a war on, Mr. Wells. Hadn't you heard?"

"Chris."

"All right, Chris."

"What is it safe to call you?" I asked.

"Jess," she said. "Arsenic in your soup if you let slip with one Jessie."

"I promise. What do you look like, Jess?"

"Very ordinary," she said.

"Not from the feel of you," I said.

"*Mister* Wells!"

"Dark, shiny black hair," I suggested.

"Mine is bright yellow," she said, laughing.

"A Grecian nose."

"Definitely snub."

"Blue eyes. What we Hollywood writers call 'cornflower blue.'"

"So you're a writer. Have I read anything yours?"

I told her some of the pictures I'd worked on.

"You're not bad at all," she said. "I've seen most of them."

"Was I right about the eyes?" I asked.

"They're blue," she said.

"Couldn't we go inside so I could look at you?" I asked.

"You're going to see me until you're quite thoroughly fed up," she said. "I've got to stay put, right here. My cabin's just behind us, and there's a buzzer there from the sick bay. I'm supposed to be on duty, but Dr. Walker was nice enough to let me come out for some air. We've had a rather trying eight hours."

"The gang stomach-ache?"

"It's no joke," she said. "Dr. Walker's afraid the food supplies have been tampered with."

"It's a cheerful idea, at that," I said, laughing. "Marooned on a coral reef in the Pacific with a shipload of bad food."

"You know something, Chris?"

"What?"

"If I were you I wouldn't say that, even in fun. Everybody in this outfit is jumpy."

Behind us the buzzer in Jess's cabin sounded.

"Oh-oh," Jess said. "Business. Be seeing you, Chris."

She hurried away. I heard her bang against something and deliver herself of a nice, round oath. I felt better about things. Of course, she'd been perfectly right about my wisecrack. I'd have to watch myself.

ONE thing was certain. When Dr. Walker wanted someone he wanted him. The buzzer kept ringing steadily. Finally it stopped. Then, what seemed seconds later, I heard Jess's voice: "Chris! Chris, are you still there?"

"Right here," I said.

Her voice was crisp, professional: "I need help. Will you come, please?"

I got across the deck to the companionway. With the door closed, I got my first look at her. I felt rocked back on my heels. All the best psychologists will tell you that it doesn't happen. But it happened to me. I looked at this girl and I knew. I had the crazy impulse to tell her, but instead I said, "What's up?"

She didn't answer. She opened the door of the sick bay. The outer room was Dr. Walker's office. A green-shaded desk lamp threw light downward and onto Alec Walker, who was on the floor, writhing and twisting.

"Help me get him to a cot," Jess said.

I bent over Walker. His face was the color of the painted woodwork. His eyes were open and he was dripping with sweat. His lips were drawn from his teeth.

"Tomato juice," he said, in a gasping voice.

How Thin-Skinned Are You?

BY LESTER F. MILES, Ph.D.

AT ONE time or another, almost everybody has heard somebody else say to him, "Oh, for heaven's sake, don't be so touchy!" Haven't you often wondered just how sensitive you are?

Here is a good opportunity to check your own sensitiveness and see how well you're prepared to take life's knocks as they come. This test is based on years of experience as a consulting psychologist.

Just answer an honest "yes" or "no" to the questions in the light of how you usually act, feel, or respond.

For your analysis, turn to page 154.

1. Have you ever fallen in love at first sight?
2. Do you ever throw or break things in a fit of anger?
3. Do you swing from enthusiastic praise to bitter condemnation of other people for little variations in their behavior?
4. Do you suffer stage fright if asked to meet a group of strangers?
5. Do you often find yourself doing things that you regret almost immediately afterward?
6. Do you cry more easily than most people you know?
7. Are you easily embarrassed in everyday situations—circumstances that you really feel shouldn't cause you discomfort?
8. Do you ever give up or destroy a piece of work because you have made a slight error?
9. Are you sure you could never be a good salesman?
10. Do you feel that you have fewer close friends than most people of your acquaintance?
11. Do people often try to take advantage of you?
12. Do you feel discouraged if a number of other people differ from your ideas and opinions?
13. Does a sad scene in a movie or some beautiful passage of music give you a "lump in the throat"?
14. Do you often feel envious or jealous of others who have more than you?
15. Does it upset you if you have to change your plans at the last moment?
16. Do you ever get so peeved at somebody that you stop speaking to him?
17. Do you try hard never to offend others?
18. Can you name several people you feel certain run you down to your friends?
19. Do you become really irritated if someone teases you?
20. Is it better to tell an outright lie, if the truth would hurt another person?

I looked up, and saw a half-empty glass of it on his desk.

"Please hurry," Jess said. We carried him into the next room, an improvised hospital, and put him down on a white iron cot.

"Stomach pump's his only chance," Jess said matter-of-factly.

"Is this the same as the others?" I asked.

She nodded. "You'd better get Captain Cleave and the intelligence officer."

I went out through the office and into the corridor, where I ran head-on into Bill Regan, my cabin mate.

"Well, well, well," he said; "I see you're quick at locating the main points of interest."

"Bill, get Cleave and Bradley, will you? The doctor's been poisoned. Miss James needs help."

"Sure," he said. He started away, and then turned back, the corners of his mouth curling in a whimsical smile. "But keep off the grass, Chris. I saw her first." . . .

It was Jess who stood between Alec Walker and death that night. Long before Bradley and Cleave arrived she had a stomach pump working, and had told me how to fix a hypodermic. Alec knew exactly what should be done, but his convulsions made it impossible for him to speak. It wasn't pleasant to watch.

Then Bradley was there, stripping off his coat. All he said was, "Let's go," and came and took the hypo from my clumsy fingers.

IT WAS like a race. Bradley and Jess were strangers to each other, but they operated like an experienced team. I remember Cleave and Quartermayne standing in the door from the office. I remember when Jess sent me for warm water, I found myself gasping, sweat running off my face. I don't know just how long it was. It seemed hours, but it was nearer to being minutes. Alec lay limp and still, his eyelids fluttering. When Bradley straightened up, his shirt was wringing wet.

"That's all we can do." He turned to Cleave and Quartermayne in the doorway. "I think he'll make it, thanks to Miss James."

Suddenly Jess sat down on a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"Perhaps we'd better get Miss Lucas to relieve you," Bradley said to her. It was the first I'd heard of a second nurse.

"No . . . no, I'll be all right," Jess said.

"Call me if there's any change at all in his condition," he said. He nodded to me and I followed him out into the office.

I don't think even then the full impact of the thing had hit me. I hadn't thought beyond the fact that Alec had been stricken with ptomaine. But Bradley had. He was standing in the center of the office, filling his pipe.

"Of course it's an attempt at murder," he said.

I looked where he was looking. The half-empty glass of tomato juice stood on the blotter on Alec's desk. I found myself staring at it with the inner conviction that it might explode, like a time bomb. It would have been better if it had been. . . .

IT WAS about two hours later that a seaman led me along a dim passage to the ship's library, now a clubroom for the leadermen. The work crews were quartered on B deck; the ship's officers, the leadermen, Bradley, Quartermayne, Cleave, the nurses, the doctor, and I were on A deck. There was a practical reason for this. Cleave could contact all the key members of his personnel at a moment's notice. Now it had taken on a far more sinister significance.

I opened the door. The library was thick with tobacco smoke. Bill had rounded up the six other leadermen. A buzz of conversation stopped as I appeared, and I found myself the focus of seven pairs of eyes. Aside from Bill, these men were still just faces to me.

Bill broke the ice. "How's the doctor, Chris?" he asked.

"He had a narrow squeak," I said.

"Bad food again?" He snapped a match into flame with his thumbnail, lit a cigarette.

"We ought to do some checking up in the galley," one of the men said. He was Joe Adams, boss of the sheet-metal workers. He had one of those chiseled, New England faces and the muscles of a stevedore. "The boys are apt to get nervous if there's much of this."

I had to let them have it. That was my job. "There's nothing wrong in the galley," I said. "Walker was poisoned. Deliberately."

Nobody spoke for a moment. I saw they

weren't too surprised. Joe Adams looked down at his huge fists, opening and closing them slowly as they rested on his knees.

"They didn't wait long," Bill said.

"They?"

He made a sweeping gesture. "Just *they*, Chris. They've been whispering to us for a long time. Telling us we were safe and self-sufficient . . . when we weren't. Making us hate the guy next door."

"I don't get it," said Ernest McCoy, looking puzzled. He was the patternmaker; a big, paunchy, good-natured Boston Irishman. "Why should somebody want to poison the doctor? He's an awful nice fellow."

"Yeah, comes from Maine," said Tubby Garms. He was a moon-faced, fair-haired wise guy, head of the shipwrights.

"On the level," I said, "Walker was deliberately poisoned. So were the five men who got it yesterday."

Adams looked up from the contemplation of his fists. "Who says so?"

"Bradley."

"He's sure?"

"Positive. Here's the low-down."

The doctor's ptomaine theory was out. His symptoms had been identical with those of the five men poisoned earlier. The five men had been taken ill within twenty minutes of eating. In Alec's case the facts differed. It seemed he was a tomato-juice addict. He kept a supply of it in the refrigerator in the office, along with the serums and perishable medical supplies. He had opened a container and drunk a glass of the juice early in the evening. He had poured the remains from the container into a glass and put the glass into the icebox.

More than an hour had passed, during which he attended the meeting in the captain's cabin along with the rest of us. And then spent some time chatting with one of the ship's officers in that officer's cabin. When he'd gone back to his office, Jess was in the sick bay with the patients. The movement of the ship had made her a little woozy and Walker had sent her up on deck for some air, telling her he'd buzz for her if she was needed. After she'd gone he'd taken the glass of tomato juice from the refrigerator and drunk it. Almost instantly he was violently ill. The only possible conclusion was that the second glass of juice had been poisoned while Walker was away from the office.

"But who could have got at the juice to poison it if the nurse was there?" The McCoy asked.

IT WAS a question I'd been dreading. Jess *was* in the box. Bradley had made that plain, too.

"Miss James," I told McCoy, "was in the sick bay with her patients. The refrigerator is in the office. The vibration of the engines, the general ship's noises, would have kept her from hearing footsteps."

The McCoy didn't look convinced.

"Besides that," I said, "if it hadn't been for Miss James's quick action, Walker would probably be dead."

I saw a faint twinkle in Bill Regan's eyes. I felt my face get red. I had pointed out these same facts to Bradley with some heat. I know you're not supposed to lose your head over a girl whose voice you hear in the dark, but something like that had happened to me.

Ed Winthrop, the master machinist, broke in on my thoughts. He was a tall, stoop-shouldered, bespectacled fellow. "What's behind it, Mr. Wells? Who could have it in for the doctor and those five men?"

"No one has it in for them, Ed," Bill said. "Someone's trying to scare us, to divide us, to make us doubt each other."

Ed Winthrop scowled. It wasn't in him to think along Bill's lines. He was a real, old-time craftsman. Like his grandfather and father, he'd always lived in Kittery, and the Portsmouth Yard had been his life. "Divide us?" he said vaguely.

"Surely there's no suspicion of any of us!" said Cameron. He was the electrician; a bald, dour-faced Scotsman, and the pessimist of all time.

"I'm afraid there is," I said.

"Of *us?*" Lew Lewis, the last of the six, was a rigger; dark, quiet, introspective.

"I'm afraid so," I said. I explained: "Captain Cleave has had marines stationed at all the companionways on B deck to help the men there in case of trouble. These marines have reported that no one on B deck was out of quarters during the time when Walker's tomato juice was poisoned. That leaves us."

"You mean just us . . . here in this room?" Lewis was still incredulous.

"No. There's Quartermayne and Bradley and Cleave, himself. And the two nurses."

"I'll bet it's that Lucas dame," said Tubby Garms. "She's got a face like Sitting Bull's tomahawk."

Scotty Cameron was counting on his fingers. "Thirteen!" he said glumly. "We'll probably one by one be murdered in our beds."

"What *about* the nurses?" Lewis said.

"Both Democrats," Bill said, with a straight face. Then he burst out laughing as Lewis looked up like a hound, suddenly on the scent. He was a sturdy Vermont Republican, and Bill was always ribbing him.

"There's the whole thing," I told them. "Bradley would like it kept quiet for a few hours. He hopes to get to the bottom of it without having to throw a scare into everyone."

Bill said, "I think it's a mistake to hide anything from the gang."

"How do you think they'll react when they hear there's a murderer among them?" I asked.

"Depends on how they hear about it," Bill said. "They're not afraid of concrete danger. But they're like kids when it comes to rumors."

"Come down off the soapbox," I said. "Poison is tangible."

"Is it, Chris?" Bill said. "Can you find it? Can you isolate it? Can you put your hands on it? If you do find it, can you be sure there isn't more somewhere else? Maybe it's a little tube of stuff you can throw over the rail. Is the danger done then, Chris? There may be a dozen more tubes hidden around. And it may turn up in your next plate of soup."

"We could take turns watching the cook as he fixes the food," The McCoy suggested.

THE end of Bill's cigarette glowed red. "Which one of us will you trust, Ernest, when you're off duty? And will I trust you?"

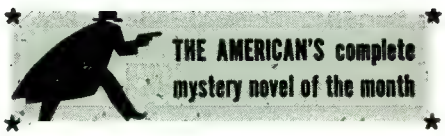
"That's a hell of a thing to say, Bill!"

"I'm not being personal," Bill said. "But just think it over. These poisoning attempts are just sound effects for the main show."

"What do you mean—the main show?" Lewis asked.

"We've got a job to do. Somebody would like to prevent it—sabotage it. I think things like this will keep on happening till Bradley gets his man or men, or until we're all three

Louis Priscilla



hundred of us in three hundred padded cells. There are other ways besides poison."

"Shut up, Bill," Joe Adams said. He flexed his fists again. "I wish I could get my hands on the louse," he said.

"Well, look around and take your pick," Bill said.

"You shouldn't talk that way, Bill," said Ed Winthrop gravely. He took off his spectacles and polished them with a blue handkerchief. "All of us except Mr. Wells have worked with Jed Quartermayne. We volunteered for this job with just one thing in mind; to keep our subs in shape to smack the enemy." He looked at me apologetically. "I don't mean to say I distrust you, sir. I don't. But we don't know you like we know each other."

"That's all right, Ed," I said.

"This war wasn't thought up yesterday, Ed," Bill said. "A man's record might be clean for twenty years, and he could have been waiting all that time . . . for this."

"Bill's right," said Scotty Cameron. "There's not one of us to be taken on faith, from Cleave on down."

I saw them look around at one another uneasily. It had started. The thing that was to tear us inside out for weeks had started. Suspicion, doubt, uncertainty, and fear.

A seaman stuck his head in the library door. "Lieutenant Bradley'd like to see Mr. Regan. The rest of you are to wait here."

Bill stood up, dropped his cigarette on the floor, and stepped on it. "Well, here we go, playing cops and robbers," he said. At the door he paused and looked back at me, grinning. "I can tell you Bradley's first question. Why was I hanging around in the passage outside the sick bay when you sent me for him?"

"Okay," I said; "I'll bite. What were you doing there?"

"You'll be sore, Chris," he said. "You see, I thought I'd try to make a little time with the James girl before someone beat me to it. But you certainly break fast from the barrier."

"I'm a strong finisher, too," I said. . . .

I GUESS there isn't any one of you who hasn't got some inkling of what it's like not to get information on a critical subject. We all went through it after Pearl Harbor. Remember? Something like that went on in the ship's library for the next couple of hours. Bill didn't come back. But after a while the seaman came and said Lew Lewis was wanted. They went out like that, one by one.

At last I was sitting there in the library, with only Ed Winthrop and the dour Cameron left. We'd exhausted small talk. I was thinking strictly in terms of myself. At a time like this, here I was, wondering if, when we got home, Jess might not like the guest-room in my house for the master bedroom. There was more sunlight and closet space!

I stood up, with an impulse to confide in someone, and found I was alone with Ed Winthrop. We both smiled; tight, self-conscious smiles.

"Look, Ed," I said. "Eighteen hours ago I woke up a discontented Hollywood script writer. I'd never heard of anyone in this outfit. I'd never heard of this expedition. I was called down to headquarters, assigned, commissioned, and was never out of Bradley's sight till I got aboard this ship. Whoever's responsible for this had to come prepared."

He nodded, slowly, down and up. "It's like an endless belt," he said. "You figure on one guy, and then you know it couldn't be him, and you go on to the next, and pretty soon you're right back at the man you started with."

"It stinks," I said.

"Mr. Wells, we got to get him," he said earnestly.

"I know."

"Take Scotty," he said. "I've known him all my life. We're sharing a cabin here. I'd trust him with my life, with my money." He hesitated, and a warm loyalty crept into his voice. "I'd trust him with my tools," he said, and I knew that was the ultimate. "Turning against your friends and your country must be like a disease, Mr. Wells."

"The world is suffering from a plague of sick men," I said.

He nodded again. "So if it happened to be your best friend, you'd just have to figure that the sickness got him, and that he'd be better off . . . out of the way."

"Look, Ed; do you suspect Scotty?"

"Good Lord, no!" he said, startled. "But it has to be somebody's friend."

Then the seaman came and took Ed away and I was alone.

IT HAD been a full, exhausting day. I dozed off in my chair. I woke with Bradley shaking my shoulder. He looked tired, too.

"Well?" I said.

He shook his head. "Plenty of facts," he said. "I'd trade 'em all for one substantial clue."

"Fingerprints?"

"Three sets," he said. "Walker's on the empty container, the glass, and the refrigerator. Miss James's and Miss Lucas's on the refrigerator. It might be a clue if they hadn't been there. Anyhow, the poisoner'd have been feeble-minded not to wear gloves. Any ideas from talking to the men?"

"They're a swell bunch," I said.

Our conversation was interrupted by a sudden ringing of alarm bells all over the ship. I had a vision of a torpedo about to crash into us amidships, but I swear I was too tired to care much.

"Boat drill," Bradley said. "You'd better get some sleep when this is over, Chris. You're out on your feet."

"You're telling me," I said.

It was dawn before the drill ended. I went below. All I could think of was getting out of my clothes and into my bunk. Bill came in. He asked me if Bradley had made any headway. I told him I didn't know, didn't care, and please not to disturb me.

"Better get some breakfast first," Bill said. "There's no room service on this tub."

I was sleepy but I decided I could wait long enough to get some scrambled egg-powder under my belt. While I washed up, Bill said, "The news is out. Every man in the work crew knows that somebody tried to poison Walker."

I muttered something about its being a help, since we could check back and find out who started it.

"You live in a dream world, Chris," Bill said. "Did you ever try to check the source of a rumor?"

We went to the dining saloon together. It was jammed, but it was quieter than you'd have expected it to be with three hundred hungry men waiting to be fed. My place was at the head of the leadermen's table. As I sat down, there was a muttered, "Good morning" from the boys. Then I noticed that everyone at the table, including Bill, was watching me. And no one had started to eat.

"How's the doctor, Mr. Wells?" The McCoy asked.

"He's going to be all right," I said. I picked up a spoon and looked at the dish of prunes in front of me. The whole dining saloon grew quieter. I hate to admit it, but suddenly I didn't want to eat those prunes. Or anything else. *You're one hell of a morale builder, chum,* I thought.

"We used to get these every Friday night for dessert when I was in prep school," I said.

Nobody seemed to find that interesting. They were watching.

Well, I had to face it. I carefully bisected a prune and removed the pit to my saucer. Did I imagine it, or was there a curious flat taste? I finished them all three in a hurry. When I pushed my empty plate away you could feel the whole room relax. The men picked up their spoons, and began to eat.

Bill said afterward, "What an actor, Chris! You looked as if you were eating boiled thistles."

I lived through breakfast without suffering any sudden collapse. Then I went back to my cabin and crawled into my bunk, clothes and all. When I woke, hours later, my life preserver, which I'd forgotten, was folded neatly in the bunk beside me. A good guy, Bill Regan. . . .

IF WE were ever convoyed on that trip, I can't vouch for it. For three days it rained, and convoying vessels would have been invisible unless they'd come within seventy-five or a hundred yards of us. We were isolated on a slate-gray ship, plowing through slate-gray clouds and mist. At the very center of each one of us suspicion gnawed. When we walked the deck, desperate for a little fresh air, we found ourselves looking back over our shoulders.

By the fifth day Alec Walker and the other poison victims were up and about. I was in Alec's office with Bradley when Alec reported on his test of the remains of the tomato juice.

"I've been wondering about this as I lay in bed," he said. "You know, I should be kicked."

"Why?" Bradley asked.

"Because I should have recognized that those five men were not ordinary ptomaine victims, but were suffering from arsenic poisoning. This tomato juice is loaded with it."

"Would arsenic act that quickly, Doctor?"

"Properly compounded," Alec said.

"It could be carried around in concentrated form?"

"Why not?" Alec said. "Probably a white, tasteless powder."

"Cheerful thought," Bradley said grimly.

Alec walked over to his desk and picked up a thick medical encyclopedia. "This may interest you," he said. He had marked a place with a slip of paper and he opened the book to it. Bradley and I both stared without understanding. "It's not what's there," Alec said. "It's what *isn't* there."

The page on arsenical poisons had been torn out.

"If I'd kicked the bucket," Alec said, "you were to have no way of knowing what to do."

Even Alec's knowledge of the proper treatment wasn't too comforting. Only instant action gave the victim a chance. We couldn't hope that the next person would be seized so conveniently near an alarm buzzer as Alec had been.

I had a sudden thought: "But how did the murderer slip the arsenic to those five men? They were poisoned at lunch; but all the food on a boat is cooked in huge quantities. If the murderer sneaked into the galley and slung a dose of poison into the nearest cooking pot,

there'd have been a hundred men knocked out instead of five. How could he manage it?"

Alec looked puzzled. "Could he have poisoned the individual plates of food at the table?"

"You mean, put something into five different plates, after they've been served, without being seen?"

"We-e-ell, no."

Bradley, who had been studying the ceiling, suddenly broke in: "You were on board then, Alec. Can you remember what was served for lunch that day?"

"After what happened, can I ever forget it?" Alec said soberly. "Vegetable soup, ham, baked potatoes, string beans, green salad, apple pie."

"Pie!" Bradley and I said simultaneously, then grinned at each other.

"Yes, that must be it," Bradley went on. "He could have slipped into the galley and put poison in *one* pie, and that would just about do for five people."

So we believed we knew *how* it was done now. But we still didn't know *who*. Nor *when* he would strike again. . . .

PERSONALLY, I had something to keep my mind occupied besides the suspense of waiting. My job was to make friends, as against the long haul when we reached The Island. I think I succeeded as well as anyone could have, with the undercurrent of suspicion and uncertainty that existed.

And there was time, plenty of time, to think of Jess. I hadn't recovered from that knockout blow. I'd argue with myself when she wasn't around. She was just another girl, I'd tell myself. Pretty and attractive and competent, of course, but just another girl. Then I'd have to face it that I hadn't felt anything like this since the agonies of puppy love.

There was one obstacle to my getting down to brass tacks with Jess . . . Bill Regan. I'd no sooner maneuver to get her alone, say on the forward deck, than Bill would saunter up and it would become a threesome.

It got to be a kind of game. Bill and I'd be sitting in the library, discussing anything in the world but Jess. Bill would say he had to get some cigarettes from the ship's store. The minute he was gone I'd start out on a still hunt for Jess. Half the time we'd meet, sheepishly, outside the door of the sick bay.

Once Bill said, "We could toss a coin to see who leaves the field, Chris."

"Nothing doing," I said.

He sighed. "It was just an idea."

I had the feeling that it was just a game with him. I remembered one afternoon about ten days out I managed to get to the sick bay without Bill. I had knocked on Jess's cabin door and got no answer. I thought perhaps she and Miss Lucas had made some shift on their duty periods. Miss Lucas was sitting at Alec's desk.

"Oh, it's you!" she said. Tubby's description of her as looking like Sitting Bull's tomahawk was a trifle harsh. Just a trifle.

"Jess here?" I asked.

"You've got eyes!"

"Even for you, angel," I said.

She sniffed. But as I turned to leave she called after me. "If it matters," she said, "you'll find Jess on the sun deck. Probably with that Communist friend of yours."

"Thanks, Ellen," I said.

I found Jess on the sun deck, in shorts and what I believe is technically called a halter. A pair of dark glasses hid her blue eyes, and for a wonder she was alone.

"Hi," I said.

CAUSE FOR DIVORCE
BY
WM. STEIG
Wants Crack at Offspring
Jeremiah Mull is suing his wife, Amy Mull, for divorce because she denies him the rights and privileges of a father. Mull charges that since the birth of their son, Jeremiah Jr., two months ago, Mrs. Mull has never let him touch the baby, and once locked him out of the nursery for making a frog face at the child.
In a counter-suit demanding custody of the baby, Mrs. Mull argued that she acted solely in the interests of her son. She stated that Mull, a former welterweight boxer now employed as a boilermaker, would handle the infant as if he were a monkey wrench. "He's always smashing things around the house," she added. "I don't want Jerry Jr. to be one of them."
"I'm a sentimental man, and I want my son," Mull protested. "I want to feel his little arms around my neck." He explained that he has a natural instinct for handling babies, ever since he delivered a litter of pigs on his father's farm.

She looked around. "Oh, hello, Chris."

"Mind if I sit down . . . at least, until the stampede hits us?"

She laughed. "Help yourself."

I sat down on the edge of the leg rest of her chair. "Cigarette?"

"No thanks."

I LIT one for myself. The deck watch went slowly by. They paced the rail of the ship, twenty-four hours a day, in an endless vigil for that periscope or that dot in the sky which might spell disaster.

Jess noticed him, too. "If you shut your eyes," she said, "you can almost persuade yourself, lying up here in the sun, that everything else in the world is a nightmare."

"Yes," I said. *What's the matter with you, Wells?* I thought. *Where's your flair for dialogue? You ought to be able to tell her what's on your mind.*

"How much longer do you think this trip is going to last, Chris?"

"Dunno," I said. "They can drop anchor right now. This is perfect. You know you're very lovely, Jess."

"Why, Mr. Wells!" she said. She always turned it off that way, laughing.

"What do you think of Bill?" I asked her.

"He's swell," she said.

"Yes," I said. "He is."

"You know, Chris, I had a pretty cockeyed

picture of what they call 'the worker' before I met Bill and these others."

"This *is* a pretty swell bunch of fellows," I said.

She frowned without answering. We were both thinking the same thing, I guess. There was a rat among them somewhere.

"I wouldn't call Bill typical," I said.

She laughed again. "Who's interested in someone typical? I wouldn't call *you* usual."

"I suppose you would if I got personal."

"These are my own eyelashes . . . *and* teeth," she said. "What else personal do you want to know, Mr. Wells?"

"Jess, shut up, will you?" I said. "I've got to say it. Not that it'll surprise you. But that night we met on the deck, in the dark, and then when I first saw you in the passage, well, damn it, I knew then. I feel like a clumsy kid at dancing school. I'd like to be dashing and witty and debonair, but I can't. I guess because I've been struck by lightning. Jess darling, I want you to know that—"

"Time's up," said an impudent voice behind me. It was Bill Regan, grinning like an ape. "I must be slipping," he said. "How long has this been going on?"

Was my face red! I didn't know what he'd heard. I looked at Jess, and the black glasses hid anything that her eyes might have told me.

"You should have hollered," Bill said to Jess. "If I'd known you were alone with this wolf, I'd have rescued you."

"I've been having a lovely time," Jess said. She pushed herself upright in the chair.

"You see," I said to Bill. "You turn up, and she has to leave!"

"Naturally," he said. "She needed help to be saved from a fate worse than death."

I could have poked him in the eye then and there with pleasure. . . .

THEN, on the thirteenth night (a fact to which Scotty Cameron called our attention later), everything happened in the space of half an hour.

It had been three days since my abortive attempt to tell Jess what was on my mind. I'd tried to get a moment alone with her ever since. A couple of the men were down with grippe, so she and the Lucas were on duty eight hours on and eight off. A good part of the off time they slept. Maybe I imagined it, but I thought Jess was deliberately avoiding me.

After three days of that I was pretty nearly cuckoo. I decided I was going to corner her, and if Bill showed up I was going to put my cards on the table for his benefit, too. This wasn't kid stuff. Jess had the shift from noon till eight. I knew she'd eat her supper when she came off and after about an hour she'd turn in. During that hour I was determined to say my say.

A few minutes after eight I took a look in the dining saloon. Jess was there, but a couple of the ship's officers who'd come off duty at the same time were with her. I took a couple of turns around the deck. Then I looked in the dining saloon again. Jess was gone.

I went to the library. She wasn't there. Neither was Bill. I had a head of steam up and nothing was going to stop me. I searched that ship from stem to stern . . . A deck, I mean. I went every place except the captain's cabin. No sign of either of them. Bill, of course, might be below checking with his crew. I went to Jess's cabin and rapped on the door. I didn't care much whether she was asleep or not, so I gave that door a good pounding and called her name. No result.

I started searching again.

After an hour I gave that up. It was dark now. I was mad at having fluffed my opportunity.

Then, about ten o'clock, I found her. I wandered up to the sun deck, and there she was, leaning on the rail.

"Jess!" I said.

She turned around as if I'd stuck a pin in her. "Oh, it's you!" she said.

"In person," I said. "Where've you been hiding?"

"Hiding?" Her voice was tight, almost sharp.

"Hey, take it easy!" I said. I reached out to touch her hand. It was cold, and she drew it quickly away. "It's just that I've been looking for you."

"Oh."

"What's the matter?" I asked. "You sound upset."

"It's nothing, Chris. I—I guess I've got the jitters."

"What about?"

"Is this a third degree, Chris?"

THIS was a fine beginning for what I had in mind! "Of course it isn't," I said.

"Sorry," she said. Her voice was more normal. "I'm not fit company for man or beast tonight. Maybe you'd better leave me alone till I feel a little less foul!"

"I don't want to leave you alone," I said. I decided to take the plunge anyway. "I don't want ever to leave you alone, Jess. The other afternoon when I was trying to tell you—"

"Chris, listen!" She put her hand on my arm. "The engines! They've stopped."

It was true. The vibration which had been under our feet for two weeks had ceased. Before I could say anything the alarm bells rang.

"Boat stations!" Jess said, and hurried away.

As I made for my post I remember wondering why they'd stop if there was submarine danger. Bill was already by our lifeboat.

"What's up?" I asked him.

"Search me." The signal to lower boats hadn't come.

Presently we heard the tread of feet on the deck. Bradley, Cleave, and two of the ship's officers approached.

"Gentlemen," the captain said, "we've reached our destination. You'll go below to your quarters, collect your duffel, and return to your stations. You'll be taken ashore in small boats."

Somewhere in the blackness of the starboard was The Island.

Back on deck with my stuff, I found that all of us quartered on A deck had been brought around to the starboard side. The night was clear and still, and I could make out Bradley and Cleave talking together. Then Bradley stepped forward and spoke.

"This group," he said, "will be taken ashore in one boat. When we reach land you will be taken off singly, searched, and your belongings searched. I'm sure you'll all agree that this precaution is necessary." He turned to Cleave: "Where's Quartermayne?"

"Mr. Quartermayne!" Cleave called out.

Jed didn't answer. We waited impatiently while a sailor went to fetch him. The men on B deck were already being moved. We could hear the creak of oars as the boats slipped away from the ship.

Then the seaman came back, running. I could hear the hum of his excited voice, but not what he said.

"Dr. Walker! Lieutenant Wells!" Bradley's voice was sharp. "This way please."

I dropped my duffel and followed him and

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Alec into the passage. I was behind them, the last one to reach the open cabin door. Over the seaman's shoulder I saw Quartermayne. He was lying on the floor, his knees drawn up under him. His face was toward us. It was set in a horrible mask of agony.

There was an overturned glass on the floor beside the bunk, and a medicine bottle with about a half-inch of brownish liquid.

"Cough medicine I prescribed for him," Alec said. "He's been taking it the whole trip. Somebody must have got to it."

I didn't hear any more. I had seen something else; something outside the cabin on the rubber matting of the passage. There were half a dozen cigarette butts tramped out in a little heap. It was as much Bill Regan's trademark as if he'd signed his name.

I HAD to call Bradley's attention to those butts. I remember the seaman was sent for Bill, with an order that everyone on A deck gather in the library. I remember Bill coming along the passage, the sharp intake of his breath as he saw Quartermayne.

Then Bradley said, "Let me see your cigarettes, Regan."

Bill, still puzzled, pulled them out of his shirt pocket. Bradley stooped and picked up one of the butts. The brands matched.

"You poisoned him," Alec said, "and stood watch out here in the passage to be certain no one came to help him! You louse!"

"That's crazy!" Bill said. "I loved Jed like a father! I haven't been near him or this cabin all day!"

"He was alive and in the captain's cabin half an hour ago," Bradley said. "Where have you been for the last hour, Regan?"

Bill's hesitation must have been apparent to everyone. "In our lounge-room," he said. "The library."

"We'll check on that," said Bradley. "Come on."

In the library I watched the faces as Bradley broke the news. Rage and shock were the most noticeable emotions. Then, when Bradley went on to Bill's position, I thought there was going to be trouble.

"Like hell he was here for the last hour," big Joe Adams said angrily. "He came in about ten minutes before the call to stations."

"Well, Regan?" Bradley looked and sounded like the angel of doom.

Bill fumbled for a cigarette. "I—I guess I misjudged the time."

"Where were you, then, before you came in here?"

"Just . . . just around," he said lamely.

"Consider yourself under arrest, Mr. Regan," Cleave said.

"Just a minute." It was Jess who interrupted. There was no color in her face at all. "Bill was with me."

"Where?" Bradley demanded.

"Forget it, Jess," Bill said quickly.

She ignored him. "He was with me in my cabin," she said.

A pin, dropped in one of the heavy metal ash trays on the center table, would have resounded like a falling crowbar. Jess kept her blue eyes fixed on Bradley, while everybody in the room was staring at her. The silence was broken by a sort of snort that came from Ellen Lucas.

"So Regan was with you in your cabin, Miss James?" Bradley said.

"Yes." Her voice was high, defiant.

"For an hour before the call to stations?"

"He left me about ten minutes before it sounded," Jess said.

I was sick. I wanted to get out of there.

"I don't suppose there's any way you could prove that, Miss James?"

She shook her head. "No, I don't suppose there is."

I was wondering how long this had been going on. Had they been seeing each other from the very beginning of this trip—since that first night when I'd found Bill waiting outside the door of the sick bay?

"No one saw Regan go to your cabin or leave it?" Bradley asked.

"I don't know." She had started to shake her head again. "Perhaps there *is* a way . . ."

"Go ahead, Miss James."

"If *I* tell you, you won't believe it," she said. "But when Bill had been there about fifteen minutes . . . Let him tell you."

"Well, Regan?" Bradley said.

"I don't know what she's talking about," Bill said.

Jess drew a deep breath. "Chris," she said.

"The hell with it," said Bill, and he sounded as if he meant it.

"We haven't got all night for this, Regan," Cleave said.

"I'll tell you, then," Jess said. "Chris came looking for me about quarter to nine. He knocked on the door and called my name. We kept still till he went away. Ask him if that isn't so."

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See page 131

I saw the sympathy in Bradley's gray eyes. "It's true," I said.

"If we hadn't been in the cabin," Jess said, "we wouldn't know that, would we?"

They'd been in there. They'd kept still, waiting and hoping for me to go away.

"Did you look anywhere else for Miss James, Chris?" Bradley asked.

MY FACE was burning. "I looked all over the ship for her."

"Did you see Regan at any time while you were looking?"

"No," I said. "Damn it, it's clear enough they *were* together, isn't it?"

"Nothing is clear," said Bradley, in a tired voice. "If you were with Miss James, Regan, when did you drop those cigarette butts outside Quartermayne's cabin?"

"I didn't," Bill said. "Not tonight. Not any time."

"They're your brand," Cleave said.

"There must be a hundred guys smoke the same kind on this ship," Bill said.

"But they don't leave a trail of them around on the floor," said big Joe Adams. . . .

That was the end of any direct investigation for the moment. We had to disembark. I gathered that everything that could be taken off the ship in the darkness would be. If the job of unloading wasn't complete, she would lift anchor and cruise away, to return the following night. They were taking no chances of daylight enemy reconnaissance.

We were a grim but subdued group when we were herded back on deck and went down a rope ladder, one by one, into a waiting power launch. The motor exploded into action and the launch pulled away from the ship.

It must have been less than a hundred yards to shore. We climbed out onto a narrow wooden pier, each carrying his own duffel. Then we were marched through the darkness, like prisoners of war, armed marines on either side of us. No one spoke except for a muttered curse here and there as someone stumbled over a rock or missed his footing in the dark. The marine who led the way had one of those shaded blackout torches strapped to his wrist. Then we found ourselves pushing aside some sort of heavy canvas shield.

Somebody said, "All clear, Lieutenant."

A door opened and there was a lighted room beyond. We were hustled in, and I realized that the canvas curtained the three sides of a small front porch.

We were in the mess hall, a long, narrow wooden building. There was a smell of fresh coffee from a kitchen that evidently lay behind the swing doors.

Bradley and Cleave came in. With them were a tough-looking marine sergeant and the fattest woman I'd ever seen outside a circus. She was a Filipino and she must have weighed at least two hundred and eighty pounds. She was the sergeant's wife.

BRADLEY took over. "You all understand the reason for this search, and why it's necessary," he said. "We'll all strip, and Sergeant O'Rourk, who's had no connection with any of us, will search our clothes and belongings."

"My goodness!" said Ellen Lucas, in a stifled voice.

If Bradley was amused, I couldn't tell it in the dim light. "Mrs. O'Rourk will undertake to search you and Miss James, Miss Lucas," he said.

Mrs. O'Rourk flashed the two nurses a wide, amiable smile and waved them toward the kitchen. Then we got down to business. I was reminded of that day in the recruiting office, as we stood in a line, stripped, and O'Rourk went through our things. Half an hour later he had done and had found nothing.

Mrs. O'Rourk returned and put a collection of lipsticks, compacts, and lotion bottles down in a heap on one of the tables.

"I am not knowing about these," she said. She had a clear, high voice like a child's.

"I'll check on them," Alec Walker said.

"Otherwise . . . okay!" said Mrs. O'Rourk. She took us all in with her happy smile. She spoke American and was proud of it.

"Mrs. O'Rourk has made coffee," Bradley said. "Then Captain Cleave has some instructions for you before you're shown to your quarters."

Jess and Ellen came back from the kitchen. When I saw Ellen's face I remembered Tubby Garms saying on shipboard, "I'll bet she wears long drawers." She looked now as if exposing her person to Mamma O'Rourk had been almost more than she could take.

I maneuvered my way over to Jess, who was standing alone, tin coffee cup in her hands. "Cigarette?"

"Thanks," she said, without looking at me.

I gave her one and lit it for her. There didn't seem to be anything else to do or say. She sipped her coffee. Then she looked up. "I'm sorry, Chris," she said.

"What you do with your life is your own business," I said, sounding like a church deacon and hating myself for it. "I suppose he really *was* with you? You're not just helping him to an alibi?"

"He was with me," she said.

"What a dope you must have thought I was," I said, "letting you in on my pathetic little heartbeats."

"Please, Chris!" She turned away and moved off by herself.

CLEAVE rapped on one of the tables. "Gentlemen," he said, "I want to remind you. No lights. No cigarettes in the open. The sentries have orders to shoot if anyone shows a light. Is that clear?"

It was.

"There's a submarine here in the dry dock, waiting for you to repair battle damage. Maybe some of you helped to build her in Portsmouth. At daylight you've got to cover every inch of the setup here; examine your equipment; get it in working order. Some of your tools and machines may not be unloaded till tomorrow night. But there'll be plenty for you to do. Lieutenant Commander Wasdell, the submarine's commander, is anxious to get back with the fleet. You men should get bedded down. I'll have you escorted to your quarters, unless you've some questions."

Ed Winthrop stepped forward. He was polishing his spectacles within an inch of their life. "There *are* two things, sir. The men have expressed the wish that I take over Jed's job."

"That's exactly as I should want it, Mr. Winthrop," Cleave said.

"Thank you, sir. And, second . . . what about Regan?"

Bradley's teeth clamped down on his pipestem. He answered when Cleave nodded to him. "You want him and Miss James placed under arrest, Mr. Winthrop?"

"That's about it, sir," Ed said unhappily. The others murmured in agreement. "I know it's not an airtight case against them." He carefully avoided looking at Bill or Jess. "But we just can't run risks, sir. We understand the ship is to put in tomorrow night for a final unloading. Perhaps they can be sent back to the States on her."

Bill was on his feet. "Sent *back!*" he said. "I came out to do a job, Ed, and I'm not going to be railroaded on a lousy frame-up!"

"Frame-up!" Big Joe's voice shook with anger. "What were you doing outside Jed's door, then? What were you doing outside the sick bay the night Dr. Walker was poisoned?"

"I was never outside Jed's door," Bill said.

"Bill, we can't take chances," Ed Winthrop said. "There are men in your crew who can handle your end. Maybe it *is* unfair. But while there's doubts . . ."

"There are no doubts!" Joe Adams said.

"But you *are* taking chances!" Bill said. "If there were men on my crew who know how to mold and cast as well as I do, I wouldn't be boss! Sure, I've got boys who know how hot the metal has to be, and what the specifications for a section are. But bossing the job is something else. You want to get that submarine back into action quick, don't you?"

"It would be better for it to take longer," said Ed, "and not be wondering all the time."

"You self-righteous rats!" Bill blazed. "You'll send us away from a job we know how to do, just to make yourselves feel good."

"Explain those cigarette butts!" said Joe.

"There were six of them," said Bradley quietly. "They were all smoked down to the end. Have you any idea, gentlemen, how long that would take?"

"Quite a while," said Ed.

"An hour or more," Bradley said. "Let's assume Regan lied about being with Miss James and was standing outside Quartermayne's cabin. Lieutenant Wells was looking for Miss James. He investigated that passage. Right, Chris?"

"Right," I said.

"And Quartermayne didn't go back to his cabin till about a half an hour before we found him. Regan had to do a lot of ducking back and forth in that hour to avoid being seen. And each time he ducked, he came back in time to drop his cigarette stub in a neat little pile. He'd almost have to have planned it."

"You mean you think it's a plant?" Adams demanded.

"Mercy," said Bradley, "I thought I'd made that clear."

The faces of those six leadermen were a study. If Bradley cleared Bill, then the possibility of guilt was thrown right back at them. Ed Winthrop wanted to believe in Bill. I could see that.

"I wouldn't dream of handing this kind of a case to a district attorney," Bradley said. "I'd get fired! But we *can't* run risks, Regan. If there's even vague suspicion, we've got to watch our step. I just want you all to realize I'm not convinced. You're all still on my list."

"And all on *mine*," Bill said.

Cleave took hold again at that point. "I'll have you taken to your cabins now. You all need rest. Keep alert and report anything out of the way to Lieutenant Bradley. Oh—one more thing: There's an alarm siren here on The Island. Three short blasts, repeated three times, enemy air raid. Two short blasts, attack by sea. One long blast, accident in one of the shops. Got that?"

Sergeant O'Rourk began taking the men off in pairs. Bradley called me aside. "You're still quartered with Regan, Chris," he said.

"So what?" I said.

"I wouldn't jump at conclusions about him or about Miss James."

"Why should I?"

"Don't try to kid me, Chris. I know how you're feeling."

"I didn't come out here for my health," I said.

"Okay," he said. "But if I were you I'd talk it out with the gal before I let it blight my life."

"You go to your church and I'll go to mine," I said sourly.

BILL and I were the last to be taken into convoy by O'Rourk. We crossed a short, rocky patch of ground to a small wooden shack consisting of two rooms and a shower bath. O'Rourk explained there was a permanent blackout covering on the outside of the window. We could show a light—a kerosene lamp. We were never to touch the covering. It would be removed in the daytime to air out the place and replaced at dusk by the marines. He left us, after lighting the lamp.

Bill stood in the center of the room, his hands hanging limp at his sides. "Well, get it over with," he said.

"What?" I said.

"You've been wanting to put the slug on me for the last three hours. Go ahead."

"Don't be a sap." I said.

He reached in his shirt pocket for a cigarette. "I wouldn't have used that alibi, Chris. It was Jess's doing."

THE AMERICAN'S complete mystery novel of the month

"It's true," I said angrily. "So why shouldn't you use it?"

"She's a swell girl, Chris," he said.

"You ought to know!" I said.

His eyes narrowed, and I saw a muscle twitch along the side of his jaw. "I'm disappointed in you, Chris," he said. "I got the idea that when the blue chips were down you could be counted on."

He dropped down on the cot and rolled over, facing the wall. I went into the other room, blew out the lamp, and lay down. The partition was paper-thin; I could hear Bill, tossing and turning. I heard a match strike and presently got a whiff of cigarette smoke. It was hot and the mattress felt like the best Missouri corn husks. After a while I heard Bill get up and walk across his room.

"Chris?" He was standing in the doorway. I couldn't see him, but the end of his cigarette was an orange dot. "This is crazy," he said.

"What's crazy?"

"You and I acting this way," he said.

"WHAT am I supposed to do?" I said. "Throw a champagne party? Hero cleared, gets girl. Fade-out on best friend being big about it. For God's sake go to bed."

"Do you know what Jess and I were doing in her cabin?"

"Cutting out paper dolls for your memory book," I said.

"We were talking about you," Bill said.

"Me? That's a laugh. How to break the news, I suppose."

"In a way," said Bill cheerfully. "You see, Jess likes you, Chris. She likes you a hell of a lot. There's only one thing that bothers her."

"That's interesting," I said. "What bothers her?"

"She isn't quite sure whether or not you're a murderer," Bill said.

I banged my shins on the cot as I swung my legs over the side. "She *what!*" I shouted.

"She asked me to come into her cabin. She said she had a hunch you'd be looking for her. She wanted to know what I thought about you. That's why we didn't let you in when you knocked."

"This is the screwiest thing I ever heard!"

"Is it, Chris? Maybe you have a notion how I felt when I saw those cigarette stubs."

I didn't give a hoot about that just then. Quartermayne hadn't been dead when Bill and Jess had had me on the pan. She'd suspected me of poisoning Alec Walker. "Where did Jess get ideas about me?" I wanted to know.

"Everybody else accounted for," Bill said. "Except me. That is to say, everyone was with someone, except you and me."

I remembered the half-hour that first night when I'd been alone on deck—until Jess herself came up to me.

"For the love of Pete!" I said.

"I told her I thought you were pure as the driven snow. Her face lit up like a show window." He sighed. "I just thought you ought to know." The end of his cigarette moved in an arc. "G'night."

"Wait a minute, Bill."

"What?"

"Thanks," I said. Then: "Who's at the bottom of this, Bill? It has to be someone."

"Yes," he said. "It has to be someone." His voice hardened. "And I'm going to get him before he finds a way to frame me again. He'll try, because Bradley and the rest aren't

quite certain about me yet. How about you, Chris? Are you certain about me?"

"Ask for my right arm and you can have it," I said. "So her face lit up like a show window, did it?"

Bill chuckled. "You're a love-struck coot!" he said, and went back to his own room. . . .

I came to out of a rosy fog to hear a raucous reveille being blown outside our shack. I tumbled out of bed. "Hey, Bill!"

He didn't answer. I went in and found he was already up and gone. I doused my head in cold water, shaved, brushed my teeth, and set out for the mess hall. The canvas curtains around the porch had been drawn back, the windows opened. I went in. The place was crowded, and breakfast was being served at the far end, cafeteria fashion.

I HAD eaten a dish of cereal and gulped down part of a cup of coffee when Bradley came over. "Where's Regan?" he asked.

"He beat me to it," I said. "Probably gone to check over his crew and equipment."

He gave me a curious look. "You're pretty damned bouncing this morning," he said.

"I am bouncing," I said. "You know what? Jess had it all doped out that *I* was your killer!"

"She tell you so?"

"No, but I'm going to hotfoot it over to the infirmary and let her give. Bill told me."

"That's what I was hinting at last night. But you'll have to put off seeing her. Cook's tour to get the hang of this place. Cleave's orders. Let's go."

I finished my coffee and went with him. We walked along a path which overlooked the ocean. There was no sign of the ship.

"They've certainly managed to hide things here," I said.

"It's honeycombed with caves," Bradley said. "The shops are all underground. Even the dry dock." He stopped by a clump of bushes. "Here we are," he said.

I couldn't see anything till he parted the bushes, and I then saw an opening in the ground, the edges concreted. There was an iron ladder leading down into the earth. Bradley went first.

Before we reached the bottom we heard the compression drills. When I was on the ground again I turned. It was hard to believe unless you saw it yourself. It was a mammoth cave that must have run in a good four hundred feet from the sea. Its vaulted high ceiling made the sounds of voices and of tools against metal, echo and re-echo. There was a sort of cofferdam arrangement at the mouth of the cavern and the water had been pumped out.

Resting on blocks, a scaffolding already built around her by a carpentry crew, was the long, black hull of a submarine. Blue-white lights, fixed to the walls of the cave, blazed down on her. Every watt of electric power generated by the Diesel turbines was to be used in the shops and here in the dry dock. That's why we had kerosene lamps in our living quarters.

I saw Cleave and Ed Winthrop talking to a youngster in a khaki work uniform. I followed Bradley over to them. I was introduced to Lieutenant Commander Wasdell of the U. S. submarine.

"How quickly can we be out of here, sir?" he said to Cleave.

"It'll take at least two days for us to get our equipment in service," Cleave said.

"God, sir, the Japs are running troops and supplies through this area on a moving belt," Wasdell said. "My own crew has been at work while we waited for you, sir. We could go to sea now, but we can't fight without our port tubes. I suppose you'll have to mold them, cast them, machine them?" This question was addressed to Ed Winthrop.

"'Fraid so, sir," he said.

Wasdell winced. I got the impression of a hungry dog straining at the leash.

Ed Winthrop saw the wince and smiled a little. "This isn't peacetime, sir," he said. "We'll do a quick job for you. But we've got to get set up."

"Could we go up to the master shipwright's office out of this noise, sir?" Wasdell said to Cleave. "I have a report of the exact repairs necessary. It might save time if you'd call in your foundry boss, since he'll have to make most of the new stuff for us."

Cleave nodded and turned to the iron ladder. We'd gone only a few steps when the early-morning stillness was shattered by the long, piercing wail of a siren.

We stopped dead. I heard Wasdell groan. "God, an accident already!"

Cleave started to run.

There had been a crew of engineers at work on The Island for weeks before our arrival. It was they who had put up the living quarters and offices. They had also installed power plants, a great bulk of the shop machinery, and a two-way telephone between the shops.

As Cleave reached the steps of the master shipwright's office, a marine stepped out to meet him. "The foundry, sir," he said.

I felt a shiver of ice run down my spine. Bill's bailiwick! Cleave kept in the lead, plunging through another small jungle of trees and bushes. Abruptly we came to the mouth of a second underground cavern. Forty or fifty excited men opened a passage for Cleave.

I saw Alec Walker in his white laboratory coat first. He was kneeling beside a man stretched out on the ground. He looked up at Cleave. "Here it is again, sir," he said grimly.

I'd seen the man who lay there, but I didn't know who he was. I asked the man next me.

"Jack Dennis," he said. "Quarterman under Regan."

A quarterman is the next in rank under a leaderman. "Where is Regan?" I asked.

The man's eyes were angry. "Gone, sir," he said. I heard Cleave ordering a stretcher to take Dennis to the infirmary.

Alec stood up and looked at Bradley. He was shaken. "Our search wasn't worth a hoot in hell. The stuff got here anyway."

BRADLEY was like a rock in the midst of a hurricane. His orders were crisp and concise. The men were to go back to work. Those who had been with Dennis when the poison struck him, or who had any notion about what happened, were to come with us into the master founderer's office.

There were enough of us to crowd the office, which wasn't more than ten feet square. Wasdell, looking feverish, wanted to know where the devil the master founderer was.

"He was here, sir, not half an hour ago," one of the men said. "He and Jack were figuring stuff in here for maybe twenty minutes. Then Jack come out with a list of things Regan wanted done." The man swallowed hard. "While Jack was tellin' us, he doubled up. I run to get Regan, but he was gone."

"Where did he go?" Bradley asked.

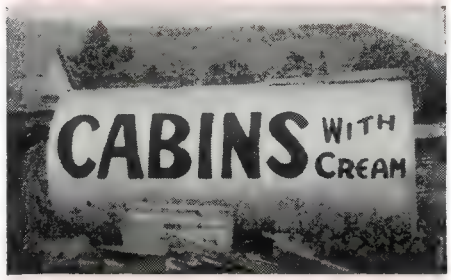
"I don't know, sir. I just couldn't find him, that's all. I guess we all lost our heads some. Gus, there, run for the doctor. We all tried to help Jack, but we didn't know what to do."

Bradley swung around on Cleave. "We've got to find Regan, sir. If you'd detail some marines to locate him . . ."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Acute one, we hope. Sign at a theater in Tucumcari, N. Mex.—*Staff Sergeant Charles D. Light, Tucumcari.*

All we need now are two men ready to foot the bill. A dress shop sign in Sauk City, Wis.—*Beverly J. Horne, Sauk City.*



What, no sugar! Sign at a tourist camp near Virginia Dale, Colo.—*Mrs. G. E. Belben, Oak Grove, Ore.*

Apparently the folks hereabouts take their liquor straight and their fish a-wigglin'. The sign is on a market and restaurant near Monroe, La.—*Mrs. W. H. Brunson, Shreveport, La.*

★

Next time you see an amusing sign, get out your camera and photograph it. We will pay $5 for each picture we publish. Send your photo, with explanation, to SIGNS, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. No contributions can be returned.

"I told you there were no doubts, Bradley!" Joe Adams was standing at my elbow. "You gave him the chance to take one more crack at us, and he did. If you don't find him and get him away from here there won't be any of us able to sleep or eat, or think to do our jobs!"

The marines were detailed. I was taking down the statements of the witnesses to Dennis's death for Bradley. There wasn't one of them had any evidence. There was nothing to show how Dennis got the poison.

"Jack never thought Regan was guilty," one of the men said. "He was burned up over the leadermen suspectin' him. If Regan offered him somethin', he'd of took it without thinkin'! He trusted him!"

"There's nothing to prove Regan did give him something," Bradley said sharply.

"It doesn't seem possible Bill could do a thing like this," I heard The McCoy say. "He and Jack were buddies."

"So were he and Jed," Joe Adams said. "How much convincing do you guys need? We got to find him and ship him and the girl out of here. Nobody's going to get any work done till we do."

No marines turned up with Bill in tow. You could see a kind of hysteria in every face around you. Cleave realized, I guess, that it wasn't any use trying to keep things moving. He finally issued an order for every man on The Island to join the search.

Everybody set out to search—everybody but me, and Alec and Bradley. We were left in Bill's office.

"It looks pretty conclusive," Alec said.

"Does it?" said Bradley absently. "By the way, Doctor, have you had a chance to look at the cosmetics Mrs. O'Rourk collected from the two nurses?"

"Oh, Lord!" Alec said. "I forgot to tell you in the excitement. Nothing there. The stuff's all right."

That gave me an idea. "Has it occurred to you Bill might be in the infirmary, talking to Jess?"

Bradley gave me a weary smile. "All right," he said. "Run along."

I FOUND her, standing outside the infirmary. I thought she reached out her hands toward me as I came up the path.

"Oh, Chris!" she said.

"You darned idiot," I said. I took her hands in mine and she made no move to pull away. "Bill told me what you two were talking about on the ship."

"Chris, where is Bill?" she asked. "Where *is* he?"

"They'll find him," I said.

She looked at me, startled. "But, Chris, he isn't guilty! Don't you see?— He and Dennis were together! He may have gotten the same thing. He may be dying somewhere now."

That was a possibility which had never entered my head. But I couldn't drag myself away. "Chris, we can't think about us now," Jess said.

Us! The way she used the word, so matter-of-factly, as if it was a word she had used before. Us!

"Help them find him, Chris!" she said.

"I'll be back," I said. "I'll be back for keeps." . . .

That was the damn'dest day of my life. I climbed over what seemed like miles of country, over rocks, hacking my way through jungle growth. I was scratched and bitten and hot, and my knees were skinned from a tumble. A kind of exhilaration kept me going. I remember saying once out loud, "Us! Us!" and a sweating marine turned to look at me, evidently convinced I'd gone nuts.

No Bill! No report of him. No trail picked up. He had simply disappeared into thin air.

About six o'clock in the evening I wound up back at the base. I found Bradley at the mess hall. He puzzled me. Somehow I hadn't thought of him as an armchair detective.

"Looks like he got clean away," I said.

Bradley tamped the tobacco down in his pipe and grunted.

I had visions of tumbling into bed soon after supper and catching up on my sleep—after I'd seen Jess. That didn't happen. The search for Bill was called off for the time being because, half an hour after dark, the ship put in at The Island again. We pitched in to help get the last of her cargo ashore. I found myself slinging things about like a punch-drunk stevedore. When it was over I staggered up from the beach toward my shack.

ON THE way Bradley caught up with me. "Did I dream it or do I remember your packing a couple of bottles of brandy in your duffel, Chris?" he asked.

"I did," I said. "There are. You want a drink?"

"Badly," he said. "Mind if I stop off with you for a minute?"

In the shack I fumbled for a match and lit the kerosene lamp. I got a couple of china mugs from the bathroom and one of the bottles from my kit. "Got another glass?" Bradley asked.

"No. What do you want three glasses for?"

"Maybe Bill won't mind drinking out of the bottle," Bradley said.

He lifted his eyes to a trap door in the ceiling which opened into the small air space between it and the roof. "You might as well come down, Regan," he said. "The ship's gone."

Then I heard a scraping sound, and the trap door was lifted from above. A pair of legs appeared, and Bill dropped, catlike, down onto the floor. He looked pretty tired himself. "You're a smart guy, Bradley," he said. "Boy, I could go for a slug of that hootch."

I know the neck of the brandy bottle rattled against the rim of the china mug as I poured myself a whale of a drink. I needed that drink. I left the others to help themselves. I sat down on the edge of Bill's cot because my legs wouldn't have held me up much longer. Had Bradley known all day and night where Bill was hiding? And if he had, wasn't it a flagrant case of insubordination?

Bill poured a drink for Bradley and then raised the bottle with a flourish. "Here's to crime," he said.

"If you don't mind," Bradley said, "I'll drink to speedy repairs on the submarine."

"Amen," said Bill, and raised the bottle to his lips.

"I just want to say one thing," I said sourly. "My legs and arms are scratched and cut, my knees are skinned, I have just about enough strength left to crawl from here into my own bed. I've been obeying orders with all the enthusiasm of a raw recruit. And you two have been laughing at me. I hope that brandy burns your guts out."

Bradley looked at me soberly. "I wanted you here, Chris," he said, "as a witness."

He took his pipe and pouch from his pocket and began the ritual of loading up. "Regan, I've done a lot of inquiring about you. You're supposed to be a Communist, a labor agitator, a general crackpot. But Quartermayne picked you as a foundryman. You have that extra something that goes beyond figures and specifications. You're needed here."

"So if I want to murder a few people and eventually get word to the Japs where we're located, it's okay, huh?"

"Nope," Bradley said. He held a match to his pipe, his eyes on Bill. "I'm staking my reputation as a cop, my honor as a navy officer, on your innocence. If I'd come here looking for you earlier, I'd have had to turn you in, and you'd be on the ship now, headed for home. You're needed here. So I sat tight."

"And if you're wrong about me?"

"In that case," said Bradley, "since I'd be court-martialed anyway, I'd take the one last earthly pleasure of putting a bullet right between your eyes."

"I'll try to deprive you of that pleasure," Bill said.

"Will you please," I said, getting angrier, "cut out this 'man's talk' and tell me how you knew Bill was here, Bradley?"

"The lieutenant has a logical mind, Chris," Bill grinned. "But he'd have looked damn' silly if I hadn't been there, after he'd invited me down for a drink."

"You had to be," said Bradley. "Hundred-to-one shot you could have gotten past the patrol in broad daylight. If you had, you'd have left a trail our Filipino scouts could have followed like tracks in the snow. Besides, I looked this room over. There was a chair standing directly under the trap door."

Bill shook his head. "Damn! I was nervous when I heard you snooping around but I thought you'd missed the boat."

"I was trying to make sure that you missed it." Bradley stopped smiling. "Now we've got to do some quick figuring, Regan. What was it that Dennis ate or drank?"

Bill looked surprised. "Why, the coffee, of course."

"What coffee?"

"Why, in the thermos. Don't tell me you haven't had it analyzed?"

"There wasn't any thermos or any coffee."

A nerve twitched in the corner of Bill's mouth. "You wouldn't kid me, would you, mister? That bottle was on the desk when I left . . . hurriedly!"

"Take it from the beginning," said Bradley.

BILL'S story was straightforward and believable. He'd waked up early. He wanted to see the foundry setup. He said that foundry work was different from other jobs.

"You can't be a bolt 63 man in a foundry," he said, "pulling the same lever, turning the same switch. You've got to work with your hands and your head, and you've got to have an instinct for it. Jack is a . . . *was* a first-rate mechanical founderer. I thought maybe I could start him off on the right foot in case the job fell in his lap."

He'd gone into the master founderer's office and started to figure some of the complications when Dennis arrived. Dennis put his cards on the table. He had no doubts about Bill; there weren't half a dozen men in the foundry crew who had. They were impatient to go to work.

"Jack was a good guy," Bill said. "A hell of a good guy."

While they were talking, Jack picked up a thermos bottle that had been standing on Bill's desk. Bill had noticed it briefly and thought one of the workmen had left it there by mistake. Dennis had poured himself some coffee in the metal cap.

"So help me," Bill said, "I never thought anything of it. He said something about its being lousy coffee and he supposed that was one thing we'd have to expect."

Bill had finished his list and given it to

Dennis, who went out into the foundry. The bottle was still on the desk, with the cap, half full of coffee, sitting beside it. A few minutes later Bill heard a yell. Through the glass panel he saw Dennis on the floor.

"Maybe I should have had the guts to face it out then and there," Bill said. "But from where I sat, it looked like I'd be on that boat when it left this morning. And I wanted to stay here. So I scrammed the hell out of there."

"And the thermos of coffee?"

"I left it for you to find. It might be a clue that would help you."

"It might indeed," Bradley said. "The murderer evidently thought so, too. You must have certain suspicions of your own, Regan."

"I have," Bill said. His face seemed to freeze.

"Who?"

"No dice," Bill said. "In my position . . . well, it will look as if I'm trying to pass the buck."

"You're putting us all on the spot by holding out," Bradley said.

"Not unless you lock me up," Bill said. "As long as I'm loose I'll guarantee that *my* suspect doesn't pull any more jobs." . . .

I CRAWLED into my room and was asleep almost before my head hit the pillow. The Island taught us that. To take our sleep when we could get it. It seemed to me that I'd only just closed my eyes when that bugler was blasting reveille right in my ear.

Fifteen minutes later we walked into the mess hall, Bill between Bradley and me, and created a sensation to delight any Hollywood ham. It was the entrance of all time.

Bradley walked up to Cleave and saluted smartly. "As you see, we have Regan, sir. He gave himself up voluntarily."

"Bring him to my office in twenty minutes," Cleave said, and left his own breakfast unfinished.

I headed for the table where Jess and Ellen Lucas were. The look Jess gave me as I came toward her was all I needed in the world.

"Where was he?" Jess asked as I pulled up a chair and sat down.

"In our shack," I said. "Meant to stay till the ship was gone."

Ellen Lucas snorted and gave me a suspicious look. "I don't suppose that ever occurred to you during the hunt," she said.

"It didn't, sweetheart," I said truthfully.

She humphed again and finished her coffee. "*I* have to get to work," she said, pointedly.

"I'll be right there, Ellen," Jess said. Then when we were alone she touched my hand. "What happens next, Chris?"

"I could stand up on this table and tell the world about us," I said. Her fingers tightened around mine and I almost carried out the threat.

"They'll try to railroad him," she said. "Hasn't Bradley got *any* kind of lead, Chris?"

I told her about the missing thermos bottle.

"But that helps," she said eagerly. "Because—don't you see, Chris?—it was meant for Bill, not Dennis."

"Unless Bill took it there himself," I said.

"Then why tell Bradley about it?"

"Look," I said; "Bradley believes in Bill, and so do I. But the thermos bottle works against him as well as for him. There *is* something. The coffee must have been made here. Somebody filled that bottle."

"I'll talk to Mamma O'Rourk," Jess said, and hurried out into the kitchen. She came back looking glum. Men had been trooping in and out all night to get sandwiches and coffee. A couple of dozen thermos bottles had been left on the counter to be filled. Mamma O'Rourk had no idea to whom they belonged.

Bradley signaled to me from across the room. Time was up. Bill's inquisition was about to begin again.

"Watch your step, angel," I said to Jess. "If Bill manages to convince them, the finger may start pointing at you again. Stick to Ellen and Alec so you're alibied."

"I'll be careful, Chris," she said. . . .

The leadermen and Lieutenant Commander Wasdell were in Cleave's office when we got there with Bill. The submarine commander was pacing up and down the plank floor like a lion in the zoo.

"I suppose you've got to go through with this hearing now," he said to Cleave, "but do you realize, sir, that we're lying here, helpless, waiting." He swung around on Bill. "Maybe this man's a murderer, but he's also a founderer. I'll stand over him every second if you'll say the word. But we've *got* to get to work. If your intelligence officer has no clues, we can't wait for one to turn up."

"You want your torpedo tubes to stay together, don't you, Commander?" Joe Adams said. "I wouldn't trust this man to make a rattle for my baby."

"How can they go wrong?" Wasdell demanded. "You've got a radium-ray camera that'll show up any flaws in the casting."

Ed Winthrop backed him up. "That's true, Commander. I suggest we give Regan a chance, under constant watch. If he muffs it, we're no worse off than if we wait for a court-martial investigation."

"Caution is one thing; delay another," Wasdell urged.

Cleave hesitated. "What's your opinion, Lieutenant Bradley?"

"Mercy," said Bradley, "I've already indicated where I stand. I say put him to work."

"Well, Regan?"

"I came here to work, sir," said Bill quietly.

"I'm dead against it," Adams said. "You haven't the right to run the risk, Commander."

LEW LEWIS and Scotty Cameron nodded agreement.

It was a standoff. Ed, Tubby, and The McCoy were for Bill.

Wasdell clinched it: "We have to man the ship, Adams. We run the risks, not you. The quicker you get this man on the job the better pleased we'll be."

"Well, what are we waiting for?" Bill said.

I turned, and saw him looking at me. He still had his smile, but it was strained, I thought.

"Keep pitching for me, will you, pal?" he said. "I haven't got eyes in the back of my head."

So he *did* recognize the danger to him. . . .

Bill was a changed man in that foundry. Two of Wasdell's ensigns and I were assigned

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How Thin-Skinned Are You?

•

HERE are the character analyses based on the questions that appear on page 145. Just add up all your "yes" answers and pick your rating from the following:

4 or less "Yes" Answers

Pretty hard, aren't you? Possibly a bit too frank at times. Apparently you lack a sensitivity to help you understand other people and make you a bit more sympathetic toward their feelings.

Could it be that all this is just an outer shell built up to absorb any shocks that might come your way? If so, your protective armor may be hurting you, especially in your relations with others.

You may be too coldly logical. If you ever feel that you are missing something in life, try to forget some of your logic occasionally and give way to your feelings. You'll see what we mean when you taste of the experience.

5 to 10 "Yes" Answers

This is a good score, indicating a practical adjustment to life.

There is no room in your day for foolish emotionalism, and you do not waste time in passing regrets. Your sympathetic attitude toward your associates makes you a nice person to have around. There's nothing gushy about you, and your feelings are never hurt so easily that you do anything foolish and lose friends.

You manage to conceal hurts admirably well.

You're the type of person we rely upon to see us through the wars of nations.

11 to 15 "Yes" Answers

You are betwixt and between. You're often bewildered by your own sensitivity and emotional unbalance, and your head has a tough job keeping you on an even keel so you won't give yourself away to others.

Outwardly you try to maintain a calm that you do not feel, but inwardly you're a roaring eddy of doubt about how to react to your daily experiences.

We cannot say how it will all turn out. Either your common sense will assert itself and place you in the preceding group, or you will capitulate to your feelings and land in the following group. Read them both and see which way you'd rather jump.

You can decide. Forget how the other fellow is going to react to you for a while. Do what you believe is right. Make up your mind, and don't change it.

16 or more "Yes" Answers

Aren't you a cry baby! Of course, it may not be your fault. You may have been brought up that way. Or are you over 21 and able to think for yourself? If so, it's about time you began to act like an adult. You're living in a cavern of fear, envy, and jealousy. How can you possibly enjoy all that life holds for us?

If you'll forget your own feelings for a while—then forget the other fellow's, too—you can develop some initiative and daring. You'll be amazed at the difference in your outlook.

People play you for a sucker, and you do the same thing to yourself. You distrust people for a look, and love them for a smile. Do you really like being that way? Somehow, it just doesn't seem possible.

to keep an eye on him, but if he knew we were there it didn't show. The casual, insolent manner I'd come to associate with him fell away like a discarded coat. And then you couldn't have heard a wisecrack over the noise of the chipping hammers, the crane, and the great oil-burning smelting furnaces sunk in the ground, with men in dark goggles tending them. The crane moved back and forth across the ceiling, its warning bell giving off an incessant clamor. More men, working at what looked like bakers' ovens, shoveled intricate sand molds into intense heat for hardening.

A toothless, white-haired grandfather who looked like a Walt Disney gnome that might have come with the cave was inspecting the molds as they came out of the ovens. "How about it, Doc?" Bill said to him.

"When there's something wrong I'll tell you, you blankety-blank so-and-so," the old man said, in a blood-curdling voice. Then he grinned, and Bill slapped him on the back and went on.

A tough-looking bosun's mate came in with some specifications for Bill. "Don't put no granulated sugar in this stuff, bud," he said. "We gotta go back after them yella-bellies."

"Okay, pal," Bill said. "We mold 'em. You sock 'em."

Murder! Murder had no place here. These were fighting men, fighting in the way they were best equipped to fight. For liberty, for the people on the streets, for the safety of their cottages on Cape Cod, apartments in the city, and for a lot of simpler things . . . for ice-cream cones and Sundays on the beach and a dog for the children. And somewhere, like a worm in the middle of a perfect apple, was a man . . . one slimy feeler of a monster that was encircling each one of us, every free man on earth, with the intention of crushing him into permanent and everlasting submission.

I understood now why Bill had run the risk he had to keep from being sent home on the ship. He couldn't have left. This place of scorching fires, of choking fumes, of boiling, bubbling metals, was his heart, his life.

I suddenly felt that I couldn't stand there for another minute, just thinking. I wanted to get out and swing my fists, but against which man? *You've got a brain, chum! Make it work!*

I TRUDGED around after Bill, with the two ensigns trudging too, stumbling over piles of stuff, flattening myself against machinery as men passed carrying buckets of molten metal, swung on long poles between them. An innocent glass of tomato juice, and a stealthy hand pouring into it death . . . death for Alec as certain and dreadful as any that could be brought about by bullets, or bombs, or torpedoes.

A bottle of cough medicine. Again that stealthy hand, uncapping the bottle and filling it with death. And Jed Quartermayne, crawling across the floor, torn by the agony of dying.

A thermos jug, filled with coffee, and with death again. The hand places it, innocent, inviting, on the desk. Bill was to die. But he hadn't, because Jack Dennis had been thirstier than he was.

Go back of that hand, chum. Follow it up the arm . . . to the face! But what face? Not Bill's or mine or Bradley's or Jess's. Cleave, gray, gaunt, his life tied up in the service of his country? Ed Winthrop, rubbing his spectacles, his mind and heart wrapped up in tools, polished, oiled, meshing perfectly? Tubby Garms, his moon-face cracked in laughter at some corny pun? The McCoy, not getting the point, plaintive, his eyes filled with tears as he looked at the flag floating in the ocean breeze? Lew Lewis, so typically the conservative American he could have posed for a poster? The dour Scotsman, living in a world of expected and inevitable calamity? Big Joe Adams, stubbornly insisting on Bill's guilt, refusing to listen to reason or to examine evidence? Was he too insistent?

Round and round. Getting nowhere. A pile of cigarette stubs left by that same stealthy hand. There was a glove on the hand, of course, because there were no prints. The thermos bottle, left in a row with dozens of others, the face, smiling and joking, as it carried it away and filled it with death.

BILL and the two ensigns and I stood watching while men poured metal. "Okay, boys; take it easy," Bill said. His voice was tense.

"You got to be careful not to agitate the metal," one of the ensigns said in my ear. "Air bubbles."

I watched, almost breathless. It seemed as tricky as the job of a surgeon holding a scalpel over the exposed section of a man's brain.

"Easy. Easy." Bill's voice was steady, but you could feel the tightness of his nerves. A mistake here, a movement made too quickly, and they would have to start over . . . go back two hours in time.

And then it happened.

Someone grabbed my shoulder from behind and sent me staggering to my knees in a heap of rubble. Joe Adams, eyes blazing, broke through between the two ensigns. Bill never had a chance. Adams swung a right that knocked him backward over a stacked pile of sheet metal. Before Bill could recover, Adams dived at him.

Someone shouted a warning, and there was a scream of pain. A trickle of boiling steel was running across the floor. Over the noise of machines, the crane's bell, I heard a thunder of voices. Adams wasn't alone. His crew from the sheet-metal shop had tailed him into the foundry. Other men were crowded in from outside, and I caught a glimpse of Ed Winthrop and Scotty and The McCoy.

Adams was killing Bill. His huge fists were pounding at Bill's face, his throat, his stomach. I started forward. Then Bradley was there. I don't know how he managed it, but he had Adams off Bill quicker than it takes to tell it. Adams was down on his knees, one arm twisted behind him.

"Get Regan into his office!" Bradley ordered the ensigns.

They helped Bill up. His face was white, streaked with red. His breath made a terrible gasping sound. His legs wouldn't hold him up and the two officers had to almost carry him.

Bradley still had Adams by the arm. "Get up," he said harshly.

Adams got up, his face twisted in pain. Bradley wasn't being gentle.

"Into the office," he said. He marched Adams straight toward the crowd of men. I thought they weren't going to let him through.

"Let go of my arm and I'll take care of you, too," Adams said. "You been playing ball with that murdering louse from the start."

"All right," said Bradley quietly. "All *right!*" He dropped his hold on Adams and stood facing him. "You're a bungling clown, Adams. I suppose you might as well get what's coming to you."

I said a little prayer that in the riot which was coming I might get in a couple of haymakers before somebody got me. But nothing happened. The two men stood staring at each other, Adams breathing hard, Bradley like a block of ice. Then Bradley said, "Follow me."

He walked straight into the crowd of men, and they opened a way for him.

In the office Bill was sprawled in the chair behind his desk. He tried to get up when he saw Adams.

"Sit down," Bradley said. "All right, Adams; let's have it."

Adams turned to one of his men who had moved forward as far as the door. "Got it there, Pat?"

The man nodded. He handed Adams a thermos bottle. Adams put it down on Bill's desk with a bang.

"I found this waiting for me on the desk in my office!" he said. "Jack Dennis fell for it. But I didn't; see?"

"How do you know there's anything the matter with it?" Bradley asked.

"Am I supposed to drink it to find out?" Adams shouted. "Regan tried to fix me. I'm the one guy who's seen through him."

"You worked in your office all day yesterday, didn't you?"

"Sure, I did."

"Was the bottle there all day yesterday?"

"No. Regan put it there in the night, before he gave himself up."

"He didn't," Bradley said, "because I've known exactly where he was ever since ten minutes after Dennis was poisoned."

"The hell you have!"

"I'm telling you," said Bradley sternly. "If there's any poison in that bottle, Regan didn't put it there. . . . Chris, send somebody for Dr. Walker. We'll soon find out about this."

IT WAS about five minutes before Alec came. Bradley took the thermos and poured a cupful of the coffee into the metal cap.

"Take this back to your quarters, Doctor, and test it."

"Right," Alec said.

"How long will it take?"

"Twenty minutes . . . half an hour," Alec said. His voice hardened. "I'm prepared for this test, Lieutenant."

"We'll wait here," Bradley said. "Now, Adams, get your men back to their shop."

"We're seeing this through," Adams said.

Bradley reached for the phone on the desk. "I'm giving you just thirty seconds to get them back to work. Then I send for O'Rourk."

Again Adams lost. The men went.

We waited for Alec—Bill and Adams, the two ensigns, and Bradley and me. Bill was fidgeting in his chair. Finally he couldn't stand it any longer. "That whole casting was ruined, Bradley," he said. "For God's sake, let me go out there and get things reorganized while we wait."

"Sit still," Bradley said.

"But damn it, man—!"

"Sit *still!*"

I looked at my wrist watch. The second hand moved as if it was fighting its way through molasses. Minutes . . . endless, dragging minutes. Then I saw Alec coming toward the office, and even at a distance the look on his face told me that Bradley had guessed wrong. He came in and closed the door behind him. He looked curiously at Adams.

"You're a lucky man, Joe," he said. "There was enough poison in that coffee to wipe out every man on the base."

"What have you got to say to that, Lieutenant?" Adams said.

Bradley had been smoking his pipe. He laid

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it down carefully on the desk. "The doctor could be wrong," he said.

"Sorry," Alec said. "There's not a possibility of doubt."

"I think there is," said Bradley.

He acted so quickly that none of us could stop him. He picked up the thermos bottle, raised it to his mouth, and drank!

"Bradley!" My voice sounded like a croaking frog."

He lowered the bottle and put it down on the desk. He looked straight at Alec, and I never saw eyes so cold and relentless. "How long do you think it will be before I die, Doctor?" he asked.

Alec looked as stunned as I felt. "Good Lord, man!" he said. "We've got to get you to the infirmary. That stuff is deadly!"

"Is it, Doctor? Well, I think I'll forego your stomach pump. You see, I made that coffee myself and *I* put it on Adams's desk. I knew he'd blow his top; I knew you'd be called on to make a test, and that in order to keep the ball rolling you'd probably announce that this, too, was poisoned. It would keep things going in a jolly way."

Bradley's words weren't percolating. I heard them, I knew what they meant, but they didn't make sense.

Alec lifted his hand in an attempt to silence Bradley. "Listen," he said. "Listen—"

"You listen," Bradley said. "Everyone in this outfit was searched when we came ashore. Everything that could have contained poison was examined by *you!* Only your stuff wasn't searched, Doctor. After all, we depended on you to *detect* the poison. We *had* to count on you! Oh, the build-up was perfect. Those five men who were poisoned on the ship. You saved them. Then you, yourself, were attacked. Cleave ought to demote me for letting myself be fooled by that chestnut!"

Alec said, "Bradley, I know this thing has you down, but this is fantastic."

"Is it? Shall we wait, Doctor, to see when the poison in this coffee takes effect on me? Or shall we skip all that and stand you up against a wall where you belong. I had to force you to make a slip, my friend, and I've done it. This bottle's been watched every second since I put it on Adams's desk. That's why I gave you only a cupful to test. Enough poison in it to kill every man here at the base, you said. I don't feel a thing, Doctor. I feel wonderful, for the first time since the night I worked so hard to save your miserable life."

ALEC turned to me. "You want this man to live, don't you, Wells? I tell you he's out of his mind. If we don't get him to the infirmary in a matter of minutes, he's done for."

I almost believed him. Almost, but not quite. Perhaps it was because the light struck his face as he turned and I saw his right eyebrow twitch, saw the fine beads of sweat on his forehead.

"It won't work, Doctor," Bradley said. "Mr. Wells is an old hand at spotting ham actors. It's a nice try, though. If you pumped out my stomach and I lived, we'd never know whether this coffee was poisoned or not. Or I could die under treatment, as I almost certainly would. How about it, Regan? Is this the man you had in mind?"

Bill stood up. His lips were swollen and the one-sided smile must have hurt him. "On the nose, Lieutenant," he said. "It had to be. Only three people had a real chance to get at that tomato juice the first night—Jess, Miss Lucas, and the doc, here. But all I had to do was open my trap and I'd have had to go on a

forty-day fast if I expected to live. The doc was too handy with his pet germs."

Perhaps if Bill hadn't been bruised and groggy from his encounter with Adams he might have reached Walker. He lunged at him, but too late. Walker had drawn an automatic, and in that tiny office it looked as though a whole collection of geese was cooked.

Walker's lips were drawn back from his teeth. "All right; don't move, any of you," he said. He took a step backward toward the door. "I suppose you'd call this the fortunes of war, with your silly, college-boy ethics. I know I can't get away, but I have one job to do."

'The short-wave radio, of course," said Bradley calmly.

"A little late to have thought of it, Bradley."

"Perhaps," said Bradley. "But O'Rourk's marines are guarding it, expecting you, Doctor. You may find your reception on the warm side."

Walker's eyelids twitched. "We'll see," he said. He reached behind him. Before he could find the knob, the door opened inward.

I think everybody in the room jumped at once. Walker's gun went off like a cannon in that cramped space, and then I saw Commander Wasdell clubbing the doctor over the head with the butt of his service revolver. He seemed to be having a good time.

Behind him was Jess. She came straight toward me through the powder smoke, straight toward me and into my arms. "Chris, darling! You're all right? I was so terribly afraid we'd be too late!"

THAT was that. They carried Walker off and locked him up somewhere. Jess was the center of attention. It seemed she'd assisted the doctor in testing the cup of coffee. She'd helped in the other tests. He had gone through all the motions, but he'd left out one step Jess knew was vital. Then he'd announced that the coffee was poisoned.

"He left me, to report back to you," she said. "I was bothered by what had happened, and I followed him after a moment, and I saw him take that gun out of his desk drawer. I guess I knew the answer then. So I started running for the foundry. I met Commander Wasdell on the way and tried to explain."

Wasdell laughed. "I thought she'd gone wacky," he said. "But I wasn't taking chances." . . .

The case was complete against Walker. From his record we knew he'd done post-graduate work in Vienna, and it must have been there that something or someone sold him on the Nazi scheme of things. We could only guess, however, at the underlying facts. He refused to talk to the very end.

They executed him on a hot, sunny afternoon, with nearly the whole personnel looking on. And that night the submarine left us and another one took her place.

On another sunny afternoon, a week or so later, Jess and I were married. Bill was best man. Tubby Garms came through, as was to be expected, with a crack about "the best man doesn't always get the girl." The McCoy didn't get it. He said, naturally the best man didn't get the girl.

And then, a few days after that, the second submarine left us, fit for service again. Since then we've repaired battle damage on half a dozen other battlewagons. When you hear about some new body-blow at the Jap navy you can make a pretty good guess that Bill and Big Joe and Ed Winthrop and the rest of us have had a hand in it.

THE END ★★

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If the zany young Stratfords weren't crawling up Alaskan glaciers, they were apt to be dining in style with African pygmies—until Nina suddenly clamored for a home. Mike thought she was daffy

by Virginia Faulkner

IF, IN 1911, which was the year of Mike Stratford's birth, geographers had still believed that the world was flat, the problem of what Mike was to do with his life would have been greatly simplified. If Marco Polo, Columbus, and Magellan had been confirmed stay-at-homes, if Peary and Amundsen had been allergic to cold, then Mike would have had a definite outlet for his exploring talents. It was his hard luck, however, to grow to manhood in an age when Tierra del Fuego is more accessible than much of the Bronx, and the savage inhabitants of the most remote isles live mainly for the day when Madeleine Carroll and the Columbia senior class will be cast up on their shores. Nevertheless, Mike considered himself an explorer, and had certainly covered enough ground to justify the appellation, albeit no matter where he went someone had been there before.

Until he was eighteen his travels were curtailed by parental authority—his father having the stuffy idea that a certain amount of exploration should be conducted between the covers of textbooks—but all Mike's holidays had been spent in the least civilized spots available. When he was eighteen, having fretted his way through an interminable year at college, he flunked with glorious finality in six subjects, shook hands with his father, kissed his mother, patted his three sisters heartily on their behinds—this was a chronic failing of Mike's—and signed on as able seaman aboard a freighter bound for Capetown.

It was two years before he saw his home again, although on one occasion he did run across his sister Kate in Naples. Kate, who attended Miss Tocsin's finishing school in Florence, was spending the Easter holidays touring southern Italy with a group from the school. Unbeknownst to her, Mike had just arrived with a scientific expedition which was securing marine specimens, and that explains how they happened to meet, for the Aquarium is the only spot in Naples where a sailor would be likely to encounter a young lady from Miss Tocsin's.

"I had particularly cautioned the girls to stay close to me," Miss Tocsin was wont to say when reliving the horrid details of the Stratford reunion, "because the Aquarium is *extremely* dark, and there are always idlers lurking about only *waiting* an opportunity to—but you know the Italian nature, so forward where the fair sex is concerned. We had just got to the eels when the little Chandler girl—*such* a handful; her mother, though divorced, is a Philadelphia Nuttall or I would never have taken the responsibility of— As I was saying, the Chandler child gave a shriek, and I turned in time to see an enormous swarthy male *spring* out of the gloom and *whack* poor Kate Stratford where I leave you to imagine!

"I struck out fiercely with my Baede-

ker, belaboring the assailant's head and endeavoring with my free hand to twist his ear, when I was *rudely* seized from behind by two *carabinieri*. These wretches insisted they were unable to understand me, which is utterly ridiculous, as I pride myself on speaking only the purest Tuscan, and—you do not know what it costs me to relate this—put me under *arrest!* Not for several hours was the consul able to effect my release—hours which the girls had spent *carousing* in various cafés with Kate's attacker, who turned out to be, in point of fact, her brother Michael. You can imagine my feelings." . . .

Mike's next contact with his family was equally dramatic, although less on the slapstick side. He appeared on the eve of his twenty-first birthday and remained at home long enough to blow out the candles on the cake, display his collection of tattooings, and accept custody of the sizable legacy which came to him under the terms of his grandfather's will.

One of the guests at his coming-of-age was the same Chandler girl he had met in Naples, which did not, in Mike's opinion, constitute a sufficient intimacy for her to refer to him in public as "the child Gulliver," and to hint that he should take the advice of movie billings in which travel talks are listed as short subjects. However, Mike, who was now in a position to lead (and finance) an expedition worthy of himself, felt he was too great a man to swap insults with a messy college girl, a girl who went around in layers of old sweaters, a skirt with most of the snaps missing, bare legs, and horrible black sneakers.

During the next four years Mike headed three expeditions, and was responsible for a projected footnote in the encyclopedia concerning a Siberian river;

After spending Christmas in Africa with some rather surly pygmies Nina prayerfully got Mike started toward civilization

WHY DON'T THEY....

ADD white or cream-colored strips to the bottom of all roller-type blackout shades, so that when rolled up above the window frame they will be less conspicuous and depressing?—*S. C. R. Parkhurst, Scarsdale, N. Y.*

SUPPLY several blank-face cards with all packs of playing cards, so that lost cards can be replaced?—*E. H. Mayer, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

MARKET luminous gummed tabs for all water taps, electric switches, first-aid kits, etc., so that these can be readily found during a blackout?—*Gloria Haldeman, Detroit, Mich.*

PLACE shoe holders on the backs of all theater seats, so that when the ladies get ready to put their shoes back on they won't have to feel around the floor to locate them?—*Mrs. E. H. Green, Kansas City, Mo.*

INSTALL the "up" and "down" lights for all elevators at eye level, instead of over the doors? This would save neck-craning, confusion, and jostling that occur when people don't look where they are going.—*Edward E. Blodgett, Syracuse, N. Y.*

ESTABLISH standard colors, or other instantly recognizable designations, for the various hardnesses of all lead pencils?—*Edward Hanson, Madison, Wis.*

COMMERCIALIZE the sour orange? The juice can be used for the same purposes as lemon juice, and the oranges are suitable for pies and for seasoning vegetables.—*Esther Link, Pine Castle, Fla.*

POPULARIZE a modern version of the Indian squaw's efficient papoose bag, so that busy mothers can carry the baby and still have both hands free for bundles or other children?—*Mrs. Harold Stromwell, Lansing, Mich.*

SCRAP all juke boxes for the duration and use the metal for munitions?—*Naomi Goode Robinson, Dallas, Texas*

OPEN rental stations for household canning equipment? Good equipment is expensive to buy and bulky to store. If city housewives could rent the equipment, they could do more home canning.—*Idah R. Zierman, Minneapolis, Minn.*

RUN four- or five-hour "half shifts" in war plants near college towns? This would enable many college students to work part time and release manpower for other localities or the Armed Forces.—*Vaughn Crandall, East Lansing, Mich.*

Have you any ideas no one else seems to have thought of? Send them to the Why Don't They? editor, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. We will pay $1 for each suggestion accepted. None can be returned.

E. Ericson

And why not have reversible door mats with the conventional "Welcome" on one side and "Not Home" on the other?

he proved that it had dried up, or had never been there, or was not the river in question. Consequently, when he landed in Washington after his third expedition—it involved half a dinosaur egg and some large tracks—he was not surprised that there was a goodly crowd at the airport; the surprise came when he learned that it was not on hand to meet *him.*

Instead, the reception was for a reporter on the *Washington States-Graphic* who had flown around the world in a fortnight, and, to vary the monotony of this exploit (the year was 1936), had secured interviews along the way with kings, dictators, and prophets. The second fiddle was not Mike's favorite instrument, and he was sour about the whole deal, but the sourest note of all was struck when he discovered that the reporter being glorified was the little Chandler girl.

Miss Chandler, Mike noted with distaste, took the fulsome brouhaha of welcome in her stride, and did not even trouble to inform the official who introduced them that they had met before. She did, at least, offer him a lift to town in the suitably bedecked motor provided by the *States-Graphic*, but, not fancying himself in the role of captive chieftain chained to the triumphal chariot, Mike declined with unmatched *brusquerie*. He was punished by being unable to secure a taxi for half an hour.

Business with the Smithsonian kept him in Washington a week or so, and when the *States-Graphic* requested an interview for their feature section, Mike heedlessly consented. Of course, he should have foreseen it, yet he was irritated beyond belief when the Chandler girl turned up at the appointed hour and coolly seated herself beside him in the hotel's cocktail bar.

"Now, look here," began Mike. "Now, look here!" He was on the point of saying that he refused to be persecuted by reporters, and much else equally foolish and indignant, when Miss Chandler, taking his behest literally, glanced up, and for the first time they really looked into each other's eyes. "Uh . . . hello," said Mike.

"Hello," said Miss Chandler.

"Hello," echoed Mike dreamily.

"Hello," repeated Miss Chandler, and then, in a stout effort to break up what was threatening to become a trance, "Have you any ideas on giving the interview a new slant?"

"Yes," said Mike. "*I* will ask the questions."

"What kind of questions?"

"Simple ones. Like, what'll you have to drink? What's your first name?"

"A highball," said Miss Chandler, "and Nina."

"Perfect," said Mike.

THE interrogation was prolonged over the rest of Mike's stay, and, as Nina knew all the right answers, the final questions were asked by a bishop in the presence of assorted Stratfords and Chandlers and eight prop penguins furnished by the *States-Graphic*, which was that kind of paper. The honeymoon was the one thing which presented a problem, since Mike's idea was a trip around the world, and Nina objected on the ground that she'd just been.

"I know," said Mike, "but I've heard of a new plane that might be able to do it in five and a half days. The pilot said he'd love some company."

"If our honeymoon's to be only a long week end," said Nina, "I'd rather spend it on earth."

"Yes, but where?"

"Some place quite new to you."

"I've been everywhere except Iowa," said Mike positively.

"Let's go there, then," said Nina.

"No, let's save Iowa for a rainy day," said Mike.

"I bet you've never been to Yellowstone Park."

"Are you kidding?"

But he hadn't, so they went, and were so pleased with it that they carried on to the Grand Canyon and Mammoth Cave and Niagara Falls, and wound up in New York taking pictures of each other on the steps of the Soldiers and Sailors Monument under the impression that it was Grant's Tomb. This officially concluded the honeymoon, and then the Stratfords settled down to serious travel.

OWING to Mike's taste for the inaccessible, they did their best to avoid all save the corners of the earth, and the corners, as every housewife knows, are not always thoroughly dusted. Perforce, Nina's trousseau moldered in trunks at customhouses, and the gaudy little hats she had chosen with such relish drooped and grew démodé, unworn. Nina spent her first anniversary crawling over a medium-sized but relatively perilous Alaskan glacier, and while lunching—with pemmican in one hand and an ice ax in the other—heard that her anniversary gift was an air-conditioned trailer which she would receive in Africa, whence it and they were headed.

It was in the trailer, after spending Christmas with some rather surly pygmies, that the subject of home was first broached. Mike was feeling on the fed-up side because he had been unable to get a permit for an elephant hunt, and the icebox had broken down and they had run out of phonograph needles, so Nina thought it might be a favorable moment to suggest a move.

"How long would it take us to get from here to New York?" she inquired idly. She was sitting cross-legged on the floor at Mike's chair, mending his shorts where they had been ripped on a thornbush.

"The best way to find out," said Mike, "would be to start tomorrow and keep track." He stretched and yawned. "Okay?"

"Okay," said Nina, biting off the thread. "There, brother, you're decent again. It'll hold, but I guess no one would ever take it for the handiwork of French nuns."

"You sew dandy," said Mike.

"I sew lousy," said Nina, "and I stick myself. But for you, it's a pleasure."

"I don't mind telling you, you are a swell wife," said Mike.

"I don't mind hearing it," said Nina.

"Where shall we go when we get home? To Pa's?"

"If we had a house, we could go there," said Nina.

"What's a house?" asked Mike.

"It's a place where you bathe and eat and sleep—that sort of thing."

"I get it," said Mike. "A hotel." He took out a cigarette. "It's lucky we're both rolling stones," he asserted.

"What have you got against a little moss?" asked Nina, giving him a light. "In my house," she said craftily, "there would always be matches around. Kitchen matches. There would be stall showers and towels the size of sheets. The Venetian blinds would never stick and the reading lamps would never have to be adjusted. And there would be no demitasse cups and no tipping."

"Where is this place?" asked Mike.

"I don't care," said Nina. "You choose."

Home, which turned out to be in Maryland, contained the Stratfords long enough for them to get the decorators started, but Nina spent her second anniversary in a base camp in the Himalayas waiting to hear how Mike had made out with Mount Everest. When he came back to her, leaving the peak still unsullied by the foot of man, she consoled him by relaying the news that the lilac hedge was doing well and the cook had put up eighty-four jars of pickles and jam. He was so fascinated by this intelligence—or else by an invitation to address a geographic society—that he went back to America like a lamb.

On Columbus Day, Tea-Eye (for Terra Incognita) Farm had its official housewarming, and Mike played host with such proud zest that Nina momentarily mistook hospitality for domesticity. She was undeceived that very night when the guests gathered in the bar for a stirrup cup. The bar, which Mike had designed, was a circular room upon whose walls was a map depicting his travels. Noting that the South Atlantic section seemed disproportionately bare, he proposed a toast to the Falkland Islands. They sailed the next week.

It was not until the middle of January that they were once more installed at Tea-Eye. The first week Mike was busy arranging trophies and buying horses, but before a fortnight had passed he announced that he had developed a yen for the interior of Australia, and that he, for one, was ready to leave at the drop of a hat.

"Then pretend this is a hat," said Nina, picking up a fair example of Mayan pottery and dashing it to the floor. "Go on—beat it! Skedaddle!"

Mike selected a replica of an Etruscan urn, and drop-kicked it deftly into the fireplace. "Pretend that's another hat," he said, "and let's both skedaddle."

"Uh-huh," said Nina planting herself on a sofa. "Not me. You're old enough to travel alone now. I'll fix you some nice peanut butter sandwiches, and if you forget where to change trains ask the first man with a cap on. There's nothing to it."

"You mean you're not coming with me?"

"Or words to that effect."

"But why in the hell not?"

"For the same reason you're not staying home. Because I don't want to."

MIKE stared at her anxiously. "Look, Nina," he said. "Have I done anything?"

"Never," said Nina.

"You know," said Mike, after a moment, "that could be interpreted two ways."

"Not by anyone who loved you," said Nina.

"That's all right then," said Mike. "But what is it? Do I bore you maybe?"

"Everything about you fascinates me. The way you brush your teeth, your marvelous stunts on roller skates, your stout refusal to learn the rumba . . . all these both endear and intrigue. So run along to the Island Continent and enjoy yourself, serene in the knowledge that your wife thinks you're the nuts."

"Well, if you say so," said Mike, "but I should think you'd *want* to come. You've seen hardly anything of Australia."

"Suppose I said I loathed traveling? Always had."

"I would laugh like a horse."

"But suppose it was true?"

"Why," said Mike, "I would divorce you instantly."

"That's what I thought," sighed Nina.

"But as soon as the decree was final, I would marry you again," said Mike. "What else do you suppose?"

"Suppose we have a drink." She winked in

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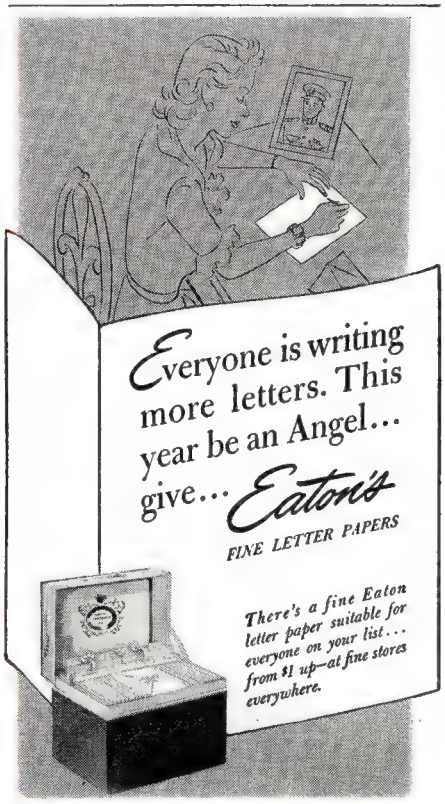
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a highly provocative manner. "At least I can send you on your way with a leer."

"You better hide that leer under a bushel until I get back."

"Which will be when?"

"Three months from now."

"An awful lot can happen in three months," reflected Nina.

"And an awful lot can't," countered Mike. . . .

Not an awful lot did. The months passed in the usual order, February finishing first, with March a close second and April running in show position. And then, on a fine morning in May, Mike's plane taxied into the Baltimore airport right on schedule, but Nina was not there to meet it. Nor was she waiting on the doorstep at Tea-Eye when, heralded by numerous honks, his car turned in at the gate. Nor was she confined to her bed with two broken legs. She was, according to the houseman, taking a nap in the garden.

Incredulous, Mike investigated personally and discovered this to be the truth. Stretched out on a mattress in the sun, her mouth slightly ajar, her face glistening with oil and perspiration, Nina did not present just the picture which Mike had conjured up with increasing frequency during his absence, and which bore a marked resemblance to the classic finale of those pleasant, old-fashioned movies: the scene where the hero flings open the door and the heroine takes one look and charges into his arms. Nevertheless, as he bent over her, Mike felt a number of emotions which he did not bother to analyze, but which included terrific satisfaction that this particular young female was his wife and that it was a very swell thing to be alive.

HE REGARDED her benevolently for a moment, savoring in advance the happy surprise which was in store for her, and then, kneeling down, blew into her ear. When this produced no effect save a vague stirring of one hand, Mike abandoned the subtle approach. "Mrs. Stratford," he cried. "Wake up and cheer! I'm back!"

"Go 'way," murmured Nina drowsily, and turned over on her stomach.

A little taken aback, Mike considered briefly, and then said in the loud, flat tones of a man talking into a disconnected telephone, "I *think* I espy a loaded bee perched on my little flower." He gave this ample time to sink in, then picked up a newspaper, furled it, and delivered a healthy swat on the portion of his wife which was nearest.

Nina rolled over with such alacrity that she overshot the mattress and landed in a petunia bed.

"How do you do?" said Mike. "I'm the man who got back from Australia this morning."

"Since you are a man," said Nina, "not oysters or a hothouse bouquet, I expect you'll keep while I finish my nap."

"Look," said Mike; "I'm the outdoor type and need things explained in Basic English. You don't seem glad to see me. Why?"

"I was having a dream. You woke me up."

"It must have been a very snappy dream," said Mike.

"It was," said Nina. "It was the kind of a dream you dream about. It was solid Freud."

"Tell me," said Mike. "I'll get it analyzed and find out how often I should beat you."

Nina pushed up her sunglasses and squinted at him. "It started with a chase-sequence," she said. "I was pursued through miles and miles of nougat and by a rogue brontosaurus in a sunbonnet. Then suddenly I was at a dinner party. I didn't have anything on but coral earrings," she added pleasantly.

"Some party," said Mike. "Then what?"

"Then you blundered in," said Nina, "and woke me up."

"But I'd just come trudging home from the ends of the earth," said Mike forlornly. "This is a fine welcome. Even a cold fatted calf sandwich would make all the difference."

"Nothing much has changed around here," Nina said. "Lunch is still at one o'clock."

"I hope that's true," said Mike, eying her searchingly. "Not about lunch, but about nothing changing, I mean."

MIKE'S sister Kate was thoroughly surprised when he turned up at her flat a week after his return from Australia. "I was fixing to run down to Tea-Eye," she said. "I never dreamed you could be pryed away from Nina so soon. But sit down and tell me all about the Antipodes."

"Not now," said Mike. "I want to talk about Nina."

"Oh? Been tiffing?"

"No," said Mike, "it's much worse than that. It's about the worst that could happen. Nina's lost her mind."

"Who's the guy?" inquired Kate.

"You don't understand," said Mike. "I mean literally. She's—she's unbalanced."

Kate raised her eyebrows. "She wasn't three weeks ago. She stayed here with me and we did a few shows and some honky-tonking, and she was as sane as anybody else in New York. Whatever gave you that idea?"

"Well," said Mike wretchedly, "I knew the minute I got back something was haywire. She didn't meet me at the airport, and when I got home she was asleep in the garden—at

IT'S THE LAW!

BY DICK HYMAN

Illustrated by O. Soglow

Residents of Tulsa, Okla., are forbidden by ordinance to kiss in public

A Pennsylvania law bears the title: "An Act for the Better Protection of Skunks"

Bartenders must not serve customers unless they are fully clothed, according to a Gloucester, Mass., ordinance

In Colorado Springs, Colo., it is illegal to carry fire through the streets except in a bin or a vessel

noon, mind you—and she was furious at me for waking her up. As if I'd been away three hours instead of three months. And she's moody and irritable and not like herself at all. And whenever I talk about my trip she just sits and stares into space. Or tells me her dreams."

"I bet she's going to have a baby," said Kate.

Mike shook his head. "That was my hunch, too," he said. "And I asked her point-blank if we *were* going to have a baby, and she said no, but she'd love one if she were a kangaroo."

"How eerie!"

"She doesn't seem to enjoy anything but her dreams," he continued. "And you know, yourself, no woman in her right mind would care to be chased by a brontosaurus and go out to dinner with nothing on but coral earrings."

"Coral earrings!" exclaimed Kate. "Well, I'll be darned!"

"Is that bad?" asked Mike tensely.

"When we were at Miss Tocsin's," said Kate, "we were forbidden to wear earrings, but Nina had some coral ones that were her pride and joy. She used to put them on when she studied. They were something. The size of chandeliers . . . I think I've still got 'em."

"But you said they were Nina's?"

"They were," said Kate, "until she traded them to me for your picture."

AFTER persuading Mike to let her see if she could detect any traces of derangement in Nina before he took the drastic step of summoning an alienist, Kate accompanied him back to Tea-Eye. She found Nina in the paddock giving a young hunter a workout over the hurdles. Kate perched herself on the fence until the lesson was over.

"How's it seem to have the old boy home again?"

"Just like having him away," said Nina moodily, wiping her face on her sweater sleeve. "I miss him even when he's here."

"Huh?" said Kate.

"Mike's never all in one place," Nina explained. "Part of him is where he's come from and part of him is where he's going next." She sighed. "Did you ever try putting salt on a bird's tail? Well, that's life with Mike."

"He thinks you're crazy," said Kate tactfully.

"Oh, sure," said Nina, "because I didn't go to Australia, and because I refuse to get all hopped up over fifty thousand feet of film about anthills."

"No kidding," said Kate. "He's positive you're addled. He says all you do is tell him goofy dreams."

"I might have known he'd miss the point. I was merely demonstrating in an oblique way that nothing is more boring than someone else's trip, whether it's an outing in Upper Mongolia or a trek through the subconscious."

Kate hesitated a moment. "What's biting you?" she asked.

Nina took a deep breath. "I want to stay home," she said. "I'm fed up with the gay gypsy life. As long as I can remember I've been shuttled back and forth between parents; I've been bandied about by governesses and grandmothers; I've been yanked in and out of schools; I've been herded around Europe; I've followed the seasons from resort to resort. And when I finally busted away from the caravan and took a job, what happened? An assignment to go around the world!"

"So you solved everything by marrying Mike," said Kate. "Did you suspect him of being a homebody in disguise? You must have known even then he's only happy when he's looking for things."

"I thought I was what he was looking for," said Nina. "I thought after he'd shown me the world he'd want to settle down."

"You mean you expected him to give up his career just to keep you company?" said Kate acidly.

"What career? Are you referring to that game of make-believe he's been playing ever since he was a little boy?"

"You make my brother sound like a poop," said Kate. "What do you think he should do?"

"I think he should grow up. I think he should stop wasting his life in aimless globe-trotting."

"And what if he doesn't?"

"I've been trying for three months to believe I could get along without him," said Nina slowly, "and I thought I'd sold myself on the idea. So when he came home I gave him a stupendous brush-off, and I've been hateful to him all week. And instead of kicking me in the teeth and rushing out on the town with a curse on his lips, Mike just asks me if I'm going to have a baby, and tells you I've gone crazy. Now, you *know* you can't divorce a guy like that."

"You're finally making sense," said Kate.

"It's tough, though, to realize that this"—she gestured with the crop at the house and stables, the woods and the rolling green fields—"is nothing but another base camp, as far as Mike's concerned. I thought if we had a place like this he'd never want to leave it. I was a hundred per cent wrong."

"Fifty per cent," said Kate compassionately. "*You* like it."

"And so would Mike," insisted Nina, "if he'd only stay put long enough."

"Too bad you can't lock him up here for six months."

"That wouldn't do any good," said Nina. "When you're forced to stay in a place, right away you hate it. That's human nature."

"Well, then, why doesn't that hold true for traveling? You had to travel, so you hated it. Maybe if Mike had to travel—was absolutely *compelled* to—so would he."

"Kate," said Nina, "I think you have something there." . . .

DR. ARNDT'S office had been decorated by an English lady, and the doctor himself by the head of a certain royal house whose name is a synonym for peculiar behavior. Mike, waiting in one of the consulting-rooms which looked out on upper Park Avenue, jerked nervously to his feet when the door opened and Kate came in.

"Well, I just got the low-down from Dr. Arndt," she said, lighting a cigarette. "You know, he's an old friend of mine and I asked him to tell me just what was what so I could break it to you gently."

"For God's sake," said Mike, "stop stalling, and tell me what's the matter with Nina!"

"Well," said Kate glibly, "her sedentary life while you were in Australia aggravated a latent nervous disorder which has resulted in a severe case of Electraphobia."

"What's that?"

"A pursuit-delusion. You remember the story of Orestes and Electra being chased by the Furies? Well, that's what Nina's got."

"What does it do to her?"

"The instinctive reaction to pursuit," said Kate, "is to run. Nina will be perfectly normal so long as she keeps traveling."

"You mean on the go every single minute?"

"Fortunately, her case isn't *that* advanced. You may often be able to stay two and three

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days in one place. The dream about the brontosaurus is the danger signal; when she has that, it's time to move."

"Does Nina know?"

Kate nodded. "Dr. Arndt thought it best to be frank. . . . Of course, she wants to give you a divorce. She says she won't have you 'wasting your life in aimless globe-trotting.'"

"She is crazy if she thinks I'd leave her," said Mike grimly. "We'll see this thing through together. If we have to, we'll consult every doctor in the world."

"There are some good ones in Europe," said Kate. "Why don't you head that way first?"

"Can we? I mean, does it matter which way she goes?"

"The great thing is to keep moving," said Kate, "but I'd be guided by Nina's wishes. It's vital to humor her."

THE next months were, for Mike, much like those movie sequences which indicate the progress of a journey by shots of train wheels and ship sirens superimposed on scrambled flashes of international landmarks. There was also a series of identical interludes in the consulting-rooms of certain eminent healers, all of whom assured him that his wife was doing as well as could be expected and constant travel was the proper treatment. If he noticed that their manner toward him underwent a subtle alteration after they had talked alone with Nina, he attributed it to their embarrassment at having to admit that Electraphobia had them stumped.

August found the Stratfords at Tremezzo on Lake Como, and it was here that the brontosaurus, exhausted by incessant activity, failed to appear in Nina's dreams for three consecutive nights. On the afternoon of the fourth day, greatly heartened, Mike set off for a round of golf at Villa d'Este and Nina went on into Como, where, according to the hotel manager, there was a trustworthy hairdresser.

A sudden rainstorm sweeping down the lake from the Alps cut Mike's game short, and he was forced to return to the hotel. Here, the officials wished to recheck all tourist passports, and so he went to dig them up.

His own was in his portfolio, but Nina's eluded search, and it was not until he had rummaged through several of Nina's vast purses, marveling anew at the quantity and variety of objects each contained, that he was able to find it. It was while he was hurriedly restoring its contents to the bag that he noticed a long, thick envelope bearing the Park Avenue address of Dr. Arndt. Typed on the front of it were the words: CASE HISTORY. Wondering why Nina had never shown it to him, Mike stuck it in his pocket, and, after delivering the passports, went in the bar to peruse Arndt's diagnosis. But he could find no reference to Nina. The case history was concerned solely with a patient named Michael Stratford, who was suffering with the delusion that his wife had a delusion. Appended were comments and recommendations from all the doctors he and Nina had visited.

The next few minutes were the worst of Mike's life. It was only after summoning all his common sense—and the bartender—that he was able to get a grip on the situation. The first drink convinced him that *he* was not crazy, the second that neither was Nina, and the third that he knew the identity of the nigger in the woodpile. He had a fourth because two and two make four, and then, after a parley with the porter, went upstairs to pack.

Nina came in while he was in the midst of this operation. "I bet I have to wear hats the rest of my life," she announced, "or anyway until my Como coiffure wears off. . . . What's the matter? Are you looking for something?"

"Sit down," said Mike, "or if you're going to stand up, brace yourself. . . . Nina, this afternoon I took a nap."

"But what—?"

"And I had a dream," continued Mike solemnly. "I dreamed I was chasing a girl, and when I caught up with her she turned into a tree. Do you realize what that means?"

"Why, no, I don't."

"It means I've got Apollophobia."

"What are you talking about?"

"Horror of movement. Remember the story of how Apollo chased Daphne and she transformed herself into a tree? That's what ails me. So I've got to leave you."

"But, Mike," said Nina. "*Mike!*"

"It's the only thing to do," said Mike sadly. "Otherwise, it's only a question of time until I start identifying you with a tree and try to cut you down. Even now I've got axes on my mind."

"Oh," said Nina. She walked out onto the balcony. It was a long time before she came back into the room. "Mike," she asked, "is there a cure?"

Mike shrugged. "The natural reaction to horror of movement is to stay in one place. So I guess that makes our phobias pretty incompatible. Too bad we couldn't get together on them."

"I'll swap with you," said Nina.

Mike looked at her and shook his head. "You can't change complexes in midstream-of-consciousness," he said firmly.

Nina thought a moment. "All right, Mike," she said. "I guess I muffed it. I'm sorry. . . . Can I help you pack?"

"Yes," said Mike, "but let's have a drink first."

WHEN the waiter had brought the cocktails they took them out on the balcony. The weather had cleared and the mountains and lake were looking exactly like their most flattering photograph.

"I told you once," said Mike, "that I was the outdoor type. Would you mind explaining just what the hell was the big idea?"

"And I almost told you once," said Nina, "that I hate traveling. The big idea was that I wanted to stay home."

"Is that all?"

"That was easy," said Nina, "but I wanted you to stay home, too. That was not so easy."

"So you decided to treat me as if I were a greedy little boy," said Mike. "A kid to be cured of stuffing on sweets by giving him the run of the candy store. . . . Well, it worked. The patient is going home tomorrow."

"In other words," said Nina, "the operation was a success but the doctor died."

"Now, that's a pity," said Mike. "In order to make the cure stick, there's a definite post-operative treatment indicated, and switching physicians would upset the whole applecart."

"What kind of treatment?"

"Well," said Mike, "if the object of the cure was to make the patient into a family man, he damned well ought to have a family."

"Oh," said Nina. "Then you don't need a doctor. A deal like that calls for the stork."

"Not the way I heard it," said Mike, "but we can settle that little detail later. I've wired for cabin space on the next boat and we can get a train out of here at eight. So don't just sit there, Mrs. S. Or were you kidding when you said you'd help me with the packing?"

THE END ★★

MINUTEMEN

• Fred D. Orzen, of Cleveland, Ohio, a steelworker, has organized a group of 50 guerrilla fighters, with the approval of army ordnance officers. Factory workers and businessmen, they supply their own guns and drill on Sunday mornings, practicing everything from jujitsu and marksmanship to camouflage and foxhole warfare. They aim to make Cleveland a tough town for enemy saboteurs or fifth columnists.

• Ellis Farmer, of Lancaster, Pa., fills a triple war job for Uncle Sam. He works a daily 8-hour shift as a welder in a war plant. When he gets home, he and his wife go to work on a government subcontract for welding gun sights. Then he invests the money from this enterprise in war bonds.
—Mrs. Fred J. Daum, Lancaster, Pa.

• Harold Schimmelfeng, 17, of Highland Park, Ill., isn't old enough for the draft, but he has already been praised by army officers at Fort Sheridan for helping soldiers in airplane identification. A model builder for nearly 9 years, Harold lectures the men like a veteran top kick, illustrating types of planes with his own models. He has also instructed the Navy at Great Lakes Training Station.—*Earl W. Gsell, Highland Park, Ill.*

• Thomas A. Kohler, of Chicago, has invented a machine which, he claims, extracts tin cans from the refuse at city dumps, removes the ends and seams, and deposits the neatly prepared cans in a pile ready for shipment to a detinning plant.

• Farmers of Shelby County, Ind., recently organized a Victory Livestock Club. Members have marked dozens of their hogs, calves, and other livestock with a V for Victory, pledging themselves to spend the proceeds, when market day comes, on war bonds and stamps.—*Mrs. Dan Hey, Shelbyville, Ind.*

• To help the metal salvage drive, 65-year-old Julius Cakah pushed 150 pounds of scrap 5 miles on a wheelbarrow into Hemlock, Mich.

• To date, Justice Irving Ben Cooper, of New York, N. Y., has secured 20,000 pledges of blood donations for the Red Cross. Three times he has been a donor himself.

ARTHUR LANSING

★

Do you know some person, or group of persons, doing an unusual bit to help win the war? If so, write and tell us about it briefly. For each item published, we will pay $5. No contributions will be returned. Address MINUTEMEN, The American Magazine, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

How American it is... to want something better!

SOME CALL IT AMBITION, some call it the energy of a youthful nation. But it is pretty well agreed the world over that to want "something better" is a true American trait—the desire to be a better engineer, a better lawyer or a better doctor; the desire to design a better airplane or to build a better home to live in.

In fact, it is this never-ending desire that has made this country of ours "the land of something better."

AMONG the many "better things," and one not to be overlooked... is a moderate beverage, an ale in fact, with a trade mark whose Three Rings stand for "Purity," "Body," "Flavor." An ale that has been discovered and *approved* by many. *So* many, that in this land where the question "Is it *better?*" is on every tongue, it has become...

PURITY BODY FLAVOR

America's largest selling Ale

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● Not only those men training to man the bombers but all of us are working in split-second time today.

Smoking more, too, most of us. And when it comes to crowding more pleasure into each smoking moment, well, ask those "9 musketeers" *(above, right)*. You bet it's Camels—they're the favorite cigarette with men in all the services.*

And—Camel's the cigarette you find so regularly with the artisans who "keep 'em flying"...like Charlotte Thon *(below)*. "Camels suit me to a 'T,'" she says. *(See "T-Zone" below, right.)*

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Army—in the Navy —in the Marines— in the Coast Guard—

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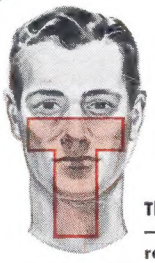
The "T Zone" where cigarettes are judged



The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

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